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THE

CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;

OR,

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ROMANCE AND REALITIES

OF

EASTERN TRAVEL.

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BY

ELIOT WARBURTON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PAGE

THE PYRAMIDS.—The Tombs—Midnight exploring—Robber Arabs—Date of Pyramids—Legends—Rhoda Island—Farewells 1

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MODERN ALEXANDRIA.—Voyage from Cairo—Illness—Transit of the Desert—Alexandria 12

CHAPTER XXXIV.

STATISTICS.—Agriculture—Manufactures—Route to India—Commerce—Appropriation 19

PAGE

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PASHA.—His youthful career—The Wahabees—Formation of his Army — Greek War — Breach with the Porte — Successes, and Compromise — His Schools — His Policy—His Character—Prospects of Egypt . . 27

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LEVANT. — Voyage to Beyrout — The Holy Land —Quarantine—Syrian Family — Dr. Wilson — His account of Petra — Of the Jews — Hotel at Beyrout — Its inmates—Kareela 48

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SYRIAN SCENERY.—My Cottage near Beyrout—Views —Vernon Frigate—Dog River—English residents—Silkworms—Style of travel—Beyrout . . . 67

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DJOUNI, AND LADY HESTER STANHOPE.—Pine Forest of Beyrout—Bivouacs—Scenery of the Lebanon—Djouni —Lady Hester Stanhope—Her history—And death . 81

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TYRE, SIDON, AND ACRE.—Sidon—Its History—Robber haunt—Tyre—Its history—Bedouins — Farm-house —Bombardment of Acre 96

PAGE

CHAPTER XL.

THE BIVOUAC, AND MOUNT CARMEL.—Our life in Syria—River Belus—Monastery—Jean Battista—Elijah—Syrian yachting 113

CHAPTER XLI.

JAFFA AND JUDEA.—Storm at Sea—Jaffa—Convent—Consul—Ramleh—Hill Country—First View of Jerusalem 127

CHAPTER XLII.

JERUSALEM.—Without — Within — The Mount of Olives—Mosque of Omar—Holy Sepulchre . . 142

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MONK AND THE MISSIONARY.—Solitaries—Cœnobites—Templars—Hospitallers—Latins—Greeks—Armenians—Sacred Fire—Convents—Relics—Church of England Mission[1]—Medical Aid Society—The Church at Jerusalem 161

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PILGRIM.—Christian—Moslem—Scenes of visit—Residence at Jerusalem—Abou Habib—The Jordan 185

[1] I wish here to correct an error that I have become aware of since the text was printed. Mr. Nicholayson is of *Moravian*, not of *Jewish* birth, as I supposed.

PAGE

CHAPTER XLV.

BETHLEHEM.—Guardian Sheikh—Tombs of the Kings —Bethlehem—Madonna—Church of St. Helena—Women of Bethlehem—Arab Horse—Assassin—Chapel Scene—Adventure—Armenian hospitality—Wedding . . 203

CHAPTER XLVI.

MAR SABA AND THE DEAD SEA.—Bedouins—Convent —Scenery—Dead Sea—Valley of the Jordan—Jericho 222

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.—Arabia—Lady Hester Stanhope's account of the Arab—Origin of Irish families —Chivalry—Anecdote of Elfy Bey—Arab honesty—Chastity—Mode of Life—The Horse—Anecdotes . 242

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE JEW.—Prophecy—The Lost Tribes—Judean—European—Their Creed—Sadducees—Character—Arab —Gathering to Jerusalem—Jewish Home and Ladies—Synagogue—Character—Farewell to Judea . . 259

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LEBANON. — Beyrout — Departure — Route— Cælesyria—Derr el Kamar—Beteddeen—Visit to the Emir's Son—The Bath—Mountain Scenery—Eagles—Gezeen—Emir's Palace at Hasbeya—Emir Afendi—Mount Hermon—Naval Diary . . . 278

PAGE

CHAPTER L.

DAMASCUS.—Without—Within—Convent—Women —Bazaars—Magnetism 306

CHAPTER LI.

THE MOUNTAIN TRIBES.—Fakreddin—Emir Bescheer —Inferior Emirs—Maronites—Druses—Shehāb family —Metoualis—Objects of Inquiry . . . 323

CHAPTER LII.

BAALBEC.—Mountain Journey—Zebdani—Baalbec— —Solomon—Tradition—Eastern Travel—The Dream— Frontispiece—Quarrel—Mountain Stream . . 333

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CEDARS.—View from the summit of the Lebanon —The Forest—Encampment—Bshirrai—Adventure with Smugglers 345

CHAPTER LIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE. — Turkish Steamer — Persian Princes—Women of Cyprus—Rhodes—Dardanelles— Moonlight Cruise with the Persians—Quarantine at Kartal—Stamboul—The Bosphorus—Buyukderé—Black Sea—Cyanean Rocks—Unkiar Skelessi—Caïque— Ames Damnées—Walls of Constantinople—Palæologus —Palace of Belisarius—The Porte—The Sultan Mahmoud—Forest of Belgrade—Pic-nic—The Hellespont . 357

PAGE

CHAPTER LV.

GREECE.—Smyrna—The Cyclades—Syra—Quarantine—Delos—Climate—Pantheism—Athens—Rome—Temple of Jupiter—Acropolis—Prospects of Greece—Her King—Her Population—Her War—Anecdotes—Palikari—Armatoli—Revolution—Romaic—Farewell to Greece 385

CHAPTER LVI.

IONIAN ISLANDS.—Zante—Ithaca—Leucadia—Cephalonia—Corfu—Albania—Farewell . . . 417

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS 427

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. II.

1. Syrian Travelling — Encampment at Baalbec — Lady and Dragoman in Foreground (*Frontispiece.*)
2. Lady H. Stanhope's Tomb . . . 95
3. Mount Carmel 126
4. Convent of Mar Saba 225
5. The Dead Sea 241
6. Palace on the Lebanon 278
7. Rhodes 360

TRAVELS,

&c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PYRAMIDS.

Instead of useful works, like nature great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crushed the land.

ANON.

Upon the desert's edge, as last I lay,
Before me rose, in wonderful array,
Those works where man has rivalled Nature most—
Those pyramids, that fear no more decay
Than waves inflict upon the rockiest coast,
Or winds on mountain-steeps; and like endurance boast.

R. M. MILNES.

Take the whole area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and convert its gardens into a heap of stones; take one hundred thousand men from their families and their free labours, and employ them with the taskmaster's

lash as their only stimulus, during twenty years in heaping upon that platform the materials of all the houses for miles around it;—accumulate their ruins till the pile mounts up one-third higher than the cross of St. Paul's—and you will then have an exact representation of the Great Pyramid, in its size and its mode of construction.

Then proceed with all the other squares of London; heap upon each the brick and stone that compose the city for miles around; and continue these insane constructions from Cæsar's Tower to Hampton Court: you will then have imitated those exploits of the Pharaohs, that have filled the world with wonder, and misplaced respect for four thousand years.

The Pyramids had become as familiar to our view as the Grampians to a Highlander, when we suddenly recollected that we had left them unexplored, while the days of our stay at Cairo were already numbered. Our donkeys, which stood at our door, from sunrise to sunset, were put in immediate requisition, and we started about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of April.

Mahmoud had a child's birthday to celebrate; and, as he assured us we should find comfortable lying among the tombs, and have no occasion for his services, we rashly believed him, and left him to his festivities. He was the best of Dragomans, but an Egyptian still, and we afterwards found cause to repent having trusted to him.

We sallied forth then from the "City of Victory," mounted on two donkeys; Abdallah and another donkey preceded us, as servants always do in this paradoxical country, while a sumpter-mule and four Arabs brought up the procession.

Arriving at the mouldering quays of Cairo Vecchia, we embarked our donkeys in a large ferry-boat, which they entered as freely as if it belonged to the craft designated in our service "Jackass frigates." We passed the Nilometer on the island of Rhoda, and landed on the western bank of the river.

The sun had just set in glory over the crimsoned sands of the Lybian desert, throwing the mountain pyramids into fine relief against the gilded sky. There was a brilliant moon that rendered the absence of the day-god a matter of indifference, except in an ornamental point of view; and even for this purpose, the pale soft beams of Isis better became the City of the Dead we were about to visit. The plain which we traversed on our way thither, however, was as *riant* as if it led to Paris. Wide tracts of waving corn spread all around, and an avenue of acacias concealed all of the distant city, except its minarets, and the silvery mist which rose amongst them. The air was very balmy, and the breeze, which had been exploring the Pyramids, seemed to be whispering its discoveries to the palm-trees, and the ruins which ever and anon we came to, and past by. Suddenly that green plain ceased like a bank, and the ocean-like desert received

our silent steps moving over its waves as noiselessly as ships upon the water.

We killed, somewhat wantonly, two large silvery snakes, traversed some dreary glens, and, surrounded by an immense number of Arabs, soon found ourselves at the foot of the rocky platform on which stands the Great Pyramid. This advantage of ground has been but little noticed by travellers, and yet it gives an additional elevation to the site of the Pyramid of at least forty feet above the surrounding plain.

Vast as these Pyramids appear at a distance, they do not appear to increase in size as you approach; but when at length you arrive at their base, and look up and around, you *do* feel, as it were, in an awful presence.

After indulging in the usual course of reveries pursued on such occasions, we proceeded in a practical spirit to examine the sepulchre that was to be our lodging for the night. The rocky platform I have alluded to is hollowed out towards the south into numerous tombs; from these the unresisting dead have been long expelled, but have bequeathed a Dejanira *souvenir* of stench and deathiness that Hercules himself might hesitate to encounter. Whilst we were smoking our chibouques, and dinner was preparing, such swarms of fleas came crawling and quivering over us, that it gave one the sensation of wearing a hair shirt. There is nothing like statistics,—my companion slew fifty-seven of these vampires, in the few

minutes that intervened between our ordering dinner, and its appearance.

We did not remain long at the banquet, and hurried out to the Pyramids, accompanied only by five Bedouins, who had volunteered as guides. It was about midnight when we stood under the greatest wonder of the world, and then it appeared in all its mountain magnificence, eclipsing half of the sky.

We climbed up some distance on the eastern front, when we found the narrow entrance, and then half-slided down a long narrow passage, which was admirably fitted with grooves for wheels the whole way through. There seemed to me little doubt that a car was adapted to run down this inclined plane, to be carried by the momentum of its descent up a circular staircase, now broken, which leads to another downward passage. These steep and smooth passages we traversed with considerable difficulty, the torches and naked Bedouins rendering the heat and other annoyances excessive. At length we stood in the King's Chamber, in the heart of the Pyramid. This is lined throughout with polished granite, and is entirely empty. The body of the king has hitherto escaped the researches of caliphs and antiquaries, and is supposed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to lie beneath a niche which he points out.

As soon as we entered, the Bedouins set up a shout that made the Pyramid echo again through all its galleries, and then, turning somewhat rudely round, they

demanded money from us. We put a fierce face on the matter, and began our difficult ascent, with the assistance of our angry guides. As soon as we had emerged, the Arabs turned round again, and declared that we should not stir until we made them a present. As I put my hands in my pocket, a gigantic Bedouin drew near to receive the expected tribute, and was not a little startled to feel the cold muzzle of a pistol at his breast, which an eloquent click had assured him was no mere demonstration; he fell back terrified, and humbly begged for pardon. Giving him a kick, and threatening him with the bastinado, we drove our guides before us to the other Pyramids, which we wandered about in the bright moonlight; and then, after a glimpse at the sphinx, and a shot or two at jackals, we returned to our abominable tomb. Here, stretched on our cloaks on the hard rock, we were soon asleep, though the indignant Arabs crowded and stormed outside at the doorway, and myriads of fleas were avenging their cause within. We placed Abdallah for a door, reinforced him with a table, and courteously informed our besiegers that the first Arab who presented himself would receive a bullet in his brains as the price of his admission.

By the first daylight we resumed our investigation of the Pyramids and the sphinx. The latter is cut out of the solid rock, except the leonine paws, which are *built* of hewn stone. In front of this monster is a paved court, about fifty feet in extent, on which

sacrifices were offered, and there was a sanctuary in her bosom (which sounds well), wherein the priests worshipped. This fantastic animal is "always found representing a king, the union of intellect, and physical force," and abounds in ancient Egypt, though never elsewhere in a form of such colossal dimensions as here. On one of the paws is a Greek inscription, a translation of which, by Dr. Young, I subjoin, as it is a sort of autobiography of the monster:—

"My form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land:
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encompassed once with sand;
And near the Pyramids have bid me stand:
Not that fierce sphynx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland;
Watching the prince beloved, who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own.
That heavenly monarch, who his foes defies,
Like Vulcan powerful, and like Pallas wise."

This inscription is attributed to Arrian.

The sphinx is called by the Arabs "the father of terror," or "immensity." Its features, as well as its attitude, convey an impression of profound repose; the former are mutilated, and want a nose, but appear to be Egyptian in their character; though they are partially painted a dirty red colour, and might pass for an exaggeration of the countenance of Crib after a severe "punishing," some authors have traced in them

an expression of the softest beauty and most winning grace. If it were so, the contrast of such loveliness with the colossal size, and its leonine body, must have produced a wonderful effect, Una and her Lion, or the Zodiacal signs of Leo and Virgo, thus blended into one.

Near here is an immense tomb, discovered by Colonel Vyse, containing a coffin of black basalt, which still remains, and a sarcophagus, which has been removed to the British Museum. Near here was also found a magnificent gold ring, belonging formerly to Cheops, and now to Dr. Abbott.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson dates the building of the Pyramids about 2160 B.C., or six hundred and twenty-five years before the Exodus of the Israelites. Lord Lindsay ingeniously argues that they were built by the shepherd kings, who were expelled by Alisphragmuthosis, the Pharaoh of our Joseph. This would make their date about 1900 B.C. But such discussion would be out of place in a work like this, and I shall only mention having met with an authority which I cannot now recall, that describes the three Great Pyramids as having been designated the gold, the Silver, and the Jewelled, owing to their being cased over with yellow, white, and spotted marble. Much has been said to contradict their having been used as sepulchres, and with some appearance of plausibility. If they were used for this purpose, they were doubtless connected also with the worship of the

country, and may have been selected for the former purpose on account of their consecration, as we use Westminster Abbey.

There appears to me to be little doubt but that their form, which we find also at Benares and in Mexico, was meant to symbolise the creative principle, as was the obelisk, though in a manner which I cannot here discuss.

The erection of one of these Pyramids is ascribed to a Pharaonic princess of great beauty, who was one day taunted by her father with the inutility of the admiration that she excited. Pyramid-building was then the fashion of the family, and she swore that she would leave behind her a monument of the power of her charms as perdurable as her august relations did of the power of their armies. The number of her lovers was increased by all those who were content to sacrifice their fortunes for her smiles. The Pyramid rose rapidly; with the frailty of its foundress, the massive monument increased; her lovers were ruined, but the fair architect became immortal, and found celebrity long afterwards in Sappho's verse.

Another legend relates that a beautiful Greek girl, named Rhodope, was once bathing in the Nile, and the very birds of the air hovered round to gaze upon her beauty. An eagle, more enthusiastic than the rest, carried away one of her slippers in his talons, but, startled by a shout of Memphian loyalty, he let fall

the souvenir at the feet of Pharaoh, who was holding his court in the open air. It is needless to add how the owner was sought, how found, how wooed, how won; and how she now sleeps within her Pyramid.

To return to practical details: the Great Pyramid covers eight acres, and is eight hundred feet in height, or one-third higher than the cross on St. Paul's. Each Pyramid appears to have stood in a square court, hewn from the rock, in which were small tombs, and perhaps temples. Far away as the eye can follow, a line of Pyramids of various dimensions succeeds, among wavy heaps of tombs and catacombs, that might seem to be the cemetery of the whole world.

On our return to the tomb, we found the Sheikh of the village, who had heard of the robber-like demands of the Arabs, and had brought his executioner to bastinado them. We refused, perhaps weakly, to permit this; and, distributing some small gratuities that made the whole tribe happy, we took our homeward way, shooting quails as we passed through the corn-fields.

We visited the island of Rhoda on our return to Cairo, where we were very hospitably received by its superintendent, Mr. Trail, who escorted us over Ibrahim Pasha's extensive gardens. These are watered by innumerable little canals, filled from the river by the perpetual labour of sixty buffaloes at the water-wheels. There are some fine orange and pomegranate

groves here ; and English art has done its utmost to give it the appearance of a European garden, but in vain.

The following day I left Cairo without regret, except in being obliged to part from my fellow-traveller, who returned to Europe, while my path lay Eastward still. I have hitherto abstained, as much as possible, from introducing him in these pages, feeling that I had no right to involve his name in my adventures. This is no place to pronounce his eulogy ; but a tribute to intellect, courage, kindness, and considerateness, can never be misplaced, and such I offer to the memory of our (to me, at least) most pleasant companionship.

It was late at night when we parted at the gates of Cairo, and I rode on alone to Boulac, where my boat awaited me. I had here another farewell to take ; and, as we lingered under the trellised vines, talking over a past that then appeared so full, and a future that seemed then so blank, the night wore on ; and, though the breeze blew fair, and the stream, like myself, was hurrying to the sea, I could still discern the summit of the Great Pyramid towering above the desert, when daylight came.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MODERN ALEXANDRIA.

Cette ville devait être la capitale du monde. Elle est située entre l'Asie et l'Europe, à portée des Indes et de l'Europe.

NAPOLEON.

I have hitherto kept up a sort of journalizing through these discursive pages, endeavouring to avoid all personal details, except such as appeared conducive to throwing light on the manners of the people amongst whom I lived, or the countries I was traversing. I have now little more to add of a personal nature, and shall then conclude this slight review of Egypt by some account of its establishments and resources; a few words concerning Mehemet Ali, and the relations of England with the country of which he has possessed himself.

Having been baffled in my hopes of reaching Abyssinia, I hastened my return to Cairo, intending to accompany the caravan of pilgrims some distance on their route towards Mecca, and then, branching off

to Mount Sinai, to enter Palestine by way of Petra, and the shores of the Dead Sea, if possible.

I found the caravan had already left Cairo; and the heats, which had now set in, added to my recent illness, rendered it impossible to undergo a journey of forty days on dromedaries, so that I was forced to proceed to Syria by way of Alexandria and Beyrout.

As I have mentioned, I left Boulac late one evening in an Arab boat, and, on the following day, the northerly wind came on to blow so heavily, that we were obliged to moor under the shelter of the bank. When the gale had a little subsided, I landed to get some shooting, while the boat proceeded slowly down the stream, and I was soon lost in the immense plain of wheat and Indian corn that bordered the river.

I shot a considerable number of quails, and still wandered on; now, allured to the banks by a flight of wild fowl; now to the edge of the desert, by the tracks of a wild boar.

I had consumed some hours thus, when I found myself on the edge of a jungle, which, suddenly ceasing, left nothing but the desert and the river round me. The day had been intensely hot, and suddenly I was overtaken with extreme fatigue, and obliged to lie down upon the sands to rest. Far as the eye could reach, there was no shelter:—no, not so much as a beetle could repose in, and the only Arab who accompanied me replied to my glance with a significant "Mafeesh," and a shrug of his shoulders.

Even he was panting with exhaustion, and streaming at every pore. The boat was still far away, and we had nothing for it but Islam-resignation, not even a pipe.

And there ran the river, deep, bright, and cool, before my dazzled eyes; and, after long hesitation, I could resist no longer, but plunged in, and swam, and drank, and revelled in its waves with excessive luxury. Fever almost instantly came on, and I remember little but vague, dreamy sensations of intense suffering, until we reached the Mahmoudie canal. Here I was transferred into another boat, and reached Alexandria on the fourth night after my departure from Boulac.

The river-port was crowded with filthy boats, and swarmed with their crews, who seemed to live in perpetual warfare with one another.

I suppose we had got into a berth that we had no right to, for we were instantly assailed by every Arab within reach or hearing. Some went so far as to jump on board our boat to remove her by force; but this was an indignity that a Frank could not submit to. Three days' fever did not conduce to meekness, and the *melée* that ensued was more reviving than being nurse-tended for a week.

The stormy moon threw an uncertain light on the dark, struggling figures, and flashing eyes, and gleaming steel; the wind roared in wild concert with the fierce vociferations of the Arabs, and crashing spars. There was a rush, and then a struggle; our deck was cleared, and the next moment an officer of the patrol

showed his red tarboosh, and all was over. We were then left to sleep in such peace as the wild dogs' howl and the storm's din permitted.

The next morning's light found all the baggage on camels, and my Syrian servant, (a Christian, by the by,) discharged for robbery.

Strange and African as Alexandria had appeared to me three months before, it now seemed familiar, and almost European. The streets were thronged with men in hats, and smooth chins; the cafés rustled with newspapers; the walls were placarded with announcements of the evening's opera; and, above all, the sea, reflecting the British flag, lay stretched out in glory before me.

Where the Post only comes in once a month, it may be supposed that the arrival of each packet is anxiously looked for. Every European eye in Alexandria was turned perpetually in the direction of the British Consul's flag-staff, wheron the hoisting of the red Ensign was to announce the first appearance of the Oriental steamer.

She was late, however, by some days; and, as the Beyrout packet waited for her arrival, I took up my quarters in the comfortable Hotel D'Orient, and found some pleasant acquaintances among the resident merchants, and the numerous passengers just arrived from Suez.

The transit across the desert is now a mere party of pleasure; and, before leaving Cairo, I had seen some

ladies, with reticules and lap-dogs, into a well appointed four horse Suez mail, that would not have created much surprise in Piccadilly. There are comfortable resting-places twice on the route, and temporary establishments every ten miles. The entire distance of eighty-five miles is performed without fatigue, by those who have made arrangements before-hand, and I have never heard a complaint of any of the multifarious baggage of Indian passengers being lost.

On arriving at Cairo, a day or two is allowed to travellers to examine the city, and then they are forwarded to Alexandria by English steamers plying on the Nile, and the Mahmoudie canal.

Hill's hotel, at Cairo, and the whole business of the transit line from Alexandria, was until lately in English hands. By what appeared to me an adroit manœuvre of the Pasha's, an Italian, named Tibaldi, now conducts the principal, if not the entire business. He is, it is true, connected by marriage with a highly respected English merchant, but he is, nevertheless, a mere agent of the Pasha, who supplies capital for his undertaking.

Mehemet Ali found Alexandria a nest of pirates; he has made it the most important seaport in the Levant, and restored to commerce a path to India that had been neglected for centuries.*

* The Venetians obtained a settlement here, and carried on their energetic commerce thence to India, but the Cape of Good Hope ruined it again.

"Alexander," said Napoleon, "displayed his genius more in founding Alexandria, and in contemplating the transportation thither of his seat of empire, than by the most dazzling victories. This city ought to be the capital of the world; it is situated between Asia and Africa, and connects Europe with the Indies. It is the only safe anchorage for five hundred leagues of coast, extending from Tunis to Alexandretta; it is at one of the ancient mouths of the Nile. All the squadrons of the universe might find moorings there, and in the old port are safe from storms and invasion."

The Mole, which protects this important harbour, is terminated by a modern lighthouse placed where the Pharos of the Ptolemies once stood. This offers now at once a warning and an invitation, a battery and a beacon. The western harbour is very deep and safe, but the eastern is protected from the sea by a sunken reef of rocks, too near the surface to permit a first-rate line of battle ship to pass over it without taking out her guns and heavy stores.

The eastern harbour is exposed and unsafe, and was the only port, until recently, allowed to Christian vessels. Mehemet Ali abolished this injurious and degrading prohibition — which had long afforded a proof of the extent to which our scruples with regard to Turkey permitted us to be bullied in the East.

The population of Alexandria amounts to about 65,000 souls, of which the crews, the workmen, the

soldiers, and other immediate dependents of the Pasha, form one-third.

Consuls of all the principal nations of Europe reside here, and, together with numerous wealthy merchants, might form a very extensive society. The influence of the habits or the climate of the country, however, seems to prohibit this, and there is little or no domestic intercourse among the numerous European families resident here. The climate is the worst in Egypt, the neighbourhood the least interesting, and nothing but business or duty can induce a residence in a city that combines all the worst features of European and Asiatic life, with the least possible of their advantages.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AGRICULTURE—MANUFACTORIES—COMMERCE.

There, methinks, might be enjoyment, more than in this
march of mind,
In the steam-loom, in the factory, in the thoughts that
shake mankind.

TENNYSON.

Agriculture appears to be unquestionably the form of physical labour most conducive to the happiness and health of a people, more especially of those who inhabit a warm climate and a luxuriant soil. It was the only occupation of the golden age, and probably even in Eden its pursuits lent an interest to life, and a zest to repose. Egypt is essentially an agricultural country, and its people an agricultural population. The latter have neither energies nor genius for manufactures, and all those that have been introduced by Mehemet Ali have been forced upon an unwilling people, who will forsake them the hour that the high pressure of his power ceases to enforce his will. La-

bourers for the factories are only to be obtained by conscription, and this is the heaviest misfortune that can befal an Egyptian after that of military service. They are compelled to work under taskmasters, and the wretched pittance assigned by government, as remuneration for their toil, is always in arrear, and frequently paid in kind. This latter practice is a sort of truck system, by which the Pasha's agents pay the workmen in cotton, shoes, sugar, or whatever else lies in superfluity on their hands.

Thus, it may be supposed that the Egyptian considers himself as fortunate indeed if allowed to devote his industry to the light labours that the land requires. He turns up the easy soil with a wooden plough of the simplest construction, unaltered in its pattern from those we find upon the tombs of three thousand years ago. When the seed is sown, a trunk of a palm-tree, drawn by two oxen, serves all the purposes of harrowing and rolling. When the corn is cut, the sheafs are collected in a heap on some hard spot of ground, and then strewn in a circle, over which buffaloes draw a light sledge, and thus thresh out the grain.

The inundation of the Nile affords a universal, and the only, manuring of the lands of Egypt. When the waters retire about the month of November, the seed is sown, and harvest appears in March. Thus, new wheat and barley can be offered in the English markets in the first week of April.

Until 1821, the cotton plant was only found as an ornament in some gardens of Cairo. It is now, after wheat, the most important production of the valley of the Nile. Its culture adopted by the Pasha, at the recommendation of M. Jamel, a Frenchman, succeeded beyond expectation. It is planted in March, and gathered in November or December: it requires a good soil and renewal of seed every third year. Indigo is also a recent introduction, and produces considerable revenue to the Pasha, particularly that which is grown in Nubia.

Rice is kept in water, and afterwards under damp straw, until it begins to germinate; then planted in moist land. It is sown in November, and threshed at the same time, and in the same primitive manner as the wheat.

The fruitful soil of Egypt generally produces three crops in the year; one by the inundation, and two by irrigation. This last I have already described as very severe labour, and as employing 150,000 men, and 50,000 oxen, at the shadoofs and water-wheels.

The monstrous injustice which is practised on the peasant in various forms of taxation is almost incredible. Government supplies oxen and seed, it is true, but the peasant has to pay nearly the value of the former every year, and the latter is always given in fraudulent measure, and demanded back in full. The taxing officers frequently exact twice or threefold the value of their claims; and even when this is paid, the

poor peasant may be called upon to make up the arrears of any insolvent neighbour.

The Pasha has established a number of factories, in which cotton, linen, woollen, silk, and other stuffs, are produced, besides iron founderies, and manufactories of arms.

There are fifteen cotton factories, containing 1459 spinning-jennies. That of Malta, at Boulac, is well worth a visit, and, to a superficial observer, appears as well conducted as any in England. The wool employed in the cloth factories is all native, except a small quantity imported from Tunis.

The manufactures of Egypt are altogether monopolized by the Pasha, and only maintain their existence by his fiat. Notwithstanding the low prices of the raw material, and the small expense of human labour, this extensive speculator can be undersold by Europeans in every branch of his various manufactures. Besides this, the articles are all inferior in quality to those of Europe. The climate appears to take part with the inhabitants against manufactures: the heat of the weather is injurious to the material, and the fine sand that pervades every breeze of wind is very destructive to the machinery. Moreover, the cultivable soil of Egypt, which the most inveterate political economist will allow should first be attended to, requires more labourers than the present population can afford; and thus the country suffers as much from Mehemet Ali's passion for manufactures as for war.

All these considerations, together with Ibrahim Pasha's preference for agriculture, only give to the factories a life-lease in Egypt; and before many years pass away, we shall probably see a new and extensive market opened to England, by the return of the unwilling mechanics to the agricultural labours from which they have been torn by their tyrant.

I have not been able to learn the number of persons engaged in manufactures in Egypt, but it must be very considerable, owing to the number and variety of the latter; while their novelty makes them felt as a still severer hardship by the poor men and children, that are doomed to the tending of them.

Alexandria must, probably, sooner or later, become the most important commercial port in the world, not only from its central situation, its admirable harbour, and its being the point of confluence of three quarters of the globe, but as the port of all India, and southern Asia, whose resources are only now beginning to be developed, and to whose wide regions China has only now been added by England's brief and momentous victories over barbarian power and prejudice.

Up to the end of the fifteenth century, Alexandria possessed the Indian trade, such as then existed; and, even after the Portuguese had discovered the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, Albuquerque eagerly strove to accomplish, and had nearly succeeded in obtaining, a canal from Suez to the Red Sea. Since

Cairo

then, the interests of the East have prodigiously increased, and the agencies at our command have proportionably altered. Instead of a few small settlements on the coast of India, or chance enterprises in which armed vessels, half-pirate, half-merchantmen, trafficked European baubles for savage wealth, we have now an empire as large as all Europe, containing cities larger than Paris, and yielding a revenue half as large again as that of Russia. We have a standing army as large as that of Austria, and a greater number of Moslems alone are subject to our Queen than the Sultan of Constantinople rules over.

Until lately, India was four or five months distant from England. Steam has now caused oceans to shrink into mere channels, and these channels are bridged over by our steamers. From London to Alexandria is England, from Suez to Chusan is England still, and Egypt presents a mere bank of eighty or ninety miles in breadth. This will soon be spanned by a railway, which English iron must supply, and which English steel must guard.

The present commerce of Egypt consists principally of wheat, cotton, rice, indigo, and opium, as exports; of cloth and linen, timber for building, iron, cutlery, paper, glass, oil, and wine, as imports. The value of the importations last year was about £2,679,000, that of the exports about £2,190,000; of these the imports from England amounted to about £600,640; while her exports thence only reached about £216,000.

The exports and imports of Turkey nearly balance each other, as do those of Austria, whose trade is the most inconsiderable in Alexandria.*

The whole annual commerce of Egypt, by way of the Red Sea, and caravans, is valued at about £400,000. Every year a caravan comes from Abyssinia with a number of black slaves, gold-dust, gum, ivory, ostrich feathers, &c.; another caravan from Morocco, with pilgrims for Mecca, comes through Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis, across the desert, to Alexandria. There are also caravans arriving occasionally from Damascus with silks, dried fruit, and oil.

In 1822, there were only sixteen mercantile houses in Alexandria, there are now forty-four; of these thirteen are French, nine are Austrian, and only seven are English. There is a Tribunal of Commerce established by the Pasha, by which all mercantile disputes and differences are heard and adjudged.

In 1814, suddenly appeared that astonishing decree, by which the Pasha announced to the inhabitants of Egypt that the whole country belonged to him, and that all the dwellers therein were but labourers on his great farm, or at best but tenants at his will. Mehemet Ali made a pretext to visit Arabia, while this decree was being carried into effect by his minister. The

* A merchant at Alexandria told me he could ship wheat at Alexandria at 12s. a quarter, and beans at the same price, yet neither paid in the English market, except under peculiar circumstances.

men bowed tamely to his decree, but the women rose tumultuously, and excited some leading sheikhs to make a demonstration of resistance. One of the latter was arrested and executed on some pretence foreign to the occasion; the women were allowed to talk out their indignation, and Egypt has been ever since the unquestioned private property of the Pasha. Soon afterwards, he appropriated all the revenues belonging to pious institutions, and took them under his own protection. This last measure created more dissatisfaction than the former one, as it made so many desperate. Previous to this appropriation, 6000 persons received daily alms from the mosque of El Azhar alone, and 2000 slept within its walls.

It is true that Mehemet Ali had a precedent for thus taking possession of all the land of Egypt in the case of Joseph's Pharaoh, Osirtesen the First, in the year 1706 B.C.: but, in the latter case, the Egyptians received a consideration for the loss of their possessions, and Pharaoh only virtually possessed himself of quit-rents, amounting to one-fifth of the value of the agricultural produce. From Mehemet Ali the Egyptians received nothing in lieu of their possessions except a somewhat better administration of public affairs, and some better irrigation for the lands. In return for this, the Pasha claims four-fifths of the produce of the land.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MEHEMET ALI.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back:
It is a swelling and the last affection
A great mind can put off. It is a rebel
Both to the soul and reason, and enforces
All laws, all conscience; tramples on Religion,
And offers Violence to Loyalty.

Catiline.—BEN JONSON.

In Europe, the name of Mehemet Ali is familiar to every mind as one of the great powers that share the rule of this great world. We think of him simply as seated on the throne of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies; and seldom recur to the eventful and romantic career which shot him upward from the rank of a peasant to that of a prince. His great namesake,* and Cromwell, and Bernadotte, and Napoleon himself, accomplished less extraordinary and unlooked-for enter-

* Mahomet, Mehemet, and Mahmoud, are modifications of the same name.

prise of life than this Turk has done, although the distance and obscurity of the people over whom he attained empire render his deeds less dazzling to careless or indifferent observers.

Like Mahomet, when he awoke from the dream of youth to the reality of manhood, he found himself in the depths of poverty: unlike the Prophet, however, he had none of the prestige of ancient blood to buoy him up, and was indebted to himself, and not to his ancestry, for his rise. He was of humble—of what would in other times have been called, of base—origin. Thank God, even in England, we know of that term no longer, except as applied to the deeds, and not the birth of our fellow-men! If the world, in its age and its many sources of enlightenment, has learned nothing more, it has at least come better to understand what is due to man, as the creature of God, and not of circumstance; and be it remembered in times to come, when pedigrees are forgotten, that those whose ancestors bore pennons at the battle of Hastings were never the last to acknowledge this.

This aphorism may seem misplaced, as applied to the history of a Turk, amongst whose people there is little of that distinction of rank which parks off the different classes in Europe into separate societies; nevertheless, even the Osmanlis and the Arabs are considerably prejudiced in favour of having ancient blood in the palace as well as in the stable.

Napoleon and Mehemet Ali came into the world in

the same year of grace, 1769.* The same war opened to each an arena for his strength; and, widely differing as were the places and the people amongst whom they had to struggle for the mastery, there are strikingly similar events in the career of both. Each was an adventurer on a foreign soil; each attained political, through military, power; each trampled fearlessly upon every prejudice that interfered with his progress; and each converted the crisis that appeared to threaten him with ruin into the means of acquiring sovereignty.

Mehemet Ali was born at Cavala, a small town in Roumelia, and is, therefore, a Turk, and not an Albanian, as has been frequently supposed, from his career having been so much involved with the latter. His father was a poor man, who united the occupation of a fisherman to that of a farmer. The boy devoted himself to the former business, and early acquired a character for courage and conduct that invested him with unbounded influence amongst his associates. Some pirates having made a foray into his neighbourhood, he hastily collected a body of volunteers, pursued the marauders in fishing-boats, recovered the spoil, and made himself a reputation in Cávala. This, in return, made him lieutenant to the governor, and an object of interest to the governor's wife; both of which circumstances he turned

* No Turk ever knows his own age with certainty; but the Pasha of Egypt has freely adopted what French flattery suggested.

to such good account, that, on the decease of his superior, he succeeded to his command, his widow, and his wealth. He then engaged extensively in the tobacco trade, for which his situation afforded him great facilities. Bankruptcy, or ambition, however, induced him to abandon business; and he eagerly embraced an offer to command a contingent of three hundred men, raised at Cávala, to recruit the Turkish army in Egypt.

During the operations against the French, and particularly at the battle of Aboukir, he distinguished himself conspicuously, acquired the rank of colonel, and obtained unbounded influence among the soldiery. When Egypt was evacuated by the French and British forces, the Mameluke Beys remained in arms, endeavouring to set aside the power of the Porte, and to nominate a viceroy of their own selection. The soldiers, and particularly the Albanian regiments in the Turkish service, had already shown symptoms of a mutinous spirit, loudly demanding their arrears of pay and a change of officers.

Mehemet Ali well knew the strength of these soldiers, and their wrongs, and also the weakness and inability of the Turkish general, Khosref Pasha. He therefore boldly declared himself the delegate of the soldiery, and a redresser of their grievances. Khosref Pasha sent to require his attendance at an audience to be held at midnight; and Mehemet Ali received the invitation while attending the evening parade. He

well knew the purport of that message, and the deadly vengeance that awaited him; but he also read his own power in the Pasha's fears. "Out of the nettle, danger, he knew that he could pluck the flower, safety;" smiling, he kissed the general's note, and returned for answer that "he would be sure to come." Then, turning round to the soldiers on parade, he exclaimed, "I am sent for by the Pasha, and *you* well know the destiny that awaits the advocate of your wrongs in a midnight audience. I *will* go; but shall I go alone?" Four thousand Albanian swords flashed back an answer; and their shout of fierce defiance gave Khosref Pasha warning to escape to the citadel, in which, it is unnecessary to say, he declined to receive his dangerous guest.

"Now, then," said Mehemet Ali, "Cairo is for sale, and the strongest sword will buy it." The Albanians applauded the pithy sentiment, and instantly proceeded to put it into execution by electing Mehemet Ali as their leader. He opened the gates of the city to the hostile Mamelukes, defeated Khosref Pasha, took him prisoner at Damietta, and was acknowledged as general of the army by the Beys, in gratitude for his services.

Osman Bardissy and Elfy Bey were the leaders of the Mamelukes at this conjuncture, and became the deadliest rivals after the defeat of their common enemy, Khosref. Osman was in possession of the city, and nominally commanded the Albanian troops; but Mehemet Ali stimulated them to demand the arrears

of pay, while, at the same time, he stirred up the inhabitants of Cairo to resist the impositions which Osman laid upon them, in order to satisfy these demands.

The Bey, unable to withstand this simultaneous resistance of the people and the soldiery, sought safety in flight; and Mehemet Ali, after some further intrigues, named Kourschyd Pasha Viceroy of Egypt. He took upon himself this authority, with the most submissive respect for the Porte, and in the same submissive spirit permitted himself to be made Kaïmakam, the second in authority.

The Sultan not only confirmed these nominations, but, some time afterwards, when the intrigues of Mehemet Ali had induced the Sheikhs to name him Viceroy, in place of Kourschyd Pasha, he confirmed also the latter appointment. This extraordinary success was obtained not only by the fear that the new Pasha had inspired, but also by a bribe of £300,000, which Mehemet Ali engaged to pay, and which the Porte knew he alone was capable of raising. This took place in the year 1805. The following year, Osman Bardissy, and Elfy Bey, his powerful Mameluke opponents, died almost at the same time, and left him without an enemy, except the Porte, to fear.

The Sultan, determined on turning his powerful vassal to some account, now ordered him to proceed into Arabia, on a campaign against the Wahabees. This powerful sect was founded by Sheikh Abd-el-

Wahab, in the middle of the last century, and was to Mahometanism very much what Puritanism was to the English Church. It also called the sword to the assistance of its faith, and took possession of the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina, in 1810.

Encouraged by their success, these stern fanatics now turned their power to practical and profitable purposes; and pillaged indiscriminately the caravans of pilgrims and merchants, until they had acquired immense wealth, and entirely possessed themselves of the country of the Hedjaz.

The commands of the Porte to exterminate this sect were intended to exhaust the resources of Mehemet Ali, and perhaps to lead to his destruction; but he embraced the commission with gratitude. It gave him an opportunity of rendering his name popular as a defender of Islam, and an excuse for raising a larger army, which was destined for higher ulterior purposes. Toussoom, the Viceroy's son, had been appointed a Pasha of two tails, and was to head the expedition; but, before he departed on his mission, the Mamelukes were sacrificed, as a hecatomb to the peace of the province. Invited to a conference, and entrapped in the citadel, as I have before related, they were massacred almost to a man. This took place on the 1st of March, 1811; and, in the autumn of the same year, the expedition proceeded to its destination in Arabia. At first, the armies of the orthodox encountered some severe checks; but the following year

Medina was restored to the Porte, and, in 1812, Mehemet Ali proceeded in person to the Hedjaz, partly to superintend the war, but principally, perhaps, to allow an opportunity for his celebrated appropriation of all Egypt to be announced by his minister, Mohammed Laz.

The Porte, taking advantage of the absence of its Viceroy, with the treachery and meanness peculiar to the politics of the Divan, appointed a successor to Mehemet Ali in the person of Lateef Pasha. Treachery, however, seldom failed to find its match in Egypt, and Lateef was beheaded by the lieutenant of him who was Viceroy in his own right.

The Porte, at first, affected great indignation at this summary proceeding, and proclaimed Mehemet Ali an outlaw. He disregarded the epithet and its consequences, accomplished his pilgrimage in the Holy Land he had rescued from the heretics, and returned to Egypt, covered with glory, to make further preparations for war.

He had long seen the necessity of adopting European military tactics, and fixed his heart on creating a standing army. The first attempt at drilling Moslems by Christian officers created such discontent that he was obliged to abandon the project; but he sent the mutinous troops to conquer and die in the interior, when his son Ismail Pasha perished at Shendy, as I have before mentioned. His next attempt was to create an army of Blacks from among the conquered

people of Sennaar and Cordofan. With this view, he instituted a Camp of Instruction at Assouan, to which 30,000 Blacks were sent from the interior, and subjected to military discipline, under Colonel Sève, called in Egypt Suleiman Pasha. This experiment was unsuccessful; the negroes died so rapidly that in a few years only one regiment remained from all this number. The Pasha then formed an Egyptian camp at Farshoot, to which the natives were gradually added, in proportion as the elder recruits had acquired sufficient discipline and *esprit de corps* to keep the younger in awe.

Whilst the senior portion of the Pasha's army was thus expiating its mutinous demonstrations in the wars of Æthiopia, and the junior was learning obedience in the barracks at Farshoot, the insurrection of the Greeks broke out, and Mehemet Ali applied to be allowed to subjugate the Morea for the Porte. This proposition at once restored him to Ottoman favour, and gave him an excuse for making new levies and raising fresh contributions among the people. All his energies were thenceforth employed in erecting barracks, schools of instruction, hospitals, and even factories. He invited French officers and instructors, who arrived in numbers; and, while he was concentrating a disciplined army at the capital, he was scattering manufactories over the country. Every peasant might now be said to be in the Pasha's service, and Egypt was one vast camp or factory. The Egyptian, who was not im-

pressed as a soldier or a manufacturer, was obliged to work hard at the water-wheel or plough, in order to supply food and forage for the troops, and the energies of the country were strained to the uttermost to meet this exigency of the Pasha's destiny. Had he now failed or even faltered for a moment, he well knew that the bowstring and a successor would be the result. He struggled bravely on to find stakes for the great game of power, and won it.

The Porte gladly accepted his offers of assistance, and conveyed its acceptance of them in the form of a command to send an armament into Greece.

In 1824, a powerful fleet, consisting of sixty-three sail, with one hundred transports, left Alexandria for the Morea, having on board 16,000 infantry and 700 cavalry, besides artillery. Ibrahim Pasha commanded this expedition; he was successful in his descent on Candia, and partially so in his operations in Greece. The Egyptian fleet, however, was soon afterwards involved in the destruction of that of Turkey at the battle of Navarino in 1827, and Ibrahim returned with the remains of his army to Egypt. Mehemet Ali had been promised the Pashalic of all Syria, previous to the Greek expedition, instead of which the Porte conferred upon him that of Candia, which island had not been included in the treaty for the independence of Greece.*

* It should in justice be mentioned that, while the Greeks suffered fearful persecution in all other parts of the Ottoman empire, they enjoyed perfect toleration in Egypt during the war.

He now devoted himself to the creation of a native fleet, and soon found himself in possession of a formidable naval force, with dockyards and arsenals capable of maintaining it and supplying all its casualties. He knew that the Porte only waited for an opportunity to declare war against him, and he boldly flung down the gauntlet first.

Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, had long been his enemy, and had lately given refuge to some Egyptian deserters, the surrender of whom was demanded by Mehemet. This the Pasha of Acre refused, whereupon the viceroy of Egypt informed him, laconically, that "he would come and take them, with *one* besides."

In 1831, Ibrahim Pasha led an army of 24,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry against Acre, which he took after six months' siege, and sent Abdallah prisoner to Cairo. War was now openly declared between Mehemet Ali and the Porte, and a numerous army belonging to the latter was defeated at Homs, by Ibrahim Pasha, in 1832. Soon afterwards, the Egyptians routed the army of the grand vizir, Hosseyn Pasha, at Beylan, which laid open to them the passes of Mount Taurus; and, in the December of the same year, the victory of Koniah, with the capture of the Turkish general, Reschid Pasha, gave Ibrahim Pasha the command of Constantinople. Then the Porte awakened to a sense of its weakness, and, like the horse in the fable, that invoked the assistance of the man to expel the deer from his pasture, applied to Russia for pro-

tection. The Autocrat immediately marched 25,000 soldiers to Constantinople, and, whilst he protected the Ottoman empire, wrung from it the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi.

In the hour of his success, Mehemet Ali had had the self-command to require only the Pashalic of Syria; and, therefore, when Russia and the other great European powers interfered to prevent his further progress, he was able to fall back with dignity on his first demand. This was ultimately granted. The Taurus became the limits of Mehemet Ali's province, and, in return, he engaged to pay the same tribute to the Porte, that had hitherto been promised rather than made good, by the petty Pashalics of Syria.

Mehemet Ali had now almost succeeded in his project of restoring the ancient bounds of the Caliphat. Bagdad alone remained to be invaded, and from this, the conqueror of Syria prudently abstained. He knew that his principal security consisted in his being nominally a dependant of the Porte; and that the European powers would respect his territory only so long as it professedly belonged to the Sultan. Once that position was abandoned, one person had the same right "of the strongest hand" to Egypt that he, or any other, could lay claim to.

The Sultan, who felt his disgraces rankling deeply, re-organised his army, and refitted his fleet. The former was crushed at the battle of Nezib, in 1839, and the latter deserted to the Pasha. In speaking of Syria, I

shall have to touch upon our brief but momentous campaign, undertaken, not so much against Mehemet Ali, as to rescue Turkey from the protectorate of Russia. Meanwhile, the hereditary Pashalic of Egypt has been acceded to by Europe, and the Pasha has nothing left from his Syrian campaigns except their glory, and the debts and impoverishment entailed upon his country thereby.

We have seen Mehemet Ali raise himself from the humblest rank of life to the very highest, unaided but by his own daring and predominating genius; creating an army for the purpose of opposing the enemies of the Faith; and thus rendering himself popular as its defender, while he was educating troops to oppose the vicegerent of the Prophet. There is but little doubt that, but for the interference of Europe, he would have dictated his own terms within the walls of Constantinople; although the faith of his followers was too reverential towards the sacred character of the Sultan to admit of his cherishing the hope of obtaining the throne.

Mehemet Ali is now seventy-five years of age. He wears well, and but little of decline is visible in the energies of his mind or body, though his restlessness and love of change are remarkably increased. He is of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches, but powerfully built; and his keen, piercing eyes, and the energetic character of all his movements, indicate a sanguine and nervous temperament. Generally

speaking, the Turks consider repose essential both to dignity and comfort; this man, on the other hand, paces his apartments by the hour with an eager and determined tread, that is characteristic of his disposition. His beard is now snow-white, and, though the lower part of his countenance is indicative of sensuality, his fine forehead and massive brows predominate over that expression, so common in men of great physical energy. He has a delicate, well-born hand and foot; his dress is of the simplest description, but well put on; and his whole bearing is dignified, yet courteous and affable. In his conversation, there is a prompt frankness that appears to spring from a disdain of concealment, and an impetuosity that could not have been exceeded in his youth.

Mehemet Ali had very great aspirations, and realised more of them than meaner minds could have believed possible, considering the circumstances of his state, and of the country he rules over. One object of his romantic ambition was the regeneration of the mouldering Ottoman empire, and he even volunteered to abandon all his prospects in Egypt for the situation of Grand Vizier. Failing in this, he endeavoured to make of the despised Arabs a martial people; of their exhausted and impoverished province, a fertile and manufacturing nation. Severe, but not cruel, he relentlessly swept from his path every opponent of his power; yet never was known to cherish vengeance, or to punish for a personal offence towards himself. En-

thusiastic to credulity, he eagerly listened to the golden promises of adventurers, and, out of their many schemes of advantage, he has realised the wealth of a cotton trade, olive plantations, sugar factories, and the more doubtful prosecution of other branches of industry. He abolished the power of punishing by death, until lately vested in the governors of provinces; he established a consistent system of taxation, which, though greatly abused by his officers, is tolerably just in its construction. He called in the aid of European skill to instruct his people, indifferent to the prejudices it raised against him. He tolerated all religions, and discountenanced fanaticism. With regard to this latter, I may mention an anecdote illustrative of his character. Some Europeans attending his levee, he observed that his servants made use of the left hand, which is considered impure, in presenting coffee to his guests. While the Christians were present, he took no notice of an insult, of which they were unconscious; but, immediately on their retiring, he sent for the servants and thus addressed them. "As you seem to think yourselves dishonoured in paying due respect to my guests, you shall no longer run the risk of having your prejudices thus offended. Depart instantly for Mecca, and there you may exercise the fanaticism that is preferable in your eyes to good manners, without control." They were banished.

Under the stern rule of the Pasha, Egypt has be-

come perfectly secure to the traveller, and even Syria still feels the beneficial effect of his temporary rule. Besides having sent many Egyptians to study in England and France, the Pasha has invited instructors in every branch of science and of letters into Egypt. He established three classes of schools, under a ministry of public instruction; these consist of *primary*, *preparatory*, and *special* schools. Of the first, there are sixty-six, containing each one hundred pupils, between the ages of eight and twelve. They attend during three years, and each year are renewed by one-third, as the former goes out. They learn the elements of the Arab language and arithmetic.

These primary schools send pupils to the two *preparatory* schools of Abouzabel and Alexandria, where they learn the Turkish language, mathematics, geography, and history.

The *special* schools are intended for the engineers, artillery, cavalry, infantry, medicine, agriculture, foreign languages, music, and the arts. There are altogether in Egypt nine thousand pupils, who are lodged, clothed, and fed, at the Pasha's expence.

Once entered as a pupil in any of these schools, the Egyptian becomes the property of the Pasha, and may be sent into the fleets, the army, or the manufactories, at his will. Education, under these circumstances, is considered by the natives as only one degree less to be dreaded than conscription.

I have given such information of the Egyptian military and naval forces as I have been able to obtain in the Appendix, together with the income and expenditure of two years. To this I must refer the reader who is interested in such matters, and hasten to conclude this prolonged notice of Egypt and its ruler.

Egypt is the easiest country in the world to conquer; she is so used to it! In fact, it is her ruler or rulers, for the time being, that offer the sole resistance she has ever made. All over the East, and here especially, power can be established by blood alone: since the days of Cleopatra, Egypt has never had a sovereign of Egyptian birth; yet, in her fallen, provincial state, she has bled as profusely in the cause of each usurper, as if every ephemeral tyrant were to be the founder of a dynasty. The result of these immemorial wars, in which they have never had an interest, is an excessive distaste among the Egyptians for military service. Conscription of the sternest kind is necessary to drag them from their fields to form armies; and their lives are passed in one long effort to avoid taxation, which deprives them of every comfort; and this conscription, which renders its victims hopeless. Once ranged under the Crescent banner, there is no hope of freedom but from infirmity or death. Brilliant as have been Mehemet Ali's successes, fertile as is the country he rules over, and peaceful as it appears to the grateful traveller, there is perhaps no more miserable nation under heaven.

The Egyptians have no motive to action; success in life is with them impossible; and their voluptuous climate contributes to the enervation of all moral and physical energies. As their climate predisposes them to indolence and sensuality; their government to servility, meanness, and dissimulation; their religion to intolerance, pharisaic observances, and falsehood; it may easily be imagined that there is little in their education, or in the principles instilled thereby, to counteract the tendencies which are inevitable from such influences.

They have no country to lose, no independence to forfeit, no patriotic feelings to be wounded; their national condition has fearfully fulfilled the prophetic doom, that they should "be trodden under foot and abased; a nation that should ever be under the rule of foreigners." Mehemet Ali has exhausted the last vital energies of the country; and no government can retain influence in Egypt after his decease, that is not possessed of wealth enough to restore some shadow of prosperity, and principle enough to restore some shadow of independence to this degraded and unhappy land.

Meanwhile, Cairo is now the crowded thoroughfare of England and India. The red ensign is become as familiar to the Arabs of the Red Sea as to the people of Alexandria. Egypt is rapidly becoming influenced, not by the nation that gives officers to her armies, but by that which gives merchants to her counting-houses,

and capital to her exhausted resources. She is gradually and unconsciously subsidising by the wealth that England lavishes, and hourly more entangled in those golden chains of interest from which no nation ever strove to loose itself.

With what temper Mehemet Ali regards this state of things it would be vain to inquire. At the age of seventy-five, a man is more likely to repose with complacency on what he has already accomplished, than to enter upon a new course of difficult, if not hopeless, undertakings. He had energy and moral courage enough to encounter the vicegerent of the Prophet in the field, and to vindicate the independence—not of his country, but of his command. Like Henry VIII., he converted the fat revenues of peaceful drones into the tough sinews of ambitious war; like Peter the Great, he made an army of steady soldiers out of slavish serfs, and a commanding navy out of a nest of pirates; like Sultan Mahmoud, he annihilated the Mamelukes, whose existence was more incompatible with his authority than was that of the Janissaries with the power of the Porte.

Mehemet Ali has done all this, and thereby placed himself in the front rank of History.

But there is a more difficult task than that of mustering forces in the field, or appropriating the property of the defenceless, or making massacre of imprisoned victims. To invest a nation with nationality; to give to popular impulse the character of public opinion, was

beyond his power, or never suggested itself to his ambition. What loyalty can exist towards a Pasha? what patriotism in a Pashalic? The down-trodden and degraded Egyptian not only has never known another state of rule, but he has never felt the want of it; and herein is at once an element of strength and weakness in Mehemet Ali's position. The yielding soil afforded no resistance to the planting of his power, but at the same time it wanted all tenacity to retain, or enable it to take root. And, now the Pasha's days must needs be drawing to a close, his son Ibrahim is yet older, owing to his sensuality and intemperance; Seyd Pasha, though kindly disposed, is devoid of intellect. The character of Abbas Pasha, the only other of his family arrived at man's estate, exhibits a union of ferocity and vice, for which we can only find a parallel among the Roman emperors. And what is to become of Egypt? Is the Porte once more to extend its baleful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, in order that they may interrupt our commerce here, as they have been allowed to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?

Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt

to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte, but endeavour to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles, together with the privileges of freedom. Let her lay aside all double-dealing and mock-modesty, as disreputable in the case of nations as of individuals, and boldly assert her "right of way" through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo.

English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden; English rule would make the fellah a free man; English principles would teach him honesty and truth; and, as to the comparative advantages of Turkish or English politics, let the world be the judge between Asia Minor and North America, between the influences of the Crescent and the Cross.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LEVANT — BEYROUT.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Greece, Egypt, Tyre, Assyria,—where are they?
Thy waters wasted them, when they were free,
And many a tyrant since. They now obey
The stranger, slave or savage,—their decay
Has dried up realms to nations, not so thou;
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play:
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Childe Harold.

The "Levant" of the Italians, the "Orient" of the French, and the "Morgenland" of the Germans, are pretty paraphrases of the "East." The former term is applied, not only to the shores, but to the seas, over which the sun *rises* to the morningward of Malta. Bright and blue as it is, and fringed by the brightest and most memorial shores, it is yet a very lonely sea: wild winds, that are almost Typhoons, sweep over it;

iron coasts wrap it round, and to the south of Cerigo there is not a safe harbour in all its wide expanse, save that of Alexandria.

The commerce of the early world found shelter in the ports of Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and other harbours for small craft, such as that of Scanderoon. These are now filled up with the ruins of the quays, or stores that once overshadowed them; or closed up by ancient sands, that might have run from the glass of old Time himself.

This sea is seldom without a swell, and the wind, like a young child, is always either troublesome, or asleep: long calms, or changing gusty breezes, render steamers especially valuable in these waters; and to their instrumentality was chiefly owing the bold measures and extraordinary successes of our late naval operations on the coast of Syria. The rarity of passengers, and the decrease of trade between the chief seaports of Egypt and Syria, have prevented the establishment of steamers from Alexandria to Beyrout; so the mail is taken by a fast-sailing English schooner, that was once a yacht belonging to Lord Harborough.

I visited the admiral's flag-ship, and some other Egyptian men-of-war, and then pulled alongside the little schooner that was about to sail for Beyrout. We could not go on board of her, however, as she was in quarantine; indeed, she had been so, I believe, for some years, with the exception of a very few occa-

sional days. Alexandria and Beyrout mutually vex one another with this restraint upon communication, more for political than sanatory reasons; and, as this luckless packet has two trips to make in each month, it may be supposed she is scarcely clear of one fortnight's quarantine, when she incurs another.

How human nature can endure this perpetual imprisonment, under a broiling sun, in a coop of twenty feet wide, it is difficult to conceive. There is moreover almost always a swell at Alexandria, and generally a heavy sea at Beyrout, so that, even when at anchor, this little craft has as little rest as freedom. Yet her crew look as healthy and contented, and her officers are as gentlemanly and good-tempered, as if she was the flag-ship at Portsmouth.

The blue Peter was now flying on board this restless bark, the English mails transferred from the Oriental steamer, and I hurried on board with my voluminous luggage. A man who is accustomed to travel about England with a couple of portmanteaus and a dressing-case, has little idea of the appurtenances of an Oriental traveller. There is no such thing as furnished lodgings, or hotels by the way-side in these countries. The inhabitants never take a journey unless compelled to do so by dire necessity, and then they seldom change their clothes until they arrive at their destination. When night comes on, they lie down in their cloaks in the open air, or in some filthy khan. An Englishman, therefore, is obliged to

travel with an assortment of goods like those of an upholsterer, comprising every article his various exigencies may require, from a tent to a toasting-fork. He must have bed and bedding; a pantry, scullery, kitchen, and bakehouse, dangling on his camels; saddle, bridle, and water-bottles, arms of all kinds, carpets, mats, and lanterns besides; a wardrobe that would serve for a greenroom, containing all sorts of garments, from the British uniform to the Syrian turban, the Arab's kefieh, and the Greek capote. All these articles loaded a large boat to the water's edge, and took some time to transfer to the little packet, that lay pitching and straining at her anchor, like an impatient steed that paws the ground.

After months of indolent life in sultry Egypt, among screaming Arabs or jabbering dragomans, to rush away over the lively waves, and hear English voices, and watch the steady conduct of English sailors, was a most pleasant change.

It was blowing very fresh as we ran out to sea under a close-reefed mainsail, but the sun was shining brightly, and the waves were of the purple colour that they wore to Homer's eyes; their foam flew from them in rainbow fragments, and the gallant little craft darted from wave to wave, like the joyous sea-birds that flew round her. Now she hovers for a moment on the watery precipice, now flings herself into the bosom of old Neptune, whose next throb sends her aloft again into the golden sunshine and the

diamond spray, till the merry gale catches her drapery, and she plunges once more into the watery valleys, as if at hide and seek with her invisible playfellow, the wind.

Our passengers consisted of Captains P. and M., two countrymen of mine, a Swiss merchant, and two Italian travellers; these, with the Captain and Lieutenant, made quite a crowd in the little cabin. They were all pleasant fellows, and our voyage savoured more of a cruise in a yacht, than a passage in a packet. We never saw a sail, or caught sight of land, but now and then we had a glimpse of a dolphin, several flying fish fluttered on board with their iridescent wings, and lay panting, and apparently quite contented, on the deck.

On the fourth morning, the coast of Syria rose over the horizon, and the clearness of the atmosphere, together with the speed of our yacht, bounding before a southerly gale, made the magnificent panorama of the Lebanon start into sight, and develop its complicated beauty, as if by magic. At sunrise, a faint wavy line announced our approach to land; at eight o'clock, we seemed in the very shadow of its mountains, and that country before us was the Holy Land!

For 1800 years, the Western world, in all its prosperous life, and youthful energy, has looked with reverence and hope towards that hopeless and stricken, but yet honoured land. Obscure and forgotten as a mere province of a fallen empire, it suddenly became

invested with a glory till then unknown to earth. A few poor fishermen went forth from those shores among the nations, and announced such tidings as changed their destiny for ever. Human life became an altered state; new motives, new sympathies, new principles arose, new humanities became developed; new hopes, no longer bounded by, but enlarging from, the grave, animated our race. God had been amongst us, and spoken to us, like brethren, of our glorious inheritance.

It was natural, perhaps, that this bright hope and faith should degenerate into enthusiasm,—the means were confounded with the end; the land of Palestine became, as it were, a geographical object of idolatry, and pilgrims rushed to its shores in countless multitudes, in the hope of laying down the burden of their sins upon its sacred soil.

The spirit of all Europe was warlike then: sometimes vainly struggling at home in instinctive endeavours to arrive at freedom; sometimes expatiating in any vague enterprise that merely promised exercise for its restless energy. The voice of the hermit, Peter, turned this spirit into a new channel, and the Cross became the emblem of devotion in the cause of chivalry, as well as of religion. That summons rent asunder every tie of love, and home, and interest. The warriors of England, France, and Austria, no longer knew a patriotism but for Palestine; no interest but for the Holy Sepulchre; no love but that of glory. Then

rolled for centuries the tide of war from Europe upon Asia. Baffled, and beaten back, or perishing there fruitlessly, like the rivers in its deserts, men learned, at length, that it was not by human means that glory was to be restored to Palestine: its prosperity seemed still reserved into far times for the Children of Promise. The Crescent shone triumphantly over Calvary, and taught the Christian that his faith was to be spiritual, and that its inspiration was no longer to be sought on earth.

But, although this hallowed land is no longer an object of bloody ambition, it has lost none of the deep interest with which it inspired the most vehement crusader. We still experience a sort of patriotism for Palestine, and feel that the scenes enacted here were performed for the whole family of Man. Narrow as are its boundaries, we have all a share in the possession: what a church is to a city, Palestine is to the world.

No wonder, then, that we gazed anxiously and earnestly on those historic shores now rising from the sea. The first impressions of childhood are connected with that scenery; and infant lips in England's prosperous homes pronounce the names of forlorn Jerusalem and Galilee with reverence.

Phœnician fleets once covered these silent waters; wealthy cities once fringed those lonely shores; and, during three thousand years, war has led all the nations of the earth in terrible procession along those plains. Yet it is not this mere vulgar history that

thrills the pilgrim to the Holy Land with such feelings as no other spot on the wide earth inspires; but the belief that on yonder earth the Creator once trod with human feet, bowed down with human suffering, linked to humanity by its closest sympathy of sorrow, bedewing our tombs with his tears, and consecrating our world with his blood.

These are thoughts that will influence the most thoughtless traveller on his first view of Palestine, and convert the most reckless wanderer into a pilgrim for the time: even the infidel must feel, in his lonely and desecrated heart, a reverence for the *human* character of one who lived and died like Him of Nazareth.

And now we can recognize Sidon and Tyre; now the pine forest, and the garden-covered promontory; and now we open the city of Beyrout, with its groves, and its dismantled towers, and the magnificent scenery that surrounds it.

All reveries and abstractions speedily gave place to practical considerations the moment the anchor plunged into the water, and the sails came fluttering down. A boat from the Board of Health announced to us a quarantine of twelve days, but permitted us to take a cottage for ourselves, apart from the lazaretto. Here we were to be watched and guarded, like so many felons; still it was a reprieve from that great pest-house, the lazaretto, whose melancholy inmates we could see wandering to and fro upon their narrow rock.

The next day, my friend W. rowed me ashore,

to examine and take possession of our cottage, which was prettily situated in a mulberry grove. Here I was soon joined by P. and M., who were to share my quarters; while the Italians and the Swiss had taken possession of a terrace, on which they pitched their tent, and a hen-house, in which they slept, on the top of a cottage about a hundred yards off.

The first sensation of change was very agreeable, from the incessant pitching of the schooner to the repose of shore; from the perpetual glare of the sunny sea, to the rich green of the mulberry groves; and from our monotonous sea-life to all the gay variety of Syrian scenery and its picturesque people.

Our cottage-prison consists of a large apartment, open to the north; from this, branch off three sleeping apartments and a kitchen; and over all are terraces, of various altitudes, commanding splendid views of the city and the bay. The only article of furniture on the premises when we took possession, was a plank, which served for sofa, near the window, in front of which was a little gallipot garden, that presented the only verdure within our reach. This specimen of horticulture was tended with care by each successive prisoner, who found in every weedy plant that it contained a Picciola. For the rest, our comforts were but few, even when we had nominally furnished our apartments from the city. My pallet was laid on the cold stone floor, and there was no glass to the windows, through which the noonday sun and the midnight

blast came pouring in unchecked. M., as being more luxurious, possessed himself of a wooden shelf as a substitute for a bedstead; but, as it was much too short for the purpose, both ends of him used to hang over it, like a large salmon on a small plate. This couch, moreover, was so narrow, that he could only lie edgeways on it, and his falling asleep was always announced to my wakeful ears by his also falling on the floor, where he was fain to finish his rest in a less apoplectic, if in a less dignified position. Our own servants were of course included in our quarantine, and we were obliged to employ what were called "clean" men to go into the city to procure for us the necessaries of life.

For my part, I bore our quarantine with great philosophy, and was never weary of contemplating the novel scene of busy Syrian life around me. A large family occupied the lower part of our premises; and the small courtyard into which our window looked was occupied with all the little domestic incidents of daily life, in which I soon took almost as much interest as if I had been one of the family. I sympathized with the changes of weather that affected the operations of the silkworms; I grieved for the illness of the little child; I took as much interest in the attentions paid by the young Syrian swains to Katarin and Dudu as they did themselves; and a baking or a washing day appeared to me full of importance.

There was a very old woman, with a costume as indistinguishable in its various wrappings as were her fea-

tures in their wrinkles. This old Maronite lady had three daughters, the eldest of whom was married to the man who farmed the orchard and the groves. She was very handsome, and industrious moreover, and, while she carried a sprawling, merry little imp at her open bosom, she was perpetually spinning silk on a spindle, and superintending the economy of her household. Her two sisters were also very handsome; indeed, to our eyes, so long accustomed to Egypt's dusky faces, they seemed beautiful. Their large dark eyes were full of expression, but had none of that sensational look so universal in Egypt, or the mournfulness of those of Nubia. Sparkling, and unornamented but by their own dark lashes, these Lebanonian eyes gazed about restlessly, in search of whatever pleasure they could get. Their complexion was not so dark as that of a thorough-bred Italian, and there was a rich glow in their somewhat sun-coloured cheeks that told of health and freshness. The married women wore that extraordinary ornament that seems peculiar to them and to the unicorn, consisting of a horn, from one to two feet in length, projecting from the upper forehead. This ornament is made of tin or silver, according to the wealth of the wearer; it rests upon a pad, and is never taken off even at night. At a little distance, it gives a majestic and imposing character to the figure, and a veil hangs gracefully from it, which can be gathered round the shoulders, and enshrines the fair wearer as in a tent. This ornament is confined to the matrons;

the virgins wore their hair floating in exuberant curls over their shoulders. Their dress is indescribable by male lips, and all I can say of it is, that it is very graceful and pretty, and lavishly open at the bosom. The men, Christians as well as Moslems, wore turbans, loose drawers tied at the knee, and silk waistcoats buttoned up to the neck. Over this was worn, on Sundays and holydays, a large loose robe, which gave to groups a very picturesque, as to individuals a very dignified, appearance. I speak of this Syrian family, as I take it to be a type of others.

The household were a-stir at the first light; Eleesa, the comely matron, first gave liberty to the denizens of her poultry-yard, and then opened and shut more doors than I thought a village of such houses could contain. Then she called her pretty sisters, who seemed always loath to leave their beds; and then the screaming of children, the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cattle, and the woman-talk, that ceased not thenceforth, announce that the day is fairly begun. Michaele is ingeniously ploughing the ground between the mulberry-trees with a beautiful little pair of milk-white oxen; Katarin and Dudu are picking mulberry-leaves for the silkworms; the old woman is crooning a low song, as she sits and spins in the early sunshine, and the little children are lisping Arabic requests for bonbons and backsheesh; a wayfarer diverges from the path to light his pipe, and refolds his turban as he recounts the news; then succeed other visiters, and all

seem welcome, and all squat on the ground, and none derange the business that is going on. About noon, the family assembles for a repast of bread and clotted milk, and cucumbers and celery, and some sort of thin soup redolent of tomatoes; and then they loiter about in the pleasant shade, and laugh, and enjoy the mere consciousness of living; and the matron smokes her nargileh,* and the man his chibouque, and then they disperse again to their light labours, until sunset restores them to their leisure and their supper. Then come some men of various ages, and gaily-dressed girls from the city, each sex arriving apart, and only joining company in presence of their mutual friends; or a priest perhaps pays a friendly visit, with his dark robes and black turban, and the simple and social people continue in animated talk until the muezzin's call from the minarets announces the hour of prayer to the Moslem, and of retirement to these Christians.

While time thus passes with our hosts, we are rigidly confined to our upper-story, except when, once a-day, we take a short walk, accompanied by our guardiano, who announces to every one he meets that we are unclean! This calumniation only means that we are in quarantine, and people shun us accordingly, yet never seem to think it unreasonable that such dirty fellows should be allowed to go so much at large.

Sometimes we are visited by our friends, the captain and lieutenant of the Emmetje, who even dine

* Waterpipe.

with us occasionally, rigidly guarded to and from their boat by the lazaretto guardiano. Several of the residents at Beyrout visited us, and kindly sent newspapers and periodicals to enliven our imprisonment. The officers of the Vernon frigate were also frequent visitors, and laid the foundation of an acquaintance to which I stood very deeply indebted during my illness and residence in this country.

Our terraces commanded a splendid view — all city, or garden, or grove, or sea, except where the Lebanon mountains started up in every variety of form and beauty that mountains can assume: here broken by deep glens, there mantled with vivid verdure; here a precipice was crowned by a Maronite village, or a convent, there a stream gushed in silver cataract from among dark woods; beneath ran a line of golden sands fringed with foam, and, above, the snow lay in streaks, flecking the broken summits. Our cottage was near the water's edge; and, when my companions were asleep, and the household beneath us was still, even to the watch-dog, it was pleasant to sit in the moonlight, and look out upon the quiet groves and the calm sea. Now and then the silence was broken by the fishermen, who spread their nets along the shore, or the lingering steps of some white-veiled girl and her turbaned lover, whispering, I suppose, the nonsense that is as eloquent to Arabian, as to English ears when uttered by the lips they love.

One day I was agreeably surprised by a visit from the

Rev. Dr. Wilson, President of the Bombay Branch of the Asiatic Society. I had had the pleasure of making his valuable acquaintance at Cairo, and I now listened, with great interest, to the account of his journey to Petra and Jerusalem, which I had been prevented from sharing, to my great regret. He said that his Arabs, the Towara, had behaved very ill and extortionately, during his journey from Mount Sinai to Wady Mousa; while the calumniated people of the latter place, in which lies Petra, had quite redeemed their character in his estimation. He had made considerable efforts to become acquainted with them, and found them very fair in their demands, and, at least, as well-disposed to be honest, as the other Arabs of the desert. They complained to him that the Towara, Alloeens, and other tribes, were in the habit of bringing strangers to their valleys; that they came as enemies, eating down their corn, drinking of their wells, and departing without giving them any remuneration. They added that he, and any other Frank travellers, might come as often as they pleased, and stay as long as they chose, if they only paid the moderate sum of 100 piastres* for each visitor.

They also told him of a tradition in their tribe, that they were of Jewish not Arabian blood, and that they had been converted many years ago to Mahometanism. This is a highly interesting fact, as illustrative of the

* About £1.

fulfilment of the prophecy, that "a remnant of Israel should inhabit Edom."

Dr. Wilson made a more satisfactory report of the state of the Church of England Mission at Jerusalem, than I had yet heard. At Nablous, the Shechem of the Bible, and the Neapolis of the Romans, he found the Samaritans still anxiously expecting the Messiah, whom, however, they call "El Muhdy, the guide." They ingeniously explain their limited prophecies to suit their views, and assert that the "Shiloh who was come" meant only Solomon.

Close to this city is Mount Gerizim, whither they still go up to worship four times a year; and, at the end of the valley, is the well called Jacob's, by Moslem and Jewish tradition, and that where our Saviour conversed with the woman of Samaria, according to the Christians.

The Jews of Nablous appeared very jealous of the Samaritans; but both parties listened patiently and attentively to Dr. Wilson's arguments. He found Saphet almost in ruins from the earthquake of 1837, in which 300 Moslems and 2,000 Jews perished; and Cæsarea in the same state of dilapidation from the same cause. I have taken the liberty of repeating these observations, as I was myself prevented from visiting these places in my tour through Palestine.

The next morning was May-day. I sat at my window waiting for the sun-burst over the beautiful bay; and the moment he appeared, all the spars of the

French fleet, until then as bare as winter-boughs, seemed suddenly to blossom into flags of every colour. It was Louis Philippe's birthday. A royal salute followed; and those garlands of flags, appearing through the clouds of smoke lighted up by the rising sun, produced a beautiful effect.

We had now performed our quarantines; the surgeon of the Lazaretto and some health-officers came to inspect us, and declared us free. I confess I was almost sorry to leave our cottage, and my fair friends below, with and without horns; yet, as I stepped into the boat which Woodman's kindness had brought to transport me across the bay, I felt the elasticity of restored freedom compensate for everything else. Whether for plague or politics, imprisonment is a most irksome and undignified privation of life—for what is this life?

> "'Tis not to stalk about, and breathe fresh air,
> From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:—
> 'Tis to be free—when liberty is gone,
> Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish."

Merrily we swept across that beautiful bay. The picturesque town sent forth its voices faintly on the water; boats shot backwards and forwards to the shipping, pulled by turbaned and bearded men; and, here and there, a solitary fisherman sat plying his absorbing trade—his commerce with the waters, in which his coin is an ugly worm that he flings into the ocean's

treasury, and receives in return some gleaming, struggling fish, painted like a parrot, and peculiar to these waters.

We landed about a mile beyond the town on some rocks nearly level with the tideless sea, and showing numerous traces of the ancient city of Berytus. I had taken apartments in a house belonging to a Maltese, named Antonio Bianchi, whose *present* establishment I can safely recommend to travellers. He then lived in an old-fashioned Syrian house, surrounded by mulberry gardens, which were intersected by paths fenced off by impenetrable barriers of the cactus, or Indian fig. This plant abounds everywhere, and not only protects but shadows all the lanes after attaining to the height of twelve or eighteen feet.

I found there was a table d'hôte at this establishment; the principal guests of which were four queer-looking beings, each of whose histories would have furnished a romance, and each of their figures a striking frontispiece to the same.

One was an old soldier of Napoleon's, now a silk-merchant; a second a captain of an Italian pirate or smuggler; a third an expatriated Tyrolese; a fourth a young Italian of very irregular habits. Besides these, two swallows are inmates of the house, nesting in the rafters of the open room; there is a pair of tame pigeons, a broken-winged woodpecker with parrot-like plumage, an ill-tempered poodle, a drunken landlady with a pretty daughter, and a couple of cats.

I was obliged to remain here for some days, until a neighbouring cottage was ready for my reception; and I found full amusement from the queer inhabitants within, and the glorious scenery without. Moreover, there is a silkworm-shed under my bed-room window, belonging to the beautiful Kareela, a Maronite bride, who glides about groves of mulberries, watching her silkworms, with a thin white veil over her graceful form; or, sometimes, she sits upon the bank, embroidering the rich golden tapestries peculiar to Beyrout.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SYRIAN SCENERY.

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose top in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Lies sleeping rosy at his feet.

MOORE.

After a few days' residence with Bianchi, I removed to a cottage nearer to the sea, and farther from the town. It belonged to a Maltese, who had been formerly a waiter at the Travellers' Club, in London, and who now supplied my simple ménage with as much neatness and elegance as if my dining-room looked out upon Pall Mall. Far different, however, was the view. That which I now beheld is perhaps the finest in the world.

Come out upon the terrace, whereon a tent is pitched, and rest on soft carpets in its shade; while Trimseni lights your chibouque, and Raswan offers you a cup of Mocha coffee, perfumed with ambergris. From the rich gardens all round us, numbers of flat-roofed cottages start up; and, as the sun is low, their gaily-dressed inhabitants come forth to breathe the cool breezes, and enjoy their pipes and coffee. There is a joyous, and almost a festive, look in all around us; the acacia blossoms are dancing in the breeze, the palms are waving salutations, and the flowers are flirting with one another in blushes and perfumed whisperings: the faint plash of the wave is echoed from the rocks; the hum of the distant city is broken by the rattle of the drum, and pierced by the fife with its wild Turkish music: flocks of pigeons rustle through the air, and their cooing is kept time to by the woodpecker, like a castanet, while the sea-birds scream an occasional accompaniment.

Now we can contemplate the prospect in pleasant leisure, whilst our eye ranges like an eagle over sea, and earth, and sky.

To the north, the Mediterranean spreads away in a blue as profound as that of the heavens that overarch it; and its expanse, too, is varied with its own light clouds of foam. Beneath us, in the offing, a proud English frigate, and some French and Austrian men-of-war, lie at anchor like watch-dogs over the large flock of merchantmen, with their white sails

loosened, that lie nearer to the shore. The bay is bordered to the right by the magnificent array of the Lebanon mountains, rising from the sea, in which their various hills, glens, and even crag-perched villages, are reflected. Each of those acclivities has a little tract of richly-coloured vegetation, hanging from its shoulders like a tartan cloak, and wears a fortress for its crown. From the golden sands below to the snowy tracts above, the Druse and Maronite districts may be traced as on a map. In front of us appears the thin smoke of the city, surrounded by such of the picturesquely-ruined castles and fortifications as the British artillery has spared; with encampments of green and yellow tents at intervals amongst the groves outside the walls. The consular flags of almost every European nation are gaily fluttering over the flat-roofed town within, whose monotony is diversified with tower, and mosque, and minaret. Around us, upon gentle slopes and many terraces, are groves of the fig-tree, the ilex, and the sycamore. Here and there, a small palm-tree waves its plumy head; hedges of neighbouring cactus, with their fat, fantastic leaves, enclose gardens of small mulberry and pomegranate trees; olives, melons, and cucumbers. The waters'-edge flings a creamy foam upon black rocks, frequently showing traces of edifices of the ancient city that have long since crumbled into gravel. And over all this is spread a chameleon sky, shot with every conceivable colour, that seems as if Iris were weaving some gor-

geous canopy for sunset, so rapidly do the colours, which are her web and woof, industriously come and go.

I went one day on board the Vernon frigate to meet Prince Albert of Prussia, whom I had seen last in Nubia, and Prince K., whom I had met at Thebes. The former was a fine, military-looking man, and the latter a most accomplished and agreeable person. They examined every department of this noble frigate, and the men went through all their war-exercises with as much precision as the works of a watch. There is something very imposing in those rapid, energetic, and combined movements, that are carried on in profound silence, except for the tumult arising from the ponderous and crashing engines that they wield so lightly.

The next day I took Prince K. in my boat to the "Nahr el Kelb," or dog-river; a stream that issues from a picturesque ravine about nine miles from Beyrout, on the road to Tripoli. The sea ran high, and the wind was much as our little craft could stagger under, as we ran along in the shadow of the Lebanon. On rounding a bold headland, a new scene disclosed itself. A deep valley opened in the very heart of the mountains, and, from its green and pleasant gloom, the bright little river we were in search of flashed suddenly into light; the steep hills that formed its banks were covered with dark shrubs below, and grey crags above, and crowned with a Maronite convent. A beautiful, ruined aqueduct, tapestried with ivy and flowering

parasites, ran along the base of the mountain ; and a picturesque old bridge, shaped like a chevron, terminated the view ; on the shore stood a khan, that rather resembled a bower, so thickly was it covered with vines and shaded by trees. The entrance to this fairy spot was guarded from the angry sea by masses of black rocks, which have given name to the Dog-river, from their resemblance to that animal. The heavy surf beat out its purple masses into a filagree of foam upon the beach, and there appeared to be no possibility of entering that secluded glen. For a few moments we lay-to, waiting for a "seventh wave;" then out flew the oars, and bowered in spray, upheaved upon a mountain-billow, we bounded over the bar, and, by a sudden and strange transition, floated into the calm river out of the stormy sea.

We found here some officers of the Vernon, who had ridden round to meet us ; their carpet was spread under the shade of spreading sycamores, and we were soon reposing upon it in placid enjoyment of our chibouques, while the Syrian servants bustled about preparations for dinner. The horses were tethered in the shade, and our little boat lay moored by the silvery beach, over which a mountain cascade skipped and laughed in concert with ourselves.

We dined merrily together on kid from the mountain, and omelettes, made with herbs that grew wild about us ; the wine was cooled in the cascade, and

the coffee mingled its pleasant perfume with that of the fire of aromatic shrubs on which it was boiling. Pipes, coffee, mountain-breezes, wild flowers' scents, superb scenery, sparkling torrents, neighing horses, the sea's deep roar, and a joyous party, made us think that the monks might have pleasant times of it, after all, notwithstanding that this Eden of theirs was Eveless.

This was the site of the ancient Lycopolis, or Wolf-city; but there are few or no remains of it except the aqueduct, and the name, degenerated as it is into its canine appellation. On the rocks, however, that line the steep pathway, are some very curious figures and inscriptions, purporting that the warlike array of Egyptians, Persians, and Romans, had in their turn passed by: Sesostris, Cambyses, and Aurelian, had been before us.

Another day, I went to dine at some distance from Beyrout, with a *British officer*, of distinguished birth and gallantry, who has married a Maronite lady of great beauty, and settled in her country. After an hour's gallop over the rocky promontory on which Beyrout is situated, through lanes of cactus, and gardens, alternating with sandy tracts, and groups of pine-trees, I arrived at a picturesque cottage, commanding a noble view of the Lebanon. I was sitting on the divan, with my courteous host, smoking our chibouques, and talking about England, when his bride

entered, dressed in her beautiful Arabian costume, and still more beautiful smiles. I no longer wondered that he had abandoned his career, fame, fortune, every thing in such cause. After a dinner, dressed and served in Arab style, we adjourned to take our pipe and coffee on the house-top, where we passed a most pleasant hour. The sun was setting in great glory on the sea, bathing the Lebanon in a flood of golden light, like that of Raphael's Transfiguration.

On each side of the peninsula on which we stood, two fine bays swept gracefully away to the right and left, till the eye reached Tripoli on the North, and Tyre on the South. What a wide range of associations did every glance flung over that sacred region give birth to! But the beautiful present absorbed the past, and we had then no thought but for what fell upon the eye or ear. The soft evening hour had brought out each Syrian family to their house-tops, and the gardens round were thickly inhabited. From every terraced roof rose the faint clouds of the chibouque; blue, red, and purple dresses glittered on every group that was gathered round us, with the veil-enfolded horns of the matrons, or the black tresses of the maidens sparkling with golden coins. And the music of merry voices was heard from far and near, with sometimes a strain of song, or the tinkle of a guitar; and the sea made its own solemn music on the distant shore, and the whole scene was one of perfect harmony, and peace, and beauty.

When the stars came out, W.* and I walked slowly home together, bridle in hand, over cliff, and through forest; and, after the inevitable parting pipe at my cottage, I saw his boat bear him off over the star-spangled water to his ship.

Let not the reader suppose that these descriptions are exaggerated: on the contrary, language can very feebly describe the perpetual poetry of Eastern life.

The traveller is fortunate who can procure a cottage to himself in the environs of Beyrout: the hotel in the town is dirty and disagreeable, but there is now a tolerably clean and comfortable boarding-house in the environs. For those who have any time to spare, few places in the East offer so desirable a resting-place as this beautiful city, combining with such healthiness, and so many resources, such opportunities of acquiring information.

My cottage lay about two hundred paces from the sea, to which a broad path ran through the gardens. A platform of rocks jutted out into the water, which was so clear, that you could see the fish swimming fathom deep below the surface, and so deep, that a ship might lie moored alongside. All Beyrout seemed to be perpetually bathing in this delicious sea, notwithstanding the sharks, to whose presence one becomes as

* The Hon. Frederic W—., R.N., by whom I hope this evening and our other excursions are as vividly and pleasantly remembered as by me.

easily accustomed as to that of the crocodiles: little pyramids of red, and blue, and white garments, were to be seen all along the shore, and the shaved heads of their owners dotting the surface of the water. In the East, people seem to swim as instinctively as if they were amphibious; little children, as soon as they can sprawl upon the ground, are to be seen kicking among the waves, and the men are the best swimmers I ever saw. They have always one arm out of the water, advanced in front, and alternating with the other, which sweeps the water towards them, and this method at least doubles the pace that our style of swimming ever accomplishes.

It was with considerable difficulty I obtained admittance into the silkworm sheds, as, though they belonged for the most part to Christians, those who tended them were Moslems, and thought the presence of a Frank brought bad luck to the establishment. In these sheds, which are lightly constructed of cane or reeds, and thatched to keep out the sun, there is a number of light shelves arranged all round, on which the silkworms are placed, with quantities of fresh mulberry leaves, on which they feed voraciously. Having thus gorged in idleness during their youth, they are forced to labour in abstinence in their age. About the middle of May, they cease to feed, and are removed from the shelves to dry bushes. Upon these they set to work industriously, and weave a cloud of the most delicate silken tissue, surrounding an

elaborately wrought shroud, in which they lay their eggs, and then quietly lie down and die. The silken fabric thus answers the double purpose of a cradle and a grave, and its constructors dévote almost their whole lives, like the pyramid-building Pharaohs, to this laudable preparation for their deaths.

This shroud is called a cocoon; and the greater number of the girls in the neighbourhood employ their time in unravelling the silk of which it is woven, and then washing and winding it for exportation. It is never sorted, and there is some other defect in its preparation, which prevents it from obtaining so high a price as the silk of Lombardy. The eggs are carefully laid by until the following spring, when they are hatched chiefly in women's bosoms, which are only covered, I believe, during this process of incubation. When hatched, they become worms, and feed on mulberries, and their round of life, and labour, and death, commences and terminates as did that of their ancestors.

Silk is the most important article of commerce that Beyrout possesses; it is of course heavily oppressed by Turkish imposts, but only about one-fourth of that which is produced pays duty. The smugglers conduct the principal trade, and their flotillas almost nightly run into the mountain bays, which no Turkish patrol ventures to approach.

I now prepared to start for Jerusalem, the great end and aim of every pilgrimage. At Beyrout, I was

only on the borders of the Holy Land, and considered every day lost that was deducted from my progress in the interior. On the 26th of May, I started. It is the invariable practice in the East to make but a short journey the first day, encamping near the city in order to supply the omission of any of the voluminous requisites of a style of travelling in which you carry your hotel with you. I passed the morning in taking leave of friends on board the Vernon, and in the city; and about two o'clock in the afternoon, my servant announced that he was at length ready to depart.

My little caravan consisted of two luggage horses, on one of which sat the muleteer, with a bundle of pistols and daggers stuck in his capacious belt. His costume consisted of a red cap wrapped round with a Damascus shawl, a pair of petticoat trousers, red slippers, and a faded jacket covered with still more faded embroidery. The first horse carried the tent on one side, the canteen and cooking apparatus on the other, and some portmanteaus in the middle. The second was covered with mats, cloaks, carpets, leathern water-bottles, and Yussef, the muleteer. My servant, a young Syrian Christian, was very handsome, and dandified in proportion: with a dress resembling that of the muleteer, only of a more elegant fashion, and more gaudy colours. He carried a brace of pistols on the high pommel of his Turkish saddle, a formidable sabre by his side, and my gun slung over his shoulder. A spare turban for great occasions, and a change of

such linen as he could carry in his pocket, were his only luggage, besides those unfailing concomitants, arms and a water-bottle. These two men were my only companions for many weeks upon the road, except when a timid merchant or a wild Bedouin joined suspicious company for a mile or two, or a khan afforded gossip and coffee for half an hour. I must not omit to mention, in the list of my companions, a docile Arab horse, the most useful, indefatigable, and only uncomplaining one, amongst them all. I had purchased him soon after my arrival in Syria; he had became as familiar as a dog during my stay at Beyrout, and when I was obliged to leave him, invalided at Jerusalem, I felt as if I was parting with a tried old friend. All the other horses were hired, and their forage provided by their owner, who generally made use of whatever fields we happened to encamp near for the purpose. He was a patient, good-tempered fellow, and preserved that character for strict honesty so peculiar to his class, amongst a nation of thieves. It is a curious principle in human nature, that men are always more true to their collective than to their individual responsibility. Remove a disorderly soldier to a well disciplined regiment, and he becomes exemplary—convert a gossiping Venetian into a gondolier, and he becomes discreet—promote a thievish Arab into a muleteer's place, and he will straightway become an honest man.

Our way led along a narrow pathway, bordering on

the sea as far as Beyrout, which we entered under a fortified gate where Turkish sentries were posted. The town itself is a confused labyrinth of lanes and alleys, that sometimes expand into a market-place, or at least some space wide enough to afford passage for two abreast. Towards the sea there are several cafés open in front, filled with sailors, Arnaouts, Turks, and a few Syrians of the lower classes. There are also some mercantile houses here, whose clerks, bales of merchandize, and handbarrows impart something of a European air to the quays. The streets are steep and ill-paved, or covered with flags, that afford uncertain footing even to an Arab horse. A strong-looking wall with battlements surrounds the town and about 10,000 inhabitants. Beyrout is situated on the isthmus of a finely undulated promontory, and, in the valley that lies between that promontory and the mountains, spreads one of the richest and most varied tracts of verdure in the world. Gardens, groves, the gleams of a winding river, white cottages half covered by creeping shrubs, lanes of flowering cactus, alternating tracts of yellow sands, and clumps of pine trees, afford a delightful range for the searching eye; while the sea terminates each vista to the north and south, and the Lebanon towers grandly to the East. To the West, as we pass along this valley, are visible the houses of the resident Franks, who add the comforts of the West to the picturesqueness and luxury of the East. Their galleries are open towards the

mountain, and, giaours as they are, they are often to be seen sitting in their verandahs, or reposing on their terraces, enjoying this splendid view, together with the fragrant weed that intensifies their perception of its beauties.

Leaving on the left the scene of St. George's exploit with the dragon, and a Turkish general holding his divan in an open tent pitched upon the parade-ground outside the city, I bade farewell for the present to Beyrout.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DJOUNI, AND LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow;
But now, as though a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow,
To halls deserten, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to th' unthinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces by life supplied,
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

BYRON.

After proceeding for some time through a narrow lane, the banks of which were thickly clotted with cactus, we emerged into the romantic pine forest about which Lamartine has written such pretty rhapsodies. An open space of bright, soft sand shoots pathways in every direction through the shade, whose pleasant gloom soon terminates their vistas. At the foot of each old tree is a little circular carpet of verdure,

looking at a distance like the shadow of its pine. The majestic groves of older growth, intermingled with the tender green of the young plantations, canopy the whole region around with a various and chequered shade. The caravans pass along noiselessly on the soft verdure or the yielding sand; not a sound is heard but that of the far-off sea, and the faint rustle of the branches. Through the deep foliage, a view of the impending Lebanon occasionally breaks, and cool breezes, that seem to have their home here, wander inquisitively about each natural bower and shady nook. The glades, and banks, and pathways, and arenas, present the very scene that romance would select for the warrior's or the lover's delectation, for "passages of arms" or of poetry.

About an hour from the city (we measure distance here by time) you pull up at a pretty khan, where a trough of water quenches your horse's glowing nostrils, and you can ask your way, and light your pipe.* Thence

* These khans afford a mere temporary shelter to travellers in this part of Syria, while in the south-east and in Egypt they are of immense extent, and form receptacles for whole caravans, that bring thither their own forage and provisions. In the latter case, they are frequently called "caravan-serai"—"serai," or seraglio, meaning a *palace* or *large* house. In the former instance, of which I speak here, the khan is a sort of public-house, which generally supplies barley for horses; and pipes, coffee, sour milk, and water-melons for their riders. They are scattered along the road at about half-day's journeys, or from ten to fifteen miles apart.

by sandy paths, and rocky tracts, and two or three flat-roofed villages, whose inhabitants sit spinning silk in the shade of rustic colonnades; and then we reach the shore, bordered by thick jungle, or rocky steeps. As the sun went down we came to the river Damour, and encamped for the night. Our tent and fire, and the stream that ran at our feet, supplied all our wants; but, some hundred yards off, there was a khan, in and round which a noisy party of travellers were waiting for the cool of morning to pursue their journey.

I rose about midnight, and took a stroll in the moonlight along the shore, when I found that the horses were tethered to the legs of the servants, instead of to their usual peg, by way of a precautionary measure in this thievish district. The men were sleeping beside the fire under the open sky, which in summer appears to be considered quite canopy enough for Syrians.

The next morning, as the sun rose over the Lebanon, we were in motion. The scattered appendages of a night's encampment require a marvellously short space of time to become condensed into the luggage-pile of the sumpter-horses, and a spot of ashes only remains to mark where we rested for the night. We passed for some miles through mulberry gardens, and over a dangerous rocky pass, where Antiochus the Great defeated the Egyptians, in 218 B.C. This pass would have required the best exertions and courage of a

European horse, yet a file of camels was ascending it with the same patient look that they wear in their native deserts. Though forced frequently to traverse mountains in a country, whose whole commerce is conducted by their means, these animals are only at their ease upon the sandy plain. The Arabs say, that if you were to ask a camel which he preferred—travelling up or down hill, his answer would be, "May the curse of Allah light on both!"

We forded the river Damour, which runs into the sea, from a beautiful valley, among banks and islands thickly strewn with oleander. In about two hours I halted under the shade of a sycamore, to wait for some officers of the Vernon, who had promised to accompany me as far as Djouni on my Jerusalem way.

Near us was a khan, whence we procured barley and water for our horses, and eggs, milk, and fire for our cooking. Mats and carpets were spread in the shade; macaroni and coffee were boiling on a fire of dried branches; wild dogs were every now and then peering through the trees, attracted by the smell of savoury meat; and our horses were feeding under the shelter of some olives. A cheer was soon heard, and four sailors were seen galloping along the shores like mad, impatient to rally round the fire, whose smoke above the trees announced its friendly offices beneath. Ample justice being done to the banquet, we were soon in the saddle once more, and sweeping along over hill, and vale, and rock, and sandy bay, until we came in

sight of the venerable city of Sidon. Contenting ourselves with one glimpse of this finely-situated town, spread out upon a promontory, we turned off to the left towards the mountains. Thence, our path led through mulberry and olive groves, now touching at a hamlet, and then branching off along a river's banks, spanned with antique bridges, and overhung with pleasant shade.

The road thenceforth winding, now along a deep ravine, now over a mountain's brow, was only a steep and rocky path, which, in England, a goat would be considered active if he could traverse. Our horses, nevertheless, went along it at a canter, though the precipice sometimes yawned beneath our outside stirrup, while the inner one knocked fire out of the rocky cliff. The ground not unfrequently gave way the moment the hoof had left it, and plunged into the chasm far below. The views were fine and various; deep, rich valleys, sprinkled occasionally with a flat-roofed cottage, a vineyard, or a mill; a capricious stream, gliding or rushing along under its oleander shade; steep hills, speckled with grey crags, or overgrown with the bay-tree and the myrtle; here and there a town, with a very fortress look, crowned some steep acclivity; or, a wood of sycamores gloomed over the pale rocks.

Our servants and guides were left far behind, and we rashly trusted ourselves to the guidance of two of the party, who had frequently visited Djouni before.

These wild pilots thought a new road would be a pleasant variety; and, as if the legitimate path were not difficult enough, they led us along the dry bed of a mountain torrent, which, to say the truth, differed little in appearance from the highway. It was even more picturesque, however, running between steep cliffs of every colour, festooned with innumerable shrubs, and towering high above our heads: deep caverns seamed the rocks, and peaks of distant mountains, here and there, appeared terminating some chasmed vista. Rocks, tumbled from the mountain, lay strewn about, and nearly choked up the narrow river-bed; over these we scrambled, climbed, and leapt in a manner that only Arab horses would attempt or could accomplish. At length, after two hours of desperate jumps, and neck-or-nothing scrambles, we were brought to a fair stand-still at a precipice that would have baffled the most enterprising monkey. Hence we were obliged to retrace our steps with yet greater difficulty than we had advanced; our horses frequently fell, and, like ourselves, were covered with wounds and bruises, and exhausted with thirst and exertion.

It was late when we regained the path, and came in sight of two high conical hills, on one of which stands the village of Djouni, on the other a circular wall, over which dark trees were waving, and this was the place in which Lady Hester Stanhope had finished her strange and eventful career. It had been for-

merly a convent, but the Pasha of Acre had given it to the "prophet-lady," and she had converted its naked walls into palaces, its wilderness into gardens.

The sun was setting as we entered the enclosure, and we were soon scattered about the outer court, picketting our horses, rubbing down their foaming flanks, and washing out their wounds. The buildings that constituted the palace were of a very scattered and complicated description, covering a wide space, but only one story in height; courts and gardens, stables and sleeping-rooms, halls of audience and ladies' bowers, were strangely intermingled. Heavy weeds were growing everywhere among the open portals, and it was with difficulty that we forced our way through a tangle of roses and jasmine to the inner court. Here fountains once played in marble basins, and choice flowers bloomed; but now it presented a scene of the most melancholy desolation. As the watch-fire blazed up, its gleam fell upon masses of honeysuckle and woodbine; on white, mouldering walls beneath, and dark, waving trees above; while the group of mountaineers, who gathered round its light, with their long beards and vivid dresses, completed the strange picture.

The clang of sword and spur resounded through the long galleries; horses neighed among boudoirs and bowers; strange figures hurried to and fro among the colonnades, shouting in Arabic, English, and Italian; the fire crackled, the startled bats flapped

their heavy wings, and the growl of distant thunder filled up the pauses in the wild concert.

Our dinner was spread on the floor in Lady Hester's favourite apartment; her death-bed was our sideboard, her furniture our fuel, her name our conversation. Almost before the meal was ended, two of our party had dropped asleep over their trenchers from fatigue: the Druses had retired from the haunted precincts to their village, and W——, L——, and I, went out into the garden to smoke our pipes by Lady Hester's lonely tomb. Here we sat, and mused, and moralized to an extent that few would have given that wild party credit for, on seeing the pipes, and the old teapot of brandy-and-water, that looked somewhat out of place in that romantic scene. About midnight we fell asleep upon the ground, wrapped in our capotes, and dreamed of ladies, and tombs, and prophets, till the neighing of our horses announced the dawn.

After a hurried breakfast on fragments of the last night's repast, we strolled out over the extensive gardens. Here many a broken arbour and trellis, bending under masses of jasmine and honeysuckle, show the care and taste that were once lavished on this wild but beautiful hermitage. A garden-house, surrounded by an enclosure of roses run wild, lies in the midst of a grove of myrtle and bay trees. This was Lady Hester's favourite resort during her lifetime, and now, within its silent enclosure,

"After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."

The hand of ruin had dealt very sparingly with all these interesting relics; the Pasha's power by day, and the fear of spirits by night, keep off marauders; and, though *we* made free with broken benches and fallen doorposts for fuel, we reverently abstained from displacing any thing in the establishment, except a few roses, which there was no living thing but bees and nightingales to regret.

This is one of the most striking and interesting spots I ever visited. Its silence and beauty, its richness and desolation, lent to it a touching and mysterious character, that suited well the memory of that strange hermit-lady, who has made it a place of pilgrimage even in Palestine.

Lady Hester Stanhope was niece to Mr. Pitt, and seems to have possessed or acquired something of his indomitable energy and proud self-reliance during the time that she presided over his household. Soon after his death, she left England, and there is a legend current that attributes to the saddest event connected with Corunna's mournful victory the cause of her self-exile. I quote the following extracts from the author of "Eothen," who knew her well.

"I can hardly tell why it should be, but there is a longing for the East, very commonly felt by proud-hearted people, when goaded by sorrow. Lady Hester obeyed this impulse: for some time, I believe, she was at Constantinople, where her magnificence and near

alliance to the great minister gained her considerable influence. Afterwards she passed into Syria.*

"The people of this country, excited by the achievements of Sir Sidney Smith, had begun to imagine the possibility of their land being occupied by the English, and many of them looked upon Lady Hester as a princess, who came to prepare the way for the expected conquest.

"The prestige created by the rumours of her high and undefined rank, as well as of her wealth and corresponding magnificence, was well sustained by her imperious character and her dauntless bravery. Her influence increased. I never heard any thing satisfactory as to the real extent or duration of her sway; but it seems that, for a time, at least, she certainly exercised something like sovereignty amongst the wandering tribes." And afterwards when, through the failure of the wealth that she lavished with so liberal a hand, "her earthly kingdom had passed away, she

* In the New Monthly Magazine for January, February, March, and April, 1843, there are some very interesting letters from Lady H. Stanhope. They are full of character, and the energy which characterized her through life. She appears, at first, to have been as much surprised as pleased at the impression she made upon the Turks and Arabs. It is melancholy to observe the difference in her letter to Sir Gore Ouseley twenty-four years later, when solitude and excitement had disturbed her strong mind.

strove for spiritual power, and impiously dared, as it was whispered, to boast some mystic union with the very God of very God!"

I have not space to follow this eloquent author through all the interesting details of his visit to the prophet-lady. He is one of the very few who have ever been admitted to any thing like familiar intercourse with this strange spirit during her Syrian seclusion,* and the task of describing her could not have fallen into abler hands. I shall only add that she believed in magic, astrology, and, incredible as it may appear, in her own divine mission. She had two mares, which were held sacred by herself and her attendants; one was singularly marked, even to deformity, by a natural saddle. This animal was never mounted, but reserved for some divinity whom she was to accompany on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The other was retained for her own "mount," on the same remarkable occasion.

A lady at Beyrout, as distinguished for her wit as

* Although numbers visited the convent, her ladyship almost invariably refused admittance to strangers. She assigned as a reason the use which M. de Lamartine had made of his interview. Mrs. T., who passed some weeks at Djouni, told us that, when Lady Hester read his account of this interview, she exclaimed, "It is all false; we did not converse together for more than five minutes: but, no matter; no traveller hereafter shall betray or forge my conversations with him."

for her beauty, told me that, on Lady Hester's death, she had purchased the divinely saddled mare, and that, had it been intended to carry the devil himself, it could not have been better chosen. No one being able to manage the pampered brute, it was sold for a trifle and lost sight of.

The Pasha of Acre presented Lady Hester with the deserted convent of Mar Elyas, which contains perhaps one hundred acres, on the summit of a steep hill; and here she established herself, surrounded by a guard of Albanians. Accompanied only by her doctor, an Italian secretary, and some female slaves, here she lived and died.

It is said she was crowned Queen of the East at Palmyra by 50,000 Arabs. She certainly exercised despotic power in her neighbourhood on the mountain; and, what was perhaps the most remarkable proof of her talents, she prevailed on some Jews to advance large sums of money to her on her note of hand.*

Her personal appearance shortly before her death is thus described by the author I have previously quoted: "The large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then upwards of sixty years old, reminded me of her relative, the great statesman, that lay dying in

* It should be mentioned, to the honour of her family name, that all her debts, however rashly contracted, have been paid, with the exception of the usurious interest demanded upon some of them.

the House of Lords, according to Copley's picture; her face was of the most astonishing whiteness; she wore a very large turban, which seemed to be of pale Cashmere shawls, so as entirely to conceal the hair; her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery which she held over her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folding — an ecclesiastical sort of affair, more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our souls love under the names of 'boddice,' and 'collar,' and 'habit-shirt,' and sweet 'chemisette.' Such was the outward seeming of the personage that sat before me; and indeed, she was almost bound, by the fame of her actual achievement, as well as by her sublime pretensions, to look a little differently from the rest of womankind." *

All that I could gather from report I here subjoin in a letter which I wrote at the time to the author of "Eothen," and which he has done me the honour to quote in his work:—

"Djouni, May, 1843.

"I reached this strange hermitage last night; and, though time and some naval officers who accompanied me hither were pressing my departure, I am too glad to find myself in a place which I am indebted to your description for having visited, to allow the opportunity of writing to you to pass by.

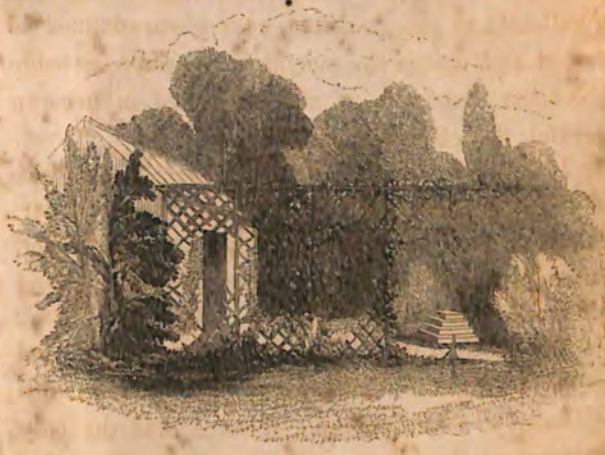
* Eothen, p. 122.

"How beautiful must have been this convent-palace when *you* saw it, its strange mistress doing its hospitalities, and exercising her self-won regal power!

"Lady Hester Stanhope appears to have carried things with a high hand in this curious country: a friend of mine has a letter from the Sultan to her beginning 'Cousin.' Mehemet Ali could make nothing of her. She annihilated a village for disobedience, and burned a mountain-chalet, with all its inhabitants, on account of the murder of two French travellers, who had been under the protection of her Firman. She held on gallantly to the last, and, even when confined to her bed and dying, she sought for no companionship or comfort, but such as she could find in her own powerful, though unmanageable mind.

"Mr. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, hearing she was ill, rode over the mountains, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, the American missionary, to visit her. It was evening when they arrived, and a profound silence was over all the palace; no one met them; they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed unquestioned through court and gallery, until they came to where *she* lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of the palace, and the isolation from her kind which she had sought so long was indeed complete. That morning, thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye: but its spell once darkened by death, every one fled with such plunder as they could secure. A little girl, whom she had

adopted, and maintained for years, took her watch and some papers, on which she set peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property were ever seen again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except the ornaments upon her person: no one had ventured to touch these, and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight, her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torchlight to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her favourite resort, and there they buried her."



LADY HESTER STANHOPE'S TOMB.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TYRE, SIDON, AND ACRE.

We wandered on to many a shrine,
By Faith or ages made divine;
And then we visited each place
Where valour's deeds had left a trace;
Or sought the spots renowned no less
For Nature's lasting loveliness.

The Troubadour, by L. E. L.

The road down the mountain was full of interest, and on reaching the plain we found a path that lay along the banks of a sparkling river, leading us out upon a finely curved and yellow-sanded shore. We galloped along these sands for several miles, and then entered Sidon, through a guardhouse and covered way filled with Turkish soldiers. We passed several groups along the shore that would each have made a highly-coloured painting. Those who have been struck by the picturesqueness of even gipsy encampments in England may fancy the amusement a wayfarer continually finds in a country where such life is

universal; but the long beards of the Moslem, the gay colours of their dresses, and the trowsered women, with their various veils and turbans, infinitely diversify the groups.

Sidon is as irregularly built, and has streets as narrow, and as much varied by bazaars, and cafés, and stables, as the other oriental towns I have endeavoured so often to describe. Its fortifications offered considerable resistance to the Anglo-Austrian-Turkish army in the late siege. The Archduke Ferdinand was the first to enter the breach, when effected on the land side, and was well seconded in his attack by the fire of the British fleet.

There are some remains of Fakreddin's palace, standing out into the sea, and only connected with the town by a long and narrow bridge. A body of Turkish troops had been thrown into this palace, but hesitated to advance along the bridge, swept as it was by the fire of the Egyptian troops. A mate on board one of the English steamers, named Cummins, observed their hesitation, and entreated permission from his commanding officer to land and lead them. It was granted with some difficulty; the young sailor pulled to the palace in the dingey, leapt ashore, and called on the Turks with a cheer to follow him. He sprang upon the bridge under a shower of balls, and was half way across it before his infidel allies dared to follow him. They came on then with the bayonet, and the western town was won. This was told to me

by one of the officers of the Vernon riding by my side, who omitted to mention that his own forehead had been laid open by a bullet, while gallantly leading another attack on the same place, from which he escaped by a miracle. A braver or more amusing fellow than this same M——e never maintained old Ireland's character for gallantry and humour, wherever he may go.

We established ourselves in a sort of inn, in a corner of an immense caravanserai, on one side of which some twenty or thirty handsome horses, belonging to the Emir Bescheer, were standing in the open air. They were all picketted by the near fore-foot to their feeding trough, (there are no mangers here), and by the off-hind-foot to a peg about two yards behind them.

We dined together in the khan, and then, though evening was closing in, my four naval friends set off at a gallop to ride to Beyrout in the dark. The distance was about thirty miles, along a pathway as rough as ever tried in vain to daunt a traveller, but all this only afforded additional zest to their undertaking. One of their horses was obliged to be left at Sidon, and another died on their way back, but both these high-mettled brutes showed game to the last.

I found myself once more alone in a whitewashed, dirty apartment, with only my carpet for a bed; but three days' hard travel, and almost sleepless nights, made even this seem luxury: I lay down in my capote, and slept for fourteen hours.

Sidon is called Saida in the language of the country. It contains about 7,000 inhabitants, the greater number of whom are Moslems, the remainder Jews, Maronites, and Greek Christians. Until the time of Fakreddin, it had a good port, but that Emir filled all the harbours along the coast, in order to prevent the Sultan's fleets from anchoring here, when he revolted from his authority. The citadel is said to have been built by Louis XI., and commands a fine view of the orchards and gardens, diversified with country-houses, that ornament the environs. The principal trade of the town, consisting of silk, cotton, and nutgalls, has been transferred of late years to Beyrout.

Sidon is the most ancient Phœnician city, and mention is made of it in the Pentateuch and Homer. It was assigned to the tribe of Asher, in the division of the Promised Land, by Joshua, but never was subdued by them.

For wealth, commerce, luxury, vice, and power, it was unequalled in the Levant, until Tyre outstripped it, and Salmaneser conquered it. Thence it passed successively under the rule of the Persians, Macedonians, Syrians, Egyptians, Romans, Arabs, and Crusaders. It was an opulent city at the time when Christ visited its territory, and it sent a bishop to the council of Nice in 325. Its destruction was accomplished by Melek Adel, the brother of Saladin, in 1197, from which it only partially recovered at intervals, to be as often destroyed.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Fakreddin restored it to considerable importance, and rendered it the seaport of Damascus, whence it is distant only three days' journey. Sidon, after this, became almost a colony of the French, but they were driven out by Djezzar Pasha in 1791, and, since then, no European vessels ever approach its dangerous coast.*

Early the next morning, the 29th of May, I was en route for Tyre, which, seated on a peninsula, soon became visible from the coast, along which I rode. The way was profoundly lonely: I did not meet a living creature throughout the day, except some Syrian girls, who drew water for me at a well near Sidon.

As evening closed in, I found myself on a wide, solitary plain, whose rank savannahs were only diversified by a dark and almost stagnant river. This is the Liettani, the Leontes of ancient times, which waters the vale of Baalbec. Heavy clouds were hanging on the horizon, thunder muttered ominously among the distant hills, bull-frogs were croaking harshly on the banks, and the scene was one of utter desolation. Fording the stream where it reached my saddle-bow, I spurred on to the ruins of a Saracenic castle, which commanded the passage of the river. Entering under a low, vaulted passage, I found myself in the courtyard of a ruin that seemed to be the very model of a robber's haunt: dark caverns and gloomy vaults appeared in every direction;

* Robinson, vol. iii., p. 416.

the old walls of the donjon towered over my head, and there probably was no living man outside its walls, except my own servants, for ten miles round. I did not much like the appearance of the place, or the look of two armed Arabs whom I found here, but there was no help for it then. I flung the rein of my horse to one of the strangers, to be led about, and ordered the other to make a fire instantly, as I sat down upon a fallen column, and lighted my pipe. The assumption of authority generally confers the possession of it in a country where every one is unknown to his neighbour; and where the keenest sword or surest pistol has the best claim to temporary power. The Arabs looked at each other for a moment, then set themselves about obeying the orders of their extempore commander; my horse was cool, and a cheerful fire blazing, when my servants arrived.

We kept watch by turns through the night, having shared our evening meal with the Arabs, who seemed to prowl about all night; the next morning I was cantering along the sands to Tyre, before the sun rose upon that ill-favoured castle.

Passing the ruins of an aqueduct on the left, and some columns of granite on the right, along the shore, I came to the isthmus by which Alexander connected the mainland with the island, in order to invest the city which then occupied the latter. The original Tyre seems to have been built upon the continent. It was founded by a Sidonian colony, 240 years before

86122

the building of Solomon's Temple, to which its king, Hiram, largely contributed. This city has dearly purchased its celebrity, having been besieged by Salmanaser, Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander; Antigonus, the Romans, the Saracens, and Crusaders; Egyptians, Turks, and, finally, by the English.

Tyre was visited by Christ and by St. Paul; it became a Christian bishopric in very early times. In the fourth century, Jerome speaks of it as the finest city in Phœnicia; and the Venetians held it for many years after the Crusades, partly restoring its character for commerce, wealth, and manufactures.

I confess I was disappointed in its appearance. Its strength, and beauty of position, and even its desolation, were less than I had expected. It is an ugly, little, matter-of-fact town, containing perhaps 5000 inhabitants, of the usual squalid but contented, or rather resigned, appearance. The buildings occupy the northern side of the peninsula, and on the southern side there are some rocks, lonely enough for "fishermen to dry their nets upon;" but Ezekiel's prophecy was accomplished probably many years ago.

As Palæ Tyrus was probably the only city in existence here at the time the prophecy was uttered, "that Tyre shall be utterly destroyed and never rebuilt," it is evident that it could not allude to the present town, which has been rebuilt at least nine times. The ancient city probably was called Palæ Tyrus only for distinction, when the modern town

arose ; the former has been ingeniously argued to have occupied a space about a mile from the shore, wherein the steep rock marks the site of the citadel.* The author, to whom I have referred below, gives an interesting account of the Tyrian purple, and the mode of preparing it.

From Tyre, the way lies along the seashore, on which I overtook some Bedouin Arabs, with whom I joined company for a few miles. They were wild-looking as it is possible for man to be, but civil after their fashion, and very friendly. They wore a sort of cloak of very coarse brown and white striped wool, wide cotton drawers, and faded red slippers stuck into shovel stirrups. Their heads were shaved, and covered with turbans, but no razor seemed ever to have approached their lips or chins. Besides a brace of pistols and a dagger in his belt, each carried a sabre, and a spear about ten feet long, with a tuft of ostrich feathers fluttering round the steel head. They spoke with great respect of Ibrahim Pasha, cursed the Turks, and said that the English were "taib," very good.

From this shore starts up a bold range of hills, extending far into the sea, called anciently the "Pro-

* See "Narrative of a Voyage along the Shores of the Mediterranean," &c., by W. R. Wild. Dublin: Curry, 1840. A valuable and spirited work, which does credit to its author both as a Christian and a scholar. It contains the best description of Tyre and Jerusalem that I am acquainted with.

montorium Album." Passing over this, we came in view of a wide and fertile plain, with the town and fortress of Acre in the distance, relieved off the heights of Mount Carmel, which terminated the seaward view.

We descended to this plain by a very steep and difficult path, called formerly "The ladder of Tyre," and then traversed the plain for some hours. It was only partially cultivated, the greater part consisting of grassy tracts, tufted with rushes, and occasionally sheltered by groups of trees, under which shepherds lay watching their flocks. A few villages were scattered widely apart, each with a large walled enclosure to guard their cattle in at night from the foraging Bedouin.

As the evening approached, the plain grew very lonely, though I met some shepherds anxiously hurrying their herds homeward. The country round wore an Arcadian appearance, and the evening was calm and beautiful; but anxiety and fear were depicted in every countenance we met. We soon learned there had been a battle on the plain the day before, and the people were hourly expecting a renewal of hostilities from the Bedouin who had been repulsed. One or two of these wild horsemen had passed me at a gallop, and I met several more in a body soon afterwards. They drew up along the path as I approached, and, though they did not offer the usual salutation, they permitted me to pass unquestioned. I then pulled up

to wait for my servants, and, offering them some tobacco, entered into conversation with their leader.

These fellows always appear on a journey as if they were going to war; and indeed these occupations are almost synonymous with tribes "whose hand is against every man's." When they *do* go to war, there is nothing in their outward appearance that displays any change from their most peaceful guise. Their wild fierce eyes, and screaming voices, and vehement gestures, made them any thing but agreeable company, especially towards nightfall; and it was with no slight feeling of release I heard their "salaam," as I rode off to overtake my baggage-horses, which had now passed by.

The muleteer declared it was certain destruction to encamp near the highway, under the circumstances; and we wandered considerably out of our track in search of a village where we could get food for our horses. At length, we came to a lone farmhouse just at nightfall, round which was a sort of fortification, consisting of a wall twenty feet high. Within this enclosure numerous flocks and herds were collected, as we could gather from the bleating and lowing that had attracted us to the spot. The tent was soon pitched, and the horses picketted, when the muleteer proceeded to the farm, to make search for barley, straw, and milk. There was no answer to his repeated applications at the gate, though we could hear voices whispering within, and he announced liberal offers in a loud voice.

Our horses had had nothing to eat since morning, however, and it became absolutely necessary to feed them; so my servant and I added through the keyhole our solicitations — which were equally ineffectual. Only one method of admission remained; I sent a bullet through the lock of a wicket, which instantly flew open, and my servant and I entered with as angry countenances as if it had been *our* door that was broken open. We were met by an old man and two or three women, whose words were instantly overborne by a torrent of abuse from my servant, telling them that the bearer of the Sultan's firman had been insulted by their inhospitality, and that, instead of receiving pay for their vile goods, they ought to have their house burned over their heads, their beards shaved off to adorn jackasses.* The old man very meekly observed that they had neither milk nor eggs, and only a very little straw. "Dog of an unbeliever!" shouted the dragoman, gaining courage as he saw he had produced an effect, "dost thou keep 10,000 bulls, that we are deafened by all this lowing! and does all thy poultry consist only of cocks, that thou mayest starve the Sultan's friends!" While this conversation was going on, an Arab stole forward to listen, as he thought unperceived, but, seizing him by his belt, I dragged him into the middle of the room. "Behold," I ob-

* This is the usual style of address in this country from the stronger party. The expressions of civility are proportionably extravagant.

served to him, "this is an old man, and these are women, but *you* must give us barley and milk; this money, *or*—this kurbash shall be your payment." Instantly a large jar of milk and an earthern bowl of barley were eagerly presented to us by the women, all the blessings of Allah invoked upon our heads; and we departed with our prize through files of some seven or eight men, who now appeared in all directions.

Our horses were fed, our supper eaten, and in half an hour I was seated quietly in the lately hostile farm-house, smoking in the centre of a friendly circle, as if I had been acquainted with them for years. A little powder for priming to the men, and a few trinkets to the women, raised me to the summit of popularity; when I retired to my tent for the night, my hand was covered with kisses, and Allah was entreated to take care that my shadow never should grow less.

This is a common specimen of Syrian life; the people, naturally kind, hospitable, and generous, live in such perpetual fear and distrust of all around them, that their character misrepresents itself, and the traveller must often perforce deal with them as his necessity, not his inclination, dictates.

The next morning, my tent was struck and the horses loaded before sunrise; but, even then, a Syrian damsel came out of the fortification with a bowl of fresh milk as a freewill offering. I was not a little pleased when she refused payment for her courtesy, though it cost me a coral necklace to reward it.

As I rode towards Acre, I met many travellers, all armed to the teeth, and drawing close together as I approached, although alone. My people had gladly joined company with some other wayfarers; and, as they were in enjoyment of security and society, I pushed on towards the place of my destination.

I overtook a Bedouin, who was splendidly mounted, and seemed to welcome my arrival as a spectator of the prowess and beauty of his horse. The squalidness of his own appearance contrasted curiously with the proud carriage of the noble animal he rode, and the richness of his own arms. Observing my admiration, he dashed his sharp stirrups into his horse's flanks, flew forward, and wheeled round me at a gallop, whirling his tufted spear above his head with loud cries, and then pulling up short beside me. He was now in high good humour; he even praised *my* horse, and then proceeded to eulogize the English and Ibrahim Pasha, who appears at present to be considered as the hero of the East. We were then in sight of Acre, and I asked him if he remembered the English fleet. His countenance lighted up suddenly as if it reflected the magnificent explosion, and he exclaimed, "Ibrahim Pasha, taib, taib!" (*very good*)—"pop! pop! pop!—Ingêleez taib kheteer" (*excellent*)—"hoo! Bombe!" and, so saying, he shot his lance high into the air, to illustrate the explosion, as compared with the Egyptian's fusillade.

We now approached the encampment of his tribe,

which he pointed out to me at some distance from our path, and asked me to accompany him thither. I was obliged to decline the tempting invitation, and soon afterwards reached the still strong fortifications of Acre, where, they say, it will require ten years of labour to repair the effects of the English fire.

Ptolemais, Acre, or, as the Syrians call it, Akka, is imposing-looking from the outside; but within, it is poor, dirty, and irregularly built. Some hundred Turkish soldiers and many impressed peasants were at work upon the fortifications; but there was no other appearance of activity or life within its silent streets. I walked round the fortifications with the British consular agent, and could easily trace the effects of the bombardment.

Beyrout, Sidon, and Tyre, had been successively captured for the Turks by our squadron, under Commodore Napier, almost as rapidly as he could cruise along the coast. On the 3d November, 1840, Admiral Stopford was joined by the Commodore off Acre, and, a flag of truce being rejected, they went to work at once. The town was commanded, and the artillery directed, by Colonel Schultze, a Pole in Mehemet Ali's service. He was known in the Egyptian army as Youssef Aga, and had obtained considerable distinction in the Syrian war. He found the guns upon the fortifications very badly mounted; and, as the artillerymen were proportionately inefficient, he laid the guns himself, so as to command the line of buoys

placed at night by the British boats; these, he concluded, were to mark the stations that the ships were to occupy. Unfortunately for his plans, these buoys only marked the soundings—the path, and not the resting-places—of our gallant fleet. The powerful steam-frigates required no moorings, and ran in close under the walls, taking up their positions, and opening their fire with as much precision as so many batteries of horse-artillery. The rest of the squadron separated into two divisions, and opened a cross-fire from the north and south-west upon the town. The Phœnix, with the Admiral on board, began the action about noon, and plied her powerful artillery with such accuracy, that she cleared and dismounted every gun upon the fortifications, where her shot could find space enough in the embrazures to enter by. Then the cannonade became general. Many of our ships, especially the Castor frigate, were anchored within musket-shot; and the rattle of innumerable small arms filled up the momentary pauses left by the booming of a thousand guns.

The whole mass of the lofty fortifications appeared like one great volcanic mountain, enveloped in a pyramid of cloud-like smoke, through which the lightnings flashed, and the thunder pealed from every battlement and bastion. Each of the ships, too, was enveloped in its own sulphurous canopy of flame-pierced smoke, and surrounded the fiery promontory like a volcanic Cyclades in grand and universal eruption. The day

was gloriously bright; and the volumes of white smoke-clouds reflected in the blue water, the blast of the bugles piercing through them, with the shout of the combatants, the boatswain's whistle from the shipping, and the glimpses of the magnificent scenery around, were described to me by an eye-witness as producing the grandest conceivable effect. The tremendous concert roared and swelled till it found its climax in the explosion of the powder magazine, in the citadel of Acre, which threw a glare upon the distant hills through all the brilliant sunshine, and sent two thousand Egyptians in fragments to the skies. The batteries to the southward ceased then to fire, from want of hands to work the guns, but those to the northward were fought bravely to the last. In the night, however, the Egyptians evacuated the town; and on the following morning the British and their allies took undisputed possession of this most powerful fortress of the East.

It was not the strength of these fortifications, powerful as they then were, but the desperate resistance of the Turks, animated by British example, that beat back Napoleon from these walls. "Yonder is the key of the East," said he to Murat, as he sat down before Acre on the 18th of March, 1799.* When nine murderous but vain assaults, sixty days' suspense, and the ravages of the Plague,

* Expeditions en Egypt et en Syrie. Par. J. Miot, 2d edition.

had "affoiblissé le moral du soldat," and avenged the wholesale massacre of Jaffa, the French retired from the siege, and entered Cairo under an arch of triumph!

But it is to the Crusades that Acre owes its chief interest. It was to them, as to Napoleon, the "Key of the East." Its old walls have echoed to the war-cry of the lion-hearted Richard and the chivalrous Saladin; and there are few of our ancient English families whose ancestors were not to be found among the Christian host under these beleaguered towers.

But I must not linger here; my work is already drawing to a close, and we have other scenes than those of war to visit; yet, ere we go, to use the language of one well acquainted with his theme—"Why not one sigh for the olden day, when the standard of England streamed from St. George's Mount, and the chivalry encamped around it, and the young knights stood, and listened to Blondel's lay? But he who was to win the honoured name of d'Acre on the morrow sat apart from his companions, watching the sunset in the far West, where dwelt the lady of his love, his casque lying on the grass, and his steed feeding beside him."*

* Lord Lindsay's Letters.

CHAPTER XL.

THE BIVOUAC, AND MOUNT CARMEL.

The hot sun shrinks from the land of the Kurd,
As the welcome cry to halt is heard.
Weary and faint were they who had striven,
Through the sultry hours when that sign was given:
From the courser's back each has loosed his rein,
And he feeds at will on the verdant plain;
Or drinks of the fount that is gushing by,
While the evening breeze wakes rejoicingly.
And Arab and Frank in brotherhood share
A luxurious rest in the perfumed air;
And that balmy sense of entire repose,
Which the trammelled spirit too seldom knows.

ANON.

I swear to thee, by my holy order, by the habit which I wear, by the Mountain of our blessed founder, Elias, even him who was translated without suffering the ordinary pangs of mortality. *The Talisman.*

Towns in the East are so disagreeable, and have so few resources; the country is so beautiful and full of

interest, that I always felt a lively pleasure in passing out from the guarded gates of some old city, to return to the tent, and the wild pathway of the plain or mountain. Travel in the East is the occupation of your whole time, not a mere passage from one place of residence to another. "Day after day, week after week, and month after month, your foot is in the stirrup. To taste the cold breath of the earliest morn, and to lead or follow your bright cavalcade till sunset through forests and mountain passes, through valleys and desolate plains—all this becomes your mode of life; and you ride, eat, drink, and curse the mosquitoes, as systematically as your friends in England eat, drink, and sleep. If you are wise, you do not look upon the long period of time thus occupied by your journeys as the mere gulphs which divide you from the place to which you are going; but rather, as most rare and beautiful portions of life, from whence may come thought, temper, and strength. Once feel this, and you will grow happy, and contented in your saddle-home." *

Thus it is; the haunts of men become distasteful, and their habits irksome, to one accustomed to the wild freedom and perfect independence of an Eastern

* *Eothen*:—a work lately published without a name, containing more truth and vividness of description, deeper thought, and more delicate and subtle humour, than any book upon the East I have ever seen.

wanderer's life: its very hardships have a charm, and its dangers an excitement that are all unknown in this every-day English life of ours.

You are wakened in the morning by the song of birds, which your sleeping ear, all regardless of the jackal's howl, or the ocean's roar throughout the night, yet recognizes as its expected summons. You fling off the rough capote, your only covering, start from the carpet, your only couch, and, with a plunge into the river or the sea, your toilet is made at once.

The rainbow mists of morning are still heavy on the landscape while you sip your coffee; but, by the time you spring into your saddle, all is clear and bright, and you feel, as you press the sides of your eager horse and the stirring influence of morning buoys you up, as if fatigue could never come. The breeze, full of flowery smells and songs of birds, blusters merrily round your turban, as you gallop to the summit of some hill, to watch the Syrian sunrise spread in glory over Lebanon, Hermon, or Mount Carmel. Meanwhile, your tent is struck; your various luggage packed upon the horses, with a completeness and celerity that only the wandering Arab can attain to, and a heap of ashes alone remains to mark the site of your transient home.

Your cavalcade winds slowly along the beaten path, but you have many a castled crag, or woody glen, or lonely ruin to explore, and your untiring Arab courser seems ever fresh and vigorous as when he started.

Occasionally, you meet some traveller armed to the teeth, who inquires news of the road you have come, and perhaps relates some marvellous adventure from which he has just escaped. He bristles like a porcupine, with a whole armoury of pistols, daggers, and yataghans, but his first and parting salutation is that of "Peace!" In no country of the world is that gentle word so often used, or so little understood.

Well, then, some khan, or convent, or bubbling spring, marks your resting-place during the burning noon; and you are soon again in motion, with all the exhilaration of a second morning. Your path is as varied as your thoughts; now, over slippery crags, upon some view-commanding mountain's brow; now, along verdant valleys, or through some ravine where the winter torrent was the last passenger. Oleanders in rich bloom are scattered over the green turf; your horse treads odours out of a carpet of wild flowers; strange birds of brilliant plumage are darting from bough to bough of the wild myrtle and the lemon tree; lizards are gleaming among the rocks; and the wide sea is so calm, and bright, and mirror-like, that the solitary ship upon its bosom seems suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between two skies.

All this time, too, you are travelling in the steps of prophets, conquerors, and apostles; perhaps along the very path which the Saviour trod. "What is yonder village?" "Nazareth." "What yonder lake?"

"The sea of Galilee." None but he who has heard these answers from a native of Palestine can understand their thrilling sound.

But evening approaches; your horse's step is as free, but less elastic than fourteen hours ago. Some wayside khan, or village, affords a sort of security for the night's encampment; but, more frequently, a fountain or a river's bank is the only inducement that decides you to hold up your hand. Suddenly, at that sign, the horses stop; down comes the luggage; and, by the time you have unbridled and watered your horse, a carpet is spread on the green turf, and a fire is already blazing. As you fling yourself on the hard couch of earth, with a sensation of luxury, one of your attendants presents you with the soothing chibouque, while another hands a tiny cup of coffee, which at once restores tone to your system, and enables you to look out upon the lovely sunset with absorbing satisfaction. Meanwhile, your tent has risen silently over you; the baggage is arranged in a crescent form round the door; the horses are picketted in front. Your simple meal is soon despatched, and a quiet stroll by moonlight concludes the day. Then, wrapped in your capote, you fling yourself once more upon your carpet, place your pistols under your saddle-pillow, and are soon lost in such sleep as only the care-free traveller knows.

I had been only three hours in Acre, but the transition from its melancholy streets to the open country

was delightful. I rode past St. George's mount, and forded the little river Belus, where glass was first discovered. A ship, laden with nitre, was stranded on this shore about 2,000 years ago; some of her sailors employed blocks of the fossil alkali that constituted their cargo, to support their kettle in the fire which they kindled by the river, and soon found rivulets of crystal trickling from the fusion of this substance with the flinty sand. The stream holds a quantity of silicious matter in solution, which it precipitates on exposure to the atmosphere; hence, its banks are strewn with this fine flinty powder, by means of which the Venetians attained to such perfection in this manufacture.

The pathway here wanders among shrubberies of valonidis and laurustinus, and leads to the banks of "that ancient river, the river Kishon." We read of its drowning many fugitives in the discomfiture of Sisera's host, and of similar performances on its part after the Turks were defeated by the French at Mount Tabor; now, it ran meekly and unostentatiously into the sea, not six yards wide, and scarcely reaching to our horses' knees.

A fine avenue of sycamores partly shades the path to Caiffa, a pretty, little, gaily-bazaared town, which we traversed; and, after some steep climbing, arrived at the summit of Mount Carmel, where the promontory looks out upon the sea.

The view from here is very grand, but somewhat

saddening, from the loneliness and want of cultivation that every where meet the eye. The "excellency of Carmel is" indeed "departed," but there is still much that is romantic and interesting in the character of the mountain. An immense expanse of ocean, unenlivened by a single sail; wide tracts of lands, unchequered by a village: at the base of the mountain a few half bald corn-fields, and some olive and sycamore trees, compose the view. Beyond its beautiful bay, to the North, the town and fortress of Acre stand boldly out into the sea. To the South, the extensive ruins of Castel Pelegrino and a wild mountain range bound the horizon.

After a glance from the heights, we descended to the convent, a large, unadorned building of two stories high, with a dome in the midst. I was received with great kindness by the fathers; and, having met with an accident in ascending the mountain, I stood not a little in need of their hospitality. It was an agreeable surprise, instead of the usual bare, whitewashed cell, to find here a neat little sitting-room, such as one meets in Welsh inns; there was even, I think, a carpet on the floor, and certainly there were chairs and tables, rare luxuries in these parts. What struck me most, however, were some pretty hand-screens, which my host told me with pride had been painted by a "bellissima signora," during her stay at the convent. There were numerous names of lady-visitors in the father's book; and very pleasant it must be to those

of the gentler sex, who venture upon this rough Syrian travelling, to rest their delicate limbs even for a night on the soft couches of the Carmelites.

From the sitting-room I have described, a corridor leads to four bedrooms, neatly furnished, and extremely clean: one of these, to the great credit of the fathers, is even adapted for the reception of a married couple. In this hospitable convent I remained for five days, unable to leave my room, and most kindly attended by Fra' Jean Battista, and Fra' Clementi. The latter was a very meek and resigned-looking young monk, probably not more than thirty years of age, yet he had been withering in a convent for eleven of those years. The former is a very remarkable man: Jean Battista is now seventy years old, yet his eye is as full of fire, and his energy as fresh, as when he first assumed the cowl in penance for errors that were the consequence of his temperament. That very temperament, when acting upon different motives, built up this convent. There had formerly been a convent here of some consideration, and the whole mountain had been sprinkled with little hermitages, wherein the followers of Elijah sought for the sources of his inspiration in the scenes that had witnessed his presence.

These hermits died upon the mountain, and with them the solitary spirit. Those who sought shelter from the world in retirement were contented to find it in communion with fellow-sufferers, and the convent still survived. During the siege of Acre, under Napo-

leon, it was converted into a hospital for the wounded; after their retreat, it was blown up by a Pasha who pretended that it offered too strong a military position. Jean Battista, in making a pilgrimage to Elijah's cave, some twenty years ago, found only an altar and an archway there; but he made a vow upon the spot that he would rebuild the convent; and behold what the strong will and determined energy of one man can accomplish! He travelled over Europe, and begged for this purpose during fourteen years, and now the stateliest convent in Palestine rewards his labours. He is, though the founder, only a lay-brother; there is a Superior, with twenty-four monks lodged here; they dispense provisions to the poorer pilgrims gratis, and have built a hospice apart for their reception.

Each monk has some peculiar office: that of Fra' Clementi consisted in receiving and entertaining guests; Jean Battista manages the temporal affairs, and the rest are occupied in some manner only known to themselves. I scarcely ever saw these last; but while I took my meals, Fra' Clementi used to sit with me. A coarse, brown cloth hood and cassock, a rope girdle, and sandals, constituted his dress. His voice was soft and low, particularly when he spoke of his home in Italy, which he never was to see again. He had taken the vows merely as other men enter on a profession: he had no particular reason for doing so, and though he was only nineteen when he assumed the Carmelite's cowl, he had never regretted having done so. So he

said, at least, and probably believed: although his expression of countenance was sad enough, there did not seem energy enough left in his hopeless heart for repining.

There are panthers, partridges, hyænas, and wild-boars on the mountain; the few goatherds who invade its lonely valleys are always armed, and drive their flocks into stone enclosures before nightfall. The gamekeeper or destroyer, employed by the brothers of the convent, was unfortunately absent, but they assured me that wild boars abounded, and that partridge and quail were very numerous.

A more tempting spring or summer residence for any one in search of retirement could scarcely be imagined than this convent—magnificent scenery, the finest air, the calmest solitude, at command; Italian spoken in perfection in the only society; and excursions within easy reach to Nazareth, Acre, Athlit, Esdraelon, Mount Tabor, and Cæsarea Philippi. The rule of the convent is to entertain a stranger for a fortnight only, but they are too happy to continue their hospitality as long as he chooses to remain, provided he will take up his quarters occasionally in the hospice, when newer guests and stronger claimants arrive.

The diet is simple, perhaps too much so, for those who have not become accustomed to Eastern habits. Meat, except pigeons, is unknown, and even in that form is very rare; soup made of vegetables; bread, eggs, coffee, and milk are the principal diet; there was

also to be had a refreshing cordial, in which brandy figured advantageously, prepared by Fra' Clementi's own attenuated hands.

There are some very curious fossils found in a field near the convent, which are called petrified fruits by the inhabitants, and which bear an exact resemblance to melons and olives* in shape and colour. I believe there are other varieties in this stony garden, but these were all I saw. Fra' Clementi gave me the following account of their origin, not as a fact, I must observe, but as a legend. A churlish sort of Israelite, the Nabal of his neighbourhood, possessed a luxuriant orchard here in Elijah's time. The Prophet passing by one day, being oppressed by thirst, requested this churl to give him a little fruit out of the abundance that had been bestowed upon him. "You are mistaken, old man," was the inhospitable answer; "what you see are only stones." "Many a true word is spoken in jest," said the wayfarer, or words to that effect, and past on his journey. The gardener, on turning round, found that his own assertion was made true; and the pilgrim of our day may now freely gather the fruit that was refused to the Prophet of Mount Carmel.

The convent is built over the cave in which Elijah is said to have taken refuge from the persecution of

* These olives are the spines of the fossil echinus. They are better known as the *lapis Judaica*, which abounds also in the Lebanon.

Ahab, and a little lower down is a larger cavern called the "Cave of the Prophets," wherein Obadiah sheltered and fed the faithful about the same time.

The day before my departure, I went out upon the mountain in search of game: I only got a shot at one hyæna, which I wounded, but he escaped from me among cliffs where my horse could not follow. I then rode into Caiffa, to order horses for my journey, (Yussef having returned to Damascus) and found that every beast of burden had been pressed by the Turks, for the transport of some regiments that were marching to Beyrout. The Sultan's firman would have compelled the governor to find horses for me, but I was always indisposed to use its authority for such a purpose, as the requisition would have been made of some poor farmer, whom no money could probably repay, or he would have hired his horses freely. I therefore engaged a vessel to take me to Jaffa, a distance of about sixty miles, and the captain said he could take my own horse on board of her without difficulty. As it was an open boat, and did not draw above three feet of water, I was puzzled to know how this was to be accomplished; but as it was frequently done, and must be done, I left the arrangements to Syrian ingenuity.

The next morning, at daylight, I was awakened by Jean Battista coming to take leave of me. He was about to ride to Beyrout, a distance of one hundred miles, which he calculated on accomplishing in three

days. And yet his years were seventy: such are the effects of simple diet and mountain air.

Soon afterwards two donkeys, baggaged to the ears, were to be seen picking their steps daintily down the steep path, with a very unwilling pedestrian in the shape of my servant assisting their proprietor to prevent the tottering little animals from rolling down the precipice. I presented Fra' Clementi with a few napoleons instead of the usual dollars at departure, "not as repayment for the hospitality I had enjoyed, but as a grateful tribute to the convent and its charities." As these establishments are almost the only hotels in Palestine, their inmates always receive payment, and with good reason, from those who are able to afford it. While those who differ from their faith cheerfully pay these very moderate demands, the being allowed to do so prevents one feeling otherwise towards them, than to any other house of entertainment, where fire, food, and shelter are afforded for a price; but at Mount Carmel, the hospitality was so genuine, and the attention of the monks so kind and cordial, that I had no feeling but that of a grateful guest as I took leave of poor Fra' Clementi and the Superior.

My horse had become quite pampered during his stay at the convent, and caracolled down the mountain's side, with a somewhat ill-timed display of activity. Poor fellow! it was the last day's health and strength he was to know.

Arrived at Caiffa, I handed him over to the cap-

tain of my transport, and went into the town about some business: when I returned, I found the poor brute laid on his side on a bed of sand in the hold of the pinnace; his fore-feet firmly bound together, and his girths lashed to the gunwale. I was struck with remorse, as he raised his speaking eyes to mine, (he could not move his head,) and seemed to appeal against this treatment. However, every one told me it was always thus that horses were transported; that we should run to Jaffa in six hours; and, in short, become somewhat of a fatalist, I bowed to necessity, thought of Islam, lighted my pipe, and gave orders to make sail.

MOUNT CARMEL.

CHAPTER XLI.

JAFFA, RAMLEH, AND THE HILL COUNTRY OF JUDEA.

Is this thy place, Judea, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone,
While suns, unblest, their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
BISHOP HEBER.

As soon as we got out to sea, the wind changed, and blew in half a gale from the southward. The boat was undecked, and the sea broke over it at every plunge. The coast was iron-bound, and inhabited by robbers and outlaws, who found shelter in its desolation. At one tack we ran close to the extensive and imposing ruins of Athlit, the Castel Pelegrino of the Crusades; at another, the lurid moon revealed the ghastly remains of Cæsarea Philippi. As we neared the shore, the jackal's cry mingled with the wild passionate sobbing of the wind, and the roar of the surf, and made my poor horse prick his ears at that familiar though dismal sound. Then the night

closed in gloomily, and I fell asleep with the poor brute's head upon my knees, half wakened by every plunge of the creaking boat, and the moaning and struggles of my servant and horse, who seemed to suffer equal terror and distress.

Daylight found us far from shore; the wind higher, and the waves wilder than ever. A burning sun burst out upon us, and burnt fierce headaches into our unsheltered and unturbaned brows.

We had scarcely a rag of sail set to the storm, but when the gale caught us on the ridge of a wave, we were gunwale-under in a moment, and the leaking seams of the labouring boat grated ominously in our ears. The Syrian sailors showed both nerve and skill: they stood out bravely against the temptation to run before the wind and regain the port of Caiffa; and the weary day past without variety, or any refreshment, but hard eggs and muddy water.

Night came on as dark as Erebus; there was no compass on board, and we only knew of our course when the roar of surf against the rocks announced to our ears that it was time to tack.

The second morning dawned on a long, low, sandy shore, terminated by a small promontory, on which stood Jaffa, looking cool, pleasant, and welcoming, among its green gardens, contrasted with the surrounding desert and the foaming sea.

The harbour is a miserable little enclosure of rocks, which breaks the force of the Mediterranean waves,

and just enables one to disembark. My horse was lifted out, and lay motionless on the sands, with the spray beating over him ; it was an hour before he was able to stand and follow me, which he did like a dog, up the steep streets of this dreary town.

Joppa was so called, says the Abbé Geramb, from Japhet, the son of Noah, who, it seems, contracted a taste for maritime pursuits, during his long cruise in the Ark. He built a seaport here, from whence Jonah took shipping, when "he fled from the presence of the Lord." "Near here," says St. Jerome, "I saw the remains of the chain wherewith Andromeda was bound to the rock, until delivered by Perseus from the sea-monster!" Hither Hiram sent cedar of Lebanon, for the building of the Temple: here St. Peter saw the vision of things common and unclean ; and here Tabitha was raised from the dead.

Jaffa, at present, is a labyrinth of khans, convents, narrow lanes, deserted ruins, and waste places, with a few dingy streets leading from one wretched quarter to another. There are no such thing as stables in these parts, so I was forced to put up my horse in a vaulted passage, half blocked up by the ruins of a castle, and then retired to the Franciscan convent to rest after my voyage. This convent is spacious enough to shelter 1,000 men, and at Easter, and other seasons of pilgrimage, it is often quite full. It contains an immense number of courts, house-tops, galleries,

terraces, and corridors, with narrow, dirty, white-washed cells for us—pilgrims.

In the evening I went out, like all the Joppaites of ancient and modern times, to enjoy the cool breeze upon the house-top; and, looking over the flat-roofed city, saw its various surfaces all alive, and sprinkled with gaily-dressed Syrians, for here even the Christians wear the Eastern habit.

The superior of the convent sat some time with me, and pointed out the house-top said to be that of Simon, the tanner, whereon St. Peter prayed, and saw the great vision of Tolerance. This establishment, it seems, is only a hospice, not a convent strictly speaking; it is occupied only by four Spanish Franciscans, whose duty is to receive and cherish pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem.

The next morning, I visited our Consular agent, a civil old Arab, who told me I had better wait for a caravan, or take an escort to Jerusalem, as the road was just then very unsafe. This is an almost invariable observation in Syria, made by every one in authority to every traveller who inquires his way.

Having smoked his pipe, and thanked him for his offers of service, I rode forth upon my crippled horse, whose native spirit soon flung off his weariness; stepping out as proudly as ever, he seemed endeavouring to disguise his stiffness. The town appeared much better this morning; the bazaars and markets seemed full of business, and looked very gay with

Syrian silks and shining arms, and a profusion of fruit, flowers, and vegetables.

The fortifications of Jaffa are rather respectable for an eastern town, consisting of a wide ditch, covered way, and glacis, together with bastions and battlements along the walls. It made an honourable resistance to Buonaparte, and only 3,800 troops were left to surrender as prisoners of war. They trusted to the faith of the Christian, which the deluded infidels supposed was professed by those godless invaders. They were butchered to a man in cold blood upon the following day.*

The gateway was filled with Turkish soldiers, and opened on a vacant space between it and the drawbridge, presenting a very picturesque appearance. In front was a handsome marble fountain, engraved with many pious Arabic inscriptions, which recommended the traveller, as he quaffed the stream, to bless the Giver of it. An arcade of thickly-clustering vines shaded the enclosure, round which were recesses thronged with a gowned and bearded multitude, smoking and chatting gravely, and playing chess as intently as in that sublime sketch of Retzsch's, where Man is playing Satan for his soul. Groups of picturesque and dark-eyed girls displayed the most graceful attitudes as they bent to fill their water-jars, or balanced them daintily on their veiled heads.

* *Miot* (Expeditions en Egypt et en Syrie) and *Denon* confirm Sir Robert Wilson's fearful story of this massacre.

A broad sandy path then leads through rich gardens, shaded by cypresses and mimosas, and hedged with gigantic cactus, to another handsome fountain, and an open space sheltered by palms, under which several parties of travellers, with their kneeling camels and their little fires, were luxuriously resting.

After some three miles, the road opened upon the wide plain of Sharon, sprinkled with the iris, wild tulip, and every flower almost, except its rose.

The Hill country of Judea lay before us in a faint blue ridge, the plains of Ascalon extended on the right, the high tower of Ramleh appeared in the distance, and the next evening we were to rest at Jerusalem!

My party rapidly increased—the travellers in advance waited—those in the rear hurried after us,—for there had been several robberies lately on this road, and they found three well-mounted men no inconsiderable addition to their caravan.

My own poor steed was led by the guide, whose two baggage-horses followed his own freely, however fast he rode; and I was mounted on a Jaffa hack of indifferent appearance, but indomitable energy. I tried him well in chasing some gazelles, that had descended from "Judah's hills" to feed upon the tender corn; and I had a run of many miles after a jackal, who got to ground just as he appeared to be dead-beat.

The vast plains that lie between the mountains and

the sea are very partially cultivated; but luxuriant patches of corn and the rich grass that grew wild proved how readily it could bring forth abundance; and that it was the inhabitants, and not the soil, that lay under the Curse. Once, twenty millions of people, it is said, dwelt in plenty and prosperity, where now some 1,800,000 find a scanty sustenance. The more I see of Turkish rule, the more admirably does that rule appear adapted to accomplish a denouncing prophecy.

Towards sunset, we reached Ramleh, and beat loud and long for admittance into the Franciscan convent outside the walls. This is a similar establishment to that I had just left at Jaffa, equally spacious, and only garrisoned by three Spanish monks. In the various cool cloisters and high-walled courts, shaded by the lemon, the orange, and the palm-tree, the air was delightfully refreshing, for it was now near midsummer, and we had swept the plain of Sharon at a gallop that soon distanced our temporary caravan.

When I came down to dinner in a place like a cellar, only there was no wine in it, the fat superior told me that I had fallen upon a fast-day, but bade me welcome to such fare as the refectory afforded. This consisted of a mass of smashed eggs, by way of an omelette, some cucumbers, and a dish of rice stewed in grease. The banquet was spread on a filthy table without a cloth. There was good bread, however, with which, together with my own tea, I contrived to practise abstinence even towards Lenten diet.

One of these Franciscan monks appeared to belong to a higher order of birth and intellect than any I had yet met with. He accompanied me to the house-top, where my pipe and coffee were served, and inquired anxiously about the state of Spain, and the war in the Basque provinces, which I told him I had witnessed. He became quite enthusiastic in his nationality when I spoke of the oak-tree of Guernica, and the Fueros of his native country, the Basque provinces; but, when I asked him whether he was Carlist or Christino, he checked himself suddenly, and said with humility, "Signor, son' frate!"

Soon afterwards, he left me to myself, and keenly did I enjoy that first evening of my Judean travel. It appeared almost incredible to me that in a few short hours I should stand within the walls of Jerusalem; yet there lay the path to it, opening among the hills of Judah as they rose in beauty from Sharon's varied plains.

The setting sun threw a rich glow upon the deep groves, in which the picturesque town lay buried; the air was the balmiest I ever breathed; myriads of birds were singing enthusiastically in the palms and olive-branches; the laughter of the village children sounded merrily from their playground; the lowing of cattle, the hum of insects — all was in perfect harmony and keeping. And then the strange, unusual appearance of the town, over whose roofs I looked, Asmodeus-like, from the lofty convent terrace! All

the female inhabitants were pursuing their various occupations in the open air, in the courtyards, or on the roofs of their houses. These houses were all pimpled with little domes rising out of their flat roofs, and covered like them with grey stucco, which, with the minarets, gave a very peculiar effect to the downward view. About half a mile from the town are the magnificent ruins of an ancient khan or mosque, or both, with a lofty tower, that serves as a landmark for many miles around.

It was very amusing to watch the town taking its evening meal, "al fresco," each party invisible to its neighbour, owing to partition walls, but open to my inspection as I stood on the convent watch-tower. Then the women began to array themselves for the night with the same unconsciousness of a stranger's presence. Start not, gentle reader, for there was no *dis*-arraying; the Ramlehan maidens merely put on a loose white garment over their day-dress, and lie down to rest under the serene sky.

My sleeping cell was less squalid than in the Jaffa convent, but still was such as no English felon would be obliged to occupy. There were musquitoes, too, as thick as gnats under a summer bough; and it was without any interruption of slumber that I rose, soon after midnight, to start for Jerusalem. How soft and beautiful was that night, as its breezes whispered among the orange and the palm-trees in the cloistered courts, and the moon shone tenderly over forlorn Palestine,

and the far-off silvery sea, that led the thoughts insensibly away, even from Jerusalem, to Europe and to home!

Fra' Gonzaga, the Biscayan monk, got up to see me start, and, in reply to my complaints of the musquitoes, observed, as if he was proud of them, "Non sono moltissimi?" He then glanced complacently at my breakfast-table, which was served with eatables that Ugolino would have shrunk from, and wished me "un buon' appetito" with a grim smile that had no relation whatever to a joke.

Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, was the seat of government in the Theocratic days of Israel: here Samuel judged the people, and here the elders of the Hebrews assembled to demand a king to rule over them. It is now a mean, straggling town, without fortification, but surrounded with gardens and olive-groves, that cheerfullize it. We passed through a cemetery in the twilight, and saw flocks of goats and sheep *following* their shepherds to the pasture, from which they are driven into the town every evening. Many travellers were already on the road, collecting together for the purpose of security, and all furnished with some kind of arms, from the long musket to the candjiar in their girdle.

Our way lay among wide plains, very scantily cultivated, and without a vestige of habitation; the path was wide, and, though sandy, not deep enough to be laborious to the horses. After two hours' travel, we

came to the ruins of Ekron, which are very extensive, and importantly connected with crusading history.

This fortress commanded the pass into the Hill Country, and, after we left it behind us, the road entered a defile of rocky mountains; numerous shrubs, the laurustinus, the privet, and the bay-tree, were thickly scattered over the steep acclivities. Wilder and wilder grew the scenery at each winding of the road, toppling precipices closed round us, and our little party gathered closer together as they unslung their muskets; the van looking more like a storming party than a company of peaceful travellers. There is some instinctive love of danger in every breast, particularly in that of the Arab, whose blood, however tranquilly it may generally flow, never loses an opportunity of exhibiting its desert origin.

Fortunately for our amusement, a party had been robbed and ill-treated two days before in these defiles, and the preparations for action that we made were of a most imposing character. A fat old tobacconist and a lean barber rode on heroically, as an advanced guard; a couple of tinkers and a Turkish soldier brought up the rear; three or four camels, half a dozen horsemen, with a couple of donkeys, carrying panniers of children, formed the main body, in which my anxious servant deeply ensconced himself; while a young Swiss, three or four Turkish cavalry soldiers, and myself, gave our horses to be ridden by some of the tired pedestrians, and ranged the cliffs as skirmishers, in actual hope

of a gazelle, or partridge, and professed fear of an Arnaout, or some native robber.

I soon got tired of this playing at soldiers and sportsman, and, summoning my unwilling servants, I spurred forward as fast as almost inaccessible rocky paths would permit. I felt the utmost impatience to reach Jerusalem; and, moreover, a burning sun had been shining on us for many hours, and a well was before us. At length we reached it:

> "But vain was the hope that had lured us on—
> Our trust in the desert—the waters were gone."

Some damp mud alone remained, which the muleteer and his horses rather chewed than drank.

We proceeded for some distance more slowly, as the road grew more picturesque and impracticable, and met some well-armed attendants, evidently bespeaking the approach of a person of consideration. The pass was, however, too difficult to make inquiries, as we squeezed by the strangers; and shortly afterwards, on rounding a steep and difficult projection, I encountered the light and graceful figure of a lady, beautifully mounted, and apparently quite at home in that savage wilderness. The ease with which she sate her fiery horse in his difficult path, no less than her costume, told me that I saw a countrywoman; and, soon after, an English voice, though it was in Italian that she spoke, announced her nation. She bowed slightly, in return to my salute, as did the gentleman accompanying her,

whose costume would have appeared to advantage in Hyde Park; while mine, soiled and travel-stained, and half oriental as it was, left it a matter of doubt to what country I belonged. So I passed in silence those to whom I was afterwards indebted for the most agreeable day I passed in Judea, and to whose acquaintance I still look back with lively pleasure.

Earlier in the year, it is one of the pleasant incidents of travel to meet with other pilgrims, amongst whom one generally finds, or makes agreeable acquaintances; but the heat of the weather, and the advanced season of my pilgrimage, had divested the country of Europeans, and these were the only English travellers I encountered during the whole of my Syrian tour.

Henceforth, our path necessitated one perpetual climb, scramble, or slide: slippery rocks, yawning into deep fissures, or so round and smooth as to render firm footing impossible, constituted the only road. Yet this has been, for four thousand years, the highway between Jerusalem and the western plains that border on the sea. Chariots never could have been used here; and it would be impossible for cavalry to act, or even to advance against a hostile force.

The scenery resembled that of the wildest glens of Scotland, only that here the grey crags were thickly tufted with aromatic shrubs, and, instead of the pine, the sycamore, the olive, and the palm, shaded the mountain's side.

We passed by the village of Jeremiah, and "the Terebinthine Vale." In the last we recognize the scene of David's combat with Goliah, and its little brook still sparkles here as freshly as when he picked pebbles thence to smite the Philistine. Generally speaking, the river-beds were as dry as the path we trod, and this was the only stream but one that I saw between Jaffa and the Jordan. A large caravan was assembled on its banks, with all its picturesque variety of laden camels, mules with gay trappings, mountain cavaliers with turban and embroidered vest, veiled women on donkeys, half naked Arabs with long spears, dwellers in cities with dark kaftan, or furred pelisse. All, however various their nation, profession, or appearance, were eagerly quaffing the precious stream, or waiting under "the shadow of a high rock" for the caravan to proceed.

The hills became more and more precipitous as we approached Jerusalem; most of them were of a conical form, and terraced to their summit. Yet on these steep acclivities the strenuous labour of the Israelite had formerly grown corn, and wine, and oil; and, on the terraces that remained uninjured, the few present inhabitants still plant wheat, and vineyards, and olive groves. There was no appearance of water, except the inference that might be drawn of wells within the few villages that hung upon the mountains' side.

The pathway continued as rough as ever, while we wound through the rocky defiles leading to the upper

plains; but it was much more frequented, and I had joined a large and various company, for the sake of listening to their talk about the city that now absorbed every other interest. At each acclivity we surmounted, we were told that the next would reveal to us the object of our destination; and at length, as we emerged upon a wide and sterile plain, the leading pilgrims sank upon their knees, and the most contagious shout of enthusiasm that I ever heard burst from each traveller; every man of that large company, Arab, Italian, Greek, and Englishman, exclaiming, each in his own language: "El Khuds!" "Gerusalemma!" "Hagiopolis!" "The Holy City!"

CHAPTER XLII.

JERUSALEM.

Of earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
Of living light—O fallen Jerusalem!

SOUTHEY.

Ecco! appairir Gerusalem si vede!
Ecco! da molti voci unitamente
Gerusalemma salutar si sente.

TASSO.

It was indeed Jerusalem — and, had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly, and with intenser interest.

So long the object of eager hope and busy imagination, it stood before me at length in actual reality —the city of David, the chosen seat of God, the death-place of his Son, the object of the world's pilgrimage for two thousand years! Its history, so strangely blended with holiness and crime, with prosperity and desolation, with triumph and despair; a thousand

associations came thronging into recollection, and peopled its towers and surrounding plains with all the scenes and actors of bygone eventful years. These feelings I shared in common with the humblest pilgrim that was kneeling there, and, in some respects, he had even the advantage of me; he had made infinitely greater sacrifices than I had done, and undergone far heavier toils to reach that bourne. Undistracted by mere temporal associations, *he* only saw the sacred spot wherein the Prophets preached, and David sung, and Christ had died.

The whole cavalcade paused simultaneously when Jerusalem appeared in view; the greater number fell upon their knees, and laid their foreheads in the dust, whilst a profound silence, more impressive than the loudest acclamations, prevailed over all. Even the Moslem guides and servants, folding their arms on their bosoms, gazed reverently on what was to them also a holy city, and recalled to my mind the pathetic appeal of their forefather Esau — "Hast thou not a blessing for me, also, O my Father?"

When the crusading army, thinned by pestilence, privation, and many a battle-field, gazed upon the view before us, that warrior-host knelt down as a single man; sobs burst from their mailed bosoms, and tears streamed down their rugged cheeks. Those tears, and not the blood so profusely shed upon the plains of Palestine, were the true evidences of the Crusading spirit.

Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a most striking one. A brilliant and unchequered sunshine has something mournful in it, when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a tree or green spot is visible; no sign of life breaks the solemn silence; no smile of nature's gladness ever varies the stern scenery around. The flaming, monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realize but too faithfully the prophetic picture—"Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron."

To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colourless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque-domes swell; intermingled with church-turret and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city, to the left, rises the Mount of Olives; and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a background to the striking picture.

There was something startlingly new and strange in that wild, shadowless landscape; the clear outlines of the hills, and the city walls so colourless, yet so well defined against the naked sky, gave to the whole a most unreal appearance; it resembled rather an immense engraving than any thing which nature and nature's complexion had to do with.

I am not sure that this stern scenery did not pre-

sent the only appearance that would not have disappointed expectation. It was unlike any thing else on earth—so blank to the eye, yet so full of meaning to the heart; every mountain round is familiar to the memory; even yon blasted fig-tree has its voice, and the desolation that surrounds us bears its silent testimony to its fearful experiences. The plain upon which we stand looks like the arena of mighty struggles in times gone by — struggles in which all the mighty nations of the earth took part, and in which Nature herself seems to have shared.

Each of our party had waited for the other to finish his devotions, and seemed to respect each pilgrim's feelings with a Christian courtesy, perhaps inspired by the spot. At length, all had risen from their genuflexions and prostrations, and we moved slowly forward over the rugged yet slippery path which human feet had worn in the solid rock. Countless had been the makers of that path—Jebusites, Hebrews, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and pilgrims from every country under heaven.

As we advanced, some olive-trees appeared, and deep valleys on the left, slightly marked with pale, green gardens. An enclosure concealed the prospect for awhile, and then again the City of Zion appeared, shadowing with its battlemented walls the barren rocks around. As we approached, nothing but these walls were visible, with their massive gates and lofty towers;

presenting, probably, the same appearance as they wore to the Crusader's view. Here and there a turbaned head was visible, and the Crescent banner was waving from the citadel; a few tents, green, white, and blue, were scattered round, as if forsaken in a hurry; and all else looked as if it had been laid waste in order to afford no shelter to an enemy.

I had always pictured Jerusalem as standing upon lofty hills, and visible from afar. It is, on the contrary, on the edge of the wide platform by which we approach from Jaffa, and is commanded by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Scopas, and other eminences, from which it is divided by the deep and narrow ravines called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Vale of Hinnom. These ravines meet in the form of a Y, the lower part of which describes the precipitous glen through which the brook Kedron flows in winter to the Dead Sea.

The site of the city is in itself unique; selected originally from the strength of its position only, it offers none of the features usually to be found surrounding the metropolis of a powerful people. No river nor any stream flows by; no fertility surrounds it, no commerce seems able to approach its walls, no thoroughfare of nations finds it in the way. It seems to stand apart from the world, exempt from its passions, its ambitions, and even its prosperity. Like the high priest who once ministered in its temple, it stands solitary and apart from all secular influences,

and only receives those who come to worship at its mysteries. All the other cities of the earth are frequented by the votaries of gain, or science, or luxury, or glory. Zion only offers privations to the pilgrim's body, solemn reflection for his thoughts, awe for his soul. Her palaces are ruins, her hotels are dreary convents, her chief boast and triumph is a Tomb.

After some resistance from the Turkish sentinels, I entered the Pilgrims' Gate under a lofty archway, and found myself in Jerusalem!

On the left within the walls is a waste place strewed with ruins, and containing a broken cistern, called the "Pool of Bathsheba;" on the right is pointed out the Hill of Zion, whereon "David's Tower" maintains its ground in tradition, if not in truth. From this open space three streets, or rather roads, (for they are almost houseless,) branch off; that to the left leads to Calvary and the convent of the Terra Santa; that to the right to Mount Zion, the English Church, and Armenian convent; and that straight onward to Mount Moriah, where stands the mosque of Omar, and the collection of villages that is called the city.

I betook myself to the hospice of the Latin convent, where I found a whitewashed cell and an iron bedstead at my disposal. It was dismal enough; but long travel, under a Syrian sun, prevents one from feeling fastidious, and it ill becomes a pilgrim to complain on Calvary.

The convent, whose guest I now found myself, is the wealthiest and most influential of all those in Palestine. It is called by distinction *the* Convent of the Terra Santa, and has possessions handed down from the times of Godfrey de Bouillon: all the other Latin convents in Syria pay deference to this, the chief guardian of the Holy Sepulchre.

I took no guide but memory; and, mounting a fresh horse, I repassed the gate by which I had entered on the Southern side, and rode forth to make a circuit of the city, "to walk round about her, and mark well her battlements." Sadly has all been changed since this proud challenge was spoken, yet the walls are still towering and imposing in their effect. They vary in height from twenty to sixty feet, according to the undulations of the ground; and are every where in good repair. The columns and architraves, as old at least as the Roman-conquered city, that are worked into these walls instead of ruder stones, bear eloquent testimony to the different nature of their predecessors. Here and there, their nakedness is reverently clothed with ruin-loving weeds, but their general appearance is practical and modern. A bridle-path leads close to their base all round; the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat yawn suddenly beneath them on the west, south, and north, separating them from Mount Gihon, the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the Mount of Olives. These hills are utterly barren, and as lonely as fear can make them.

Though within gunshot of the city, robberies are here committed with impunity, and few people ever venture to leave Jerusalem without being well armed and attended. The deep gloom of the Valley of Hinnom; the sterility of all around; the silence and desolation so intense, yet so close to the populous city; the sort of memory with which I could trace each almost familiar spot, from the Tower of Hippicus to the Hill of Scopas, made this the most interesting excursion I ever undertook.

And now we look down upon the Pool and Valley of Gihon from the summit of Mount Zion; now upon the Vale of Hinnom, with the Pool of Siloam, and Aceldama beyond the brook; now over Mount Moriah, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat beneath, and the village of Siloam on the opposite side, scattered along the banks where Kedron used to flow. Then, passing through the Turkish cemetery and over the brook Kedron, we come to the venerable garden of Gethsemane, in which, say the legends, still stand the olive-trees that sheltered Christ. This garden is only a small grove, occupying perhaps two acres of ground, but it is one of the best authenticated scenes of interest about Jerusalem. From it, a steep and rocky path leads to the three summits of the Mount of Olives, on the loftiest of which stands the Church of the Ascension. An Armenian priest admitted me into the sacred enclosure, motioned to a little monk to

lead about my horse, and led the way in silence to the roof of the church.

From hence is the most interesting if not the most striking view in the world.

From such a summit might the great Leader of the People have viewed the land, which was to be the reward of their desert wanderings. From it is laid bare every fibre of the great heart of Palestine.

The atmosphere is like a crystal lens, and every object in the Holy City is as clear as if it lay within a few yards, instead of a mile's distance. Each battlement upon those war-worn walls, each wild flower that clusters over them; the dogs prowling about the waste places among the ruins, and cactus, and cypress; the turbaned citizens slowly moving in the streets; all these are recognizable almost as clearly as the prominent features of the city.

The eminence called Mount Moriah lies nearest to our view, just above the narrow Valley of Jehoshaphat. The city wall passes over the centre of it, embracing a wide enclosure, studded with cypresses and cedars, in the centre of which stands the magnificent Mosque of Omar. This is of a very light, fantastic architecture, scarcely seeming able to support the massive dome. It bristles with points, and little spires, and minarets, many of which have gilded crescents, that flash and gleam in the sunshine; while the various groups of Moslems, sitting on bright carpets, or slowly

wandering among the groves, give life and animation to the scene. This mosque occupies the site of the temple, and is held holy by the Moslem as the spot where Abraham offered Isaac to be a sacrifice. To the left of the mosque enclosure within the walls is a space covered with rubbish and jungles of the prickly pear; then part of the Hill of Zion, and David's Tower. To the right of the enclosure is the Pool of Bethesda, beyond which St. Stephen's Gate affords entrance to the Via Dolorosa, a steep and winding street, along which Christ bore the cross in his ascent to Calvary. To the right of this street, and towards the north, stands the hill of Acra, on which Salem, the most ancient part of the city, was built, they say, by Melchisedek. This hill is enclosed by the walls of the modern town; but the hill of Bezetha lies yet further to the right, and was enclosed within the walls that the Romans stormed. Beyond Bezetha stands the Hill of Scopas, wherefrom Titus gazed upon Jerusalem the day before its destruction, and wept for the sake of the beautiful city.

"And Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass over,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city!
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its gentle waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As though a valley sacred to sweet Peace.
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line on line,

Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war, that frown in massive strength,
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven."*

But from the Hill on which *we* stand One other also wept over that fated city. No conquering armies lay around it then; luxury and plenty revelled among its marble palaces; there was large hope on earth, and a new hope just dawned that lighted up the dark passage of the grave, and shewed through its narrow vista a glorified image of that city so dear to its inhabitants —a new Jerusalem. In vain that hope! The stubborn Jew had, in bygone years, impatiently rejected God as his king, and demanded a being like himself "to reign over him;" he now refused to listen to Him, albeit of the house of David, who, by his own confession, "spake as never man spake;" and, with the same sordid spirit that has ever characterized his nation, boasted that he had no king but Cæsar. Then, indeed, "did the sceptre depart from Israel." Foreign

* Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem."

banners might wave upon her towers, foreign tyrants might grind her with oppression ; but a nation never can know slavery, until its *spirit* is bowed voluntarily beneath the yoke.

Whatever beauty may have distinguished the city in the day of its evil pride, there is little within the wide enclosure of its walls to claim an interest, except the unchangeable hills on which it stands. Here and there is a cluster of flat-roofed buildings, then a space bewildered with weeds and ruins ; here is a busy street, with vines sheltering its bazaars, and gorgeous-looking crowds streaming through it ; and there is a deserted garden, with a few dreary olive-trees or cypresses shading its burnt soil ; here is a mosque, with its heavy dome and its pert minarets ; and there is the capacious church that covers the Holy Sepulchre.

The eye wanders away with a feeling of relief from this most mournful city to the wide, strange prospect that surrounds it. Far to the south, we look over the barren but magnificent hills of Judah, with vistas through their rocky glens ; of the rich valley of the Jordan, and the calm, green waters of the Dead Sea ; whose surface gleams on either side of a foreground formed by the lofty village of Bethany. Beyond the Jordan and the Dead Sea, the mountains of the Moabites tower into the clear blue sky, and are reflected in brown and purple shadows on their own dark, mysterious Sea.

Beneath us is the garden of Gethsemane, the Valley

of Hinnom with its Tophet, and the Vale of Jehoshaphat with its brook Kedron, which meets the waters of Siloam at the Well of Job. The Tombs of the Kings, of Nehemiah, of Absalom, and of the Judges, lie before us ; the caves of the Prophets every where pierce the rocks, that have so often resounded to the war-cry of the Chaldean, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Crusader. Beyond the city spreads the Vale of Rephaim, with Bethlehem in the distance ; and every rock, and hill, and valley that is visible bears some name that has rung in history.

And then the utter desolation that every where prevails—as if all was over with that land, and the "rocks had indeed fallen, and the hills indeed had covered" the mighty, the beautiful, and the brave, who once dwelt there in prosperity and peace.

No flocks, no husbandman, nor any living thing is there, except a group of timid travellers ; turbaned figures, and veiled women, and a file of camels, who, winding along the precipitous pathway, under the shade of the fig and palm-tree, complete the picture.

Descending from the Mount of Olives, I re-entered the city by St. Stephen's Gate, which is guarded by Turkish soldiers ; turning to the left, I visited the Pool of Bethesda, which still contains water, and then wandered slowly over the Via Dolorosa, in which is pointed out each spot where the Saviour fell under the burden of the Cross, as he bore it to Calvary along this steep and rugged way.

In after-days, I impatiently traversed the squalid city, with a monk for my guide, in search of its various localities of traditionary sanctity; but I will not ask the reader to stoop to such a labour. My monkish cicerone pointed out to me where Dives lived, where Lazarus lay, where the cock crowed or roosted that warned Peter of his crime, and even where the blessed Virgin used to wash her son's linen. It is difficult to speak of such things gravely; and yet I would not have one light feeling or expression intermingled with the solemn subjects of which this chapter attempts to treat. When we visit Marathon or Salamis, it would shame us to be insensible of their heroic associations; and the pilgrim who can scoff within the walls of Jerusalem does himself at least as little credit in the choice of sensations that he may give way to.

The character of the city within corresponds with that of the country without. Most of it is very solitary and silent; echo only answers to your horse's tread; and frequent waste places, among which the wild dog prowls, convey an indescribable impression of desolation.

It is not these waste places alone that give such an air of loneliness to the city, but many of the streets themselves, dark, dull, and mournful-looking, seem as if the Templars' armed tread were the last to which they had resounded. The bazaars and places of business are confined to one small quarter of the city; every where else, you generally find yourself alone.

No one is even there to point out your way; and you come unexpectedly upon the Pool of Bethesda, or wander among the vaulted ruins of the Hospitallers' courts, without knowing it. The remains of the ancient city that meet your eye are singularly few; here and there a column is let into the wall, or you find that the massive and uneven pavement is of costly marble; but, except the Pools of Hezekiah and Bethesda, the Tower of Hippicus, and some few other remains, preserved on account of their utility, there is little of art to connect the memory with the past.

At the base of the wall that forms the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar are some immense blocks of marble stone, that are said to have formed part of the ancient Temple. I had long sought in vain for Jews among the streets, but here I found them appropriately kneeling at what is called the Place of Wailing. Each Friday, numbers of these people assemble here, and beat their bosoms, and weep, and wail, for Zion's vanished glory.

The chief place of interest in Jerusalem is the Holy Sepulchre, whose site I believe to be as real as the panorama that the priests have gathered round it is false. You descend, by a narrow lane and a flight of steps, into a small enclosure, where you find a guard of Turkish soldiers stationed to keep peace among the Christians. The edifice itself is about the size of Christ's Cathedral in Dublin, which it much resembles. After paying tribute to the Turkish soldiers, you enter

into a large circular hall, supported by a colonnade of eighteen pillars, and surrounded by a large dome, in the centre of which is a pavilion containing the Holy Sepulchre.

The whole of this church has been so frequently described, that I shall only mention that within its walls are collected a panorama of all the events that took place at the crucifixion; the place where Jesus was scourged; the hole in the rock where the Cross stood; the rent in the same; the place where the soldiers cast lots for the garments; the rock whereon the body was anointed; and, lastly, the grave in which He was laid.

The principal superstition by which this sepulchre is defiled is the Holy Fire, which is supposed by the Greeks and the Armenians to descend from Heaven, on Easter Eve, into this little chapel. Crowds of these believers assemble towards evening, each with his torch, which he will risk his life to light; and, after some masses and processions, the Greek patriarch and the Armenian bishop enter the little chapel. Shortly afterwards, a light is seen; the whole mass of worshippers precipitates itself upon a flame issuing from the pavilion; and happy is he who first lights his torch, from thenceforth sacred. The Latins affect to laugh at this imposture; but they can, unfortunately, ill afford to ridicule the superstitions of others.

The scene, as beheld from the gallery that surrounds the circular hall, is thus described by Mr. Wild:—

"The view from the gallery of this building is most

exciting; and, looking down upon the moving mass of human beings beneath, I was forcibly reminded of the scene that the court of Solomon's Temple must have presented when the different tribes and nations came up to worship at Jerusalem. I scarcely knew on what object to rest my eye, so strange and varied was the appearance and costume of the crowd assembled beneath. The diversity of language; the flaunting of the silken banners that moved slowly to and fro from the top of the sepulchral chapel; the gaudy paintings of the Greeks; the waving of censers, and the perfume of incense; the crowds of pilgrims, in attitudes of deep emotion, round each sacred spot; the turbaned Greek; the high-capped Persian; the shaggy coat of the Muscovite; the long beard, and dark, downcast visage of the despised Copt; the dresses of the different ecclesiastics; the mitred abbot; the venerable patriarch, and the cord-girt friar, will never fade from my memory.

"Then the organ of the Latins was in full play, and the measured chant of their hymns rose from the vaults beneath, and with the loud songs of the Greeks, the drums and timbrels of the Armenians, the low, plaintive murmuring of the Copts, the groans of the devout pilgrims descending from Calvary, the glimmering of lamps and tapers, the long lines of the different processions—all formed a scene that beggars description.

"If I closed my eyes amidst this scene, it was but to picture in my mind the bleeding sacrifice, the weep-

ing mother, the gaunt forms of the Roman soldiery, the wagging heads of the reviling Jews, and the riven rocks, the opening sepulchres, the rent veil of the Temple, and mid-day darkness—all appeared to my imagination."

According to monkish topography, Calvary was only a few yards from the Sepulchre, which itself is so altered and adorned as entirely to destroy every appearance of reality. Neither, from research or personal observation, have I any right to offer an opinion on the subject; but I incline to believe that this *is* the Sepulchre; and I see no reason to doubt that Calvary (never mentioned as a *hill* in the sacred writings) occupied the neighbouring locality. Although *within* the present enclosure of the city walls, it was *outside* the ancient circuit, which is necessary to its identity, and there seems little probability that tradition would ever have permitted such a site to be forgotten. The actual spot occupied by the Cross appears entirely devoid of proof; but it seems evident that the place assigned to it, within a dozen yards of the Sepulchre, is the least likely of all.*

* "When you have seen enough of the Sepulchre, you feel, perhaps, weary of the busy crowd, and inclined for a gallop. You ask your dragoman whether there will be time, before sunset, to procure horses, and take a ride to Mount Calvary. 'Mount Calvary, Signor? Eccolo! it is *up-stairs, on the first-floor.*' You ascend thirteen steps, and there you find it." —*Eothen.*

It appears that Golgotha was called "the place of a skull," because Adam's was found there, "who desired," say they, "to be buried where he knew, prophetically, that the Redeemer's blood should fall upon his grave." *

* I visited every possible scene of church history, with a desire to believe in its genuineness, and it was with little inclination I afterwards perused the difficulties or denials attached to each by the precise Robinson, the inaccurate Clarke, the superficial, yet plausible Buckingham, the learned Richardson, Madox, Hogg, and, though last, not least, the painstaking, yet imaginative Wild. Chateaubriand and Lamartine overlay the subject with sentiment, as the monks cover the sacred rock with silver filagree, and their style would be more applicable to Mecca, or to Athens, than to Jerusalem. The Abbé de Geramb is very entertaining, and interesting, too, as showing how a monk professes to feel, who, although a faithful fanatic, has not forgotten that he was a gentleman and a soldier once. Poujoulat's "Histoire de Jerusalem" is very valuable, but diffuse.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MONK AND THE MISSIONARY.

"On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks," *Laborare Est Orare.* In a thousand senses from one end of it to the other, true Work is Worship.

Past and Present—CARLYLE.

We distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who only eat the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other people: and who have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

STERNE.

Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease, he goes forth with the blessed Gospel into pagan climes, to bear the light of eternal life to those that lie in darkness and the shadow of death.

R. M'GHEE.

It was perhaps a natural sentiment that drove enthusiasts in the earlier and stormier ages of the church to seek in retirement "that Peace which the world could not give." They might also have re-

membered that there was a Peace which the world could not take away. In the first burst of a new enthusiasm, however, no second thought was admitted: men of devout faith and exemplary piety had retired to the desert for the purpose of a closer communion with their God; they had announced, to an anxious and fearful world, that, like the typical wanderers of Israel, they had found a path through the desert to the heavenly Canaan; that they felt their salvation was assured by dint of living among reptiles and wild beasts, and assimilating the human life to theirs. Away then to the desert rushed multitudes, zealous for their souls' prosperity—there, the stormy heart was to find peace, the broken spirit consolation, despair itself to be transmuted into hope.

The man who first discovers treasure in a secret place may become enriched thereby, but they who follow will probably find only rubbish. The lofty minds of an Anthony and Pachomius had grown not only to strength, but to power in the hermit's cell, and thousands hastened to seek for piety in the wilderness, as if it were some curious natural production which grew there only. The very desert ceased to be desert; the solitudes of Egypt and Syria became peopled with gloomy dreamers, who seemed to think it was on the body, not the soul, that the weight of sin lay so heavily. These selfish zealots had no regard to their Maker's scheme of creation, by which man is rendered necessary to man—for defence, emulation, counsel,

and consolation. They found, no doubt, a fierce luxury in the lash, and the privations to which they subjected themselves; and devils must have smiled, when they saw the body that God had made so strong, and fair, and comely, torn and disfigured by the penance and scourge: the soul that had been given for the exercise of genial thought, and love and friendship, shrouded by perpetual gloom, and for ever harping, as the ailing body does, upon its own sordid self. Yet these men called themselves *Catholic!*

In the mountains of Egypt, and the cliffs of the Judean hills, I have seen the burrows of these Timons speckling the precipice; the falcon and the fox, that now resume their usual haunts therein, have as much claim upon human sympathy, as the self-outlaws of humanity who preceded them.

There were some victims of this literal monomania, like some of the knights in the darker ages of chivalry, who displayed a spirit, philanthropy, and understanding, singularly at issue with their narrow profession. Men travelled into the desert to seek for dispassionate advice in secular affairs from such hermits, and to stimulate their faith in spiritual matters by a glimpse at such wild zeal. St. Anthony is generally considered the Chief of the Solitaries. He lived for twenty years in a ruined castle on the banks of the Nile, and was the friend of Athanasius, who made use of his testimony against the Arians, as if it were the voice of Heaven that spoke through him.

The sayings that dropped from the pale lips of these Epicureans in mortification were eagerly picked up, like crumbs, by the servile crowd that gaped around them, whenever they exhibited themselves in public. One of the monks of Egypt, being condoled with on the death of his father, sternly reproved his sympathizing friend, who thought perhaps that the tears which a Christ had shed would not misbecome a bereaved son. "Blaspheme not," said the monk, "*my* father is immortal." Another having a Bible, his sole possession, sold it, and gave the price to the poor—thus, for the sake of an isolated text, sacrificing the means of instruction, and of consolation throughout a life.

I mention these two instances, because, being quoted with great pomp by ecclesiastical writers, and having survived some 1400 years, they may be taken fairly as illustrative of the sort of monkish excellence for which civilization was foregone, and humanity exchanged.

Others, however, have left some sayings which deserve more respect, however exaggerative. Pambos, for instance, not being to read, employed a person to teach him the psalms, and, unfortunately for his progress, began with the 39th: having learned "I will take heed unto my ways that I offend not with my tongue;" he said, "that's enough; I shall return again when I have learnt so much practically." It was nineteen years before he went back for another

lesson. When at Alexandria, he saw a dancing-girl exhibiting her performances, and wept at the spectacle. A bystander, remarking on the singularity of the effect produced by the actress, inquired the cause of his tears: "I weep for two reasons," said the solitary: "first, on considering the end of that woman; and secondly, that I use not such diligence to please God as she doth to please men."

According to the Oriental Christians, the Sethites, or "Sons of God," set the first example of the monastic life by retiring to Mount Hermon, in the hope of regaining their lately lost Paradise by the sanctity and purity of their lives: despairing at last of this, and weary of celibacy, they descended to the plains, and, intermarrying with "the daughters of men"—their kinswomen through Cain—begot the Giants.*

Hilarion was the founder of the Christian monastic state in Syria, and St. Basil in Pontus. The spirit spread rapidly throughout the East with various modifications, and seems to have arrived at its climax in the person of Simeon Stylites, who raised himself (on a pillar) to the highest consideration in the monastic world, and was visited on his pious perch by emperors.

At this period, every conspicuous spot in Syria swarmed with human wearers of horses' hair, and feeders on horses' provender. Every dirty cavern

* D'Herbelot.

and uncomfortable hole in the cliffs of Mar Saba had its solitary, if such they could be called, when 10,000 of them are said to have been destroyed in one massacre by the Saracens.

Gradually the monastic spirit changed into the Cænobitic; the monks adopted La Bruyère's principle of solitude, and thought its advantages would be improved by having some one to communicate with upon the subject. St. Pachomius has the credit of founding the Cænobitical or conventual life, and St. Anthony the monastic, or hermit superstition.

I have not space to follow these establishments through their varied history. They spread into Europe, and soon became so remiss (to use a mild term,) in their conduct, that public indignation perhaps prompted, and certainly assisted, St. Odo in their reformation in the eleventh century. The monasteries were then placed under the immediate protection of the Pope, and the bishops were deprived of all control over them. Then were founded the different "religious orders" that have since spread over the Christian world, and have each their representatives at Jerusalem.

When blighted hope, or a blighted name, has changed the heart to stone, a monk's cowl, like moss upon a ruin, may seem to become it well, and to be an indulgence, not a penance. The convent-vow is a sort of moral suicide, by which the life-weary spirit, deserting its post, seeks refuge in a living tomb. The

braver soul, "though faint and worn, unconquered still," tramples down its enervating sorrow, and seeks in action the means of rebuilding the ruined fabric of its hopes on a firmer and worthier foundation. Many a desperate man in the passionate and troubled ages preceding the crusades, who could not brook the torpor of the hermit life, embraced with eagerness some painful pilgrimage, or arduous enterprise that might employ his energies, while it substituted a new object for that which he had lost. Then the religious orders of knighthood were invented, and the ranks of the Templars and Hospitallers became filled with such numbers of volunteers as prove that the attributed romance of that period is not exaggerated. Some few zealous religionists devoted themselves at first to offices of charity, and to the protection of pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem: of these, aged matrons and youthful maidens, be it remembered, formed a large proportion. This circumstance gave to the young institution an air of romance, and an infusion of chivalry, and, thus constituted, it rapidly increased. Its members called themselves at first "poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," but, being allotted quarters within the enclosure of the Temple, they afterwards assumed the name of Templars.

The union of devotion and chivalry, the most powerful and congenial stimulants of human nature, proved still more attractive than even the solitary fanaticism: enthusiasts, who might have shrunk

from the cowl, grasped eagerly the sword, which permitted to them the dear privilege of being men of violence in this world, and certain angels in the next.*

The Church beheld a means of acquiring powerful auxiliaries in the hosts that now thronged to the monk-martial ranks. St. Bernard organised them in due religious form, and the Pope declared himself their special bishop. The Templars appointed their first grand master, Hugh de Payens, early in the twelfth century, and the Hospitallers appear as a military body only a few years later.

The former at first became popular all over Christian Europe, and had immense possessions assigned to them, in England especially. Those of Palestine died, as became them, with the cause they served; but those of France and England, having no cause to sustain or be sustained by, fell under the popular ban, and were extirpated by Philip the Fair and Edward II.

The order of the Hospitallers originated in some pious persons attending two hospitals for pilgrims, established at Jerusalem in the eleventh century. It was not until many years afterwards that they imitated the Templars in becoming a military order, though they bore an equally distinguished part in the crusades. While the Templars soon sank into luxury, and were

* Plenary indulgence was granted not only to the Templars and Hospitallers, but to every Crusader; none ever required it more, or made more liberal use of the privilege.

universally feared and hated, the Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, maintained their honourable character and popularity in the islands of Rhodes and Malta, until their order was all but destroyed by Buonaparte, in 1798.

The Templars wore a white mantle, emblematic of the purity supposed to be assumed by the professing knight, and a red cross, the sign of his devotion to the Holy cause, instead of the usual device of gallantry or chivalry. Their banner was of black and white, and bore the epithet of Beau, or Bien-seant, intimating, in the language of the time, that they were fair towards their friends, but dark and terrible to their enemies.

The distinguishing dress of the Hospitallers was a black mantle with a white cross, and they were bound, like their Templar and Teutonic brethren, by the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience.*

During the time of the crusades, there were few or

* There were several other orders of monastic knighthood, such as the Teutonic, whence arose the kingdom of Prussia; the order of St. Lazarus, that of Calatrava, in Spain, &c.; but those of the Temple, and Hospital, or of St. John, absorb all the interest of the others. Their rivalry increasing with their prosperity, soon turned into hatred and hostility. They even leagued with Moslem powers against each other, and, in 1258, actually fought out their claims to superiority in a fair field without other combatants. The Knights of St. John were victorious, and scarcely a Templar remained alive.

no peaceful conventual establishments in Palestine. Whether it was that monkery became fused into chivalry, or that monasteries could not exist in the open country, and were obliged to arm in Jerusalem, I know not, but the monks of the Latin convent of the Terra Santa maintain that theirs is the only one that existed in the last crusade. There appears to have been a monastery in very early times at Mar Saba, but the monks were all massacred, and its walls left desolate, in the first invasion of the Turks.

After the capture of Acre by the Sultan's Tartars and Mamelukes, in 1291, the Crescent shone triumphantly over the whole of Palestine: by such a light history has never been able to see her way, and we lose sight of the country and its inhabitants, until in 1432, when La Broquière achieved a pilgrimage. He found only two monks in Jerusalem, and they were in most cruel thraldom. In 1507, Baumgarten found a monastery of Franciscans, who were able to afford him shelter and security. Thenceforth, a more liberal or politic spirit seems to have animated the rulers of this doomed land, for pilgrimages have been comparatively safe, and the Christian religion almost respected, until England won back Jerusalem for the Turks, and then permitted them to prohibit the building of her church.

At present there are numerous convents in Jerusalem, which have each their chapel in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Latin convent of the Terra

Santa ranks first in antiquity and possessions, and is under the protection of the King of the French. Its chapel is plain, but the most extensive in the edifice.

The Greek convent should come next in point of the number of its pilgims, which involves its wealth. These last are, for the most part, Russians, and, like the pilgrims of all the other creeds, as it were, the tenants, whose rent for the temporary uses of the sacred place may be heard jingling throughout the chapels, as dissonantly as when the Temple of Solomon was similarly desecrated.

The Armenians are next in order, possessing the handsomest convent and the most ornamental chapel at the sepulchre, next to the Greeks. These Armenians resemble in some respects the Jews; dispossessed of their own country by the invasion of Abbas Shah, of Persia, they became, like the tribes of the "wandering foot and weary breast," dispersed abroad into all lands, but preserved their nationality and faith unimpaired. They have still a monastery near lake Van, in Armenia; but their home, as a people, is everywhere throughout the East.

They claim apostolic descent from St. Bartholomew; and I am informed, by the best authority in Jerusalem, that their faith, in the abstract, is very orthodox. In their ritual they follow partly the Greek, partly the Coptic forms. The Armenians are divided into two sects—the original or "the wine," and the papistical or "vinegar," as they term them. The former ac-

knowledge no supremacy beyond that of their own patriarchs; the latter have subjected themselves to the Pope of Rome: the former, in their conventual discipline, follow the rules of St. Basil; the latter those those of St. Dominic.

There are also Coptic, Abyssinian, and Maronite convents at Jerusalem, and indeed all the creeds of the Christian world have their representatives here. It is a marvellous sight, and one to make a spectator thoughtful, to see those various sectaries bending over the tomb, whence all their hopes have risen, each believing that his own proud heart contains the only real hope—each setting his miserable yet complicated heresy above the grand and simple truth, and exalting the by-laws of his sect above the Magna Charta of the true soul.

Far be it from me to bring a sweeping accusation against any body of men, especially against the silent and defenceless victims of monastic enthusiasm. I would fain believe that many of these isolated beings serve God in singleness and purity of heart; I would fain hope that many have found peace in those dark cells, for which they have exchanged the bright world to which they were born heirs, heirs of freedom, light and life. But what can be said in defence of those who prostitute the sacred mysteries to Mammon, who profane the very sepulchre of Christ with the foulest falsehood and the blackest hypocrisy?

By the tomb of the mortal friend we have loved and

lost on earth, men meet even their enemies in peace; but at the Saviour's Tomb, the infidel watches with drawn sabre to prevent his followers from destroying one another! At this tomb the chiefs of two rival and hating creeds unite for once on Easter eve, but it is in the cause of fraud. Enclosed within the chapel, Greek and Armenian bishops call down fire from heaven by the intervention of a lucifer-match! Their believers strive madly to light their torches by this sacred flame, while the priests of other faiths stand scorning by, waiting until their turn shall arrive, to triumph in their own followers' dastard superstitions. Each sect beholds the motes in her rival's eyes with a microscopic vision, while she thinks that all the beams in her own are beams of light.

All the chief priests that serve in the Holy Sepulchre belong to the different monastic establishments; and, if such be the fruit of the tree, what must be expected of the leaves and branches? The cloister no longer contains the noble spirits and gentle blood that once sought shelter there from temptation and from luxury. With the exception of the Superior of the convent, it is very rarely we meet a monk of Nature's aristocracy, or of any but the lowest grade of life. It is true that humble birth should form no objection, least of all in the matter of religion. "The poor have the gospel preached unto them;" and the ambassadors of the most important tidings that ever reached the human ear were fishermen and pub-

licans ; but those who have to preach should at least have some intellectual culture, now that the days of inspiration are gone by ; yet, by far the greater number of the monks I have seen appear to be utterly illiterate and unenlightened.

Indolent as their lives in general are, they even lose the burthen of self-discipline, by delegating the office of all moral government to the Superior of their convent—"ils ont abdiqué le gouvernement de soi-même, tant cet empire fatigue son triste possesseur," as one of their own class has expressed it.*

There are at least a thousand monks in Palestine, chiefly Russians, Greeks, Spaniards, and Italians. They come hither for seven years, and are frequently too indolent or apathetic ever to return to Europe. At Nazareth, Bethlehem, Mount Carmel, and even Jerusalem, we find them apparently uninfluenced by any affection or association with respect to their location, "any more than," as the author of Eothen remarks, "the officers of a marching regiment are by stupid country quarters."

Except their (paid) hospitality to pilgrims, in itself a very questionable advantage, I am not aware of any utility in these monastic establishments. Nor do they claim any, to do them justice, except what they suppose is conferred on their own souls. I asked one of them if he supposed the path of salvation lay only

* M. Dupaty.

through a convent; and he replied, "No doubt we might be saved in the world, but we are *safer* here."

Each convent, except the mere hospices, has what is called a "padre missionario" attached to it, but *his* duties likewise are confined to his convent. He overlooks the spiritual, as the Superior attends to the temporal welfare of the monks; nor are even these men adapted in any way to diffuse those talents which they wrap so carefully in their coarse napkins. The different sects are as little likely to change their tenets as rival banking-establishments their clerks; and they wisely abstain from the attempt to make converts, with the exception of the Jesuits, who have an establishment at Beyrout, and another in the Lebanon.

I visited the former, and was much struck by the zeal, talent, and tact exhibited by the monks, who differed as much from their brethren of other orders as our anti-corn-law agitators from a corn-chandler. They have sixty children of the Greek and Maronite churches in their school at Beyrout; and at least as many, whom they board and lodge, in their institution in the mountains. They have made but little progress, notwithstanding their zeal and determination. The proud Moslem, the very essence of whose creed is abhorrence of idolatry, looks with contempt upon the worship and processions of saints, virgins, and crucifixes; while the Jew is far too well acquainted with the nature of pecuniary transactions to be much prejudiced in favour of a creed in which each friar is a

beggar of alms, and each convent a bazaar of sanctities. The warehouse of relics and pilgrim-ornaments at the Latin convent is furnished with such a stock as would seem inexhaustible, were it not that these articles are actually a subject of extensive merchandize in Europe, and, like paper-currency, acquire all their value by passing through the hands of these spiritual dealers. There are about seven hundred persons employed at Bethlehem in the manufacture of beads, crosses, and mother-of-pearl carvings, &c. The monks receive these as raw material; but, having been rubbed on the Sepulchre, and having had mass said over them, they assume the value that makes them sought for by the devotees of the south of Europe.

I now turn to the ministers of the reformed faith in Palestine. It is a difficult and delicate matter to speak with impartiality where one's feelings are interested, and one runs the chance, perhaps, of erring in the opposite extreme, in the desire to avoid a questionable eulogy.

I confess with diffidence that I am little qualified to speak upon the subject. I have spoken, for the most part, statistically of the monastic establishments; and I shall endeavour to confine myself to the same principle in speaking of the Church of England and the American missions.

There is little of a practical and active missionary spirit to be found among the members of the Church of England, which is more remarkable in a psycholo-

gical than in a religious point of view. With respect to the latter, the large sums that are annually subscribed by the laity of our church is a convincing proof of the warm interest they take in the matter.* It appears strange, however, that in a life so full of enterprise in the holiest cause, so well calculated for the exercise of energy, genius, and Christian charity, that the young and ardent spirits of our universities do not more frequently volunteer in the missionary cause. Assuming as a truth that the Hebrew lies in bondage in that very land where the liberty of the soul was first preached to man through Hebrew lips; assuming that, under the banner of our faith, that liberty is only to be found,—is the old crusading spirit so dead amongst us that no one is to be found to bear the banner of the Cross once more to Palestine in a purer cause?

When gain or glory may be won, where are the shores, the climate, or the savages, that deter the enterprising sons of England? While the fatal coasts of Demerara and the pestilential islands of the Chinese seas swarm with adventurers in the cause of conquest and of commerce, the Holy Land, the Land of Promise to us, as to them of old, remains without one volunteer from the ranks of our English Universities.

Nevertheless, her cause is not the less faithfully served by the courageous few who at present sustain

* Last year the subscriptions amount to £25,325 8*s.* 0*d.*

the responsibility of representing the primitive pure faith in Palestine; that faith which England has laboured so patiently in the closet and fought so fiercely in the battle-field to vindicate. Oxford contents herself with Jerusalem in the abstract, and has not a single representative of her principles in the cradle of the saints. There they might freely exercise their discipline, apart from the eyes of cavillers, and perhaps edify those who cling to the memory of the ancient Eremites. Cambridge sends annually some four or five hundred students to swell the ranks of the church militant, for which they are content to keep garrison in quiet glebe and peaceful parsonage. Palestine knows not their name. With respect to the Dublin University, it has the responsibility of educating the priesthood of a church that is too truly missionary in its own green isle. No Christian-born minister of the English church was to be found in Syria when I was there, except the clergyman of Beyrout, and he has but recently exchanged a civil profession for holy orders.

The excellent bishop who holds the rule of our Church at Jerusalem is himself of Hebrew race, and was supposed to be on that account peculiarly well adapted for his arduous mission. This may perhaps be doubted, as well as the propriety of the exclusively missionary character of our church establishment at Jerusalem; but no one can doubt that Bishop Alexander, as far as in him lies, has faithfully, zealously,

and most patiently discharged the difficult duties of his high commission. Since the days of the early church, no bishop has ever held charge of a more discouraging diocese, or been subject to greater discouragement.

Mr. Nicholayson had been for many years a missionary in Jerusalem, previously to its being made an English bishopric. It was not my good fortune to make the acquaintance of this gentleman, who was absent in Samaria; but I have heard from all quarters the most unqualified testimonies to his high character, his talents, and his energies.* He is also, I believe, of Jewish race, as are the two other missionaries associated in his labours. These, together with Mr. W. at Beyrout, comprised the whole church missionary establishment when I was in Syria, with the exception of its medical branches.

Honour to that faithful few, who upheld the name and character of our Church, when there were none of her own sons to undertake the thankless service. Exiled from society, and all the advantages of civilization; wearing away their lives in a dangerous climate,

* The bishop, accompanied by the Rev. F. Ewald and Dr. McGowan, arrived at Jerusalem in January, 1841. Mr. Nicholayson first visited Jerusalem in 1826. Being soon after obliged to leave it, he visited Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Malta, in his missionary character. In 1833 he returned to Jerusalem, where he has ever since remained, through the visitations of plague, war, and famine.

in a lonely land; sustained only by the consciousness of their high calling, and uncheered even by success; they live, and watch, and pray, and die, half-forgotten by their countrymen, and entirely unknown to fame. Honour to their brave hearts! and may brighter prospects yet arise to cheer their arduous path of duty!

There is no impropriety or breach of confidence in confessing the slight success that has hitherto attended their efforts. It would be attributing a very unjust sordidness to the generous supporters of the Jewish mission, to suppose that their liberality could be increased or diminished by the success or failure of right means. As yet, there have been only eleven converts from the Jewish faith to ours; but two of these were Rabbis of high attainments and consideration in the synagogue, and the whole number have proved their sincerity by the sacrifices they submitted to. They were expelled with contumely from their synagogues, separated for ever from their wives and children, and deprived of any little means of livelihood they possessed, under the plea that it was required for their deserted families.

The Jews frequenting the Holy City at present amount in number to about 4500 souls; and, perhaps, since the days of Titus, their race has never enjoyed such privileges within its walls. This tolerance was not obtained from the liberality of the Turks, or the conciliating spirit of the Christian sectaries; charity

never would have effected in this sordid city what the mere policy of Mehemet Ali brought about. He recognised this people simply as industrious agents; he knew that the population of Jerusalem was declining, and that they were the only people who were homeless enough in other cities, and interested enough in this, to swell its population. The Jew obtained perfect immunity under the Pasha's rule. Nevertheless, though comprising nearly one-third of the number of inhabitants, the Jews carry on but little business, partly for want of material, and partly because they are supported by plentiful alms from their European brethren. The contributions of the Jews, who are anxious to preserve a remnant of Israel in the city of their fathers, are received by the chiefs of the synagogue, and distributed by them among their poorer brethren. Thus enabled to live a life of idleness, they devote themselves to the study of their Scriptures and the Talmud; they are the most bigoted, fanatical, and controversial of their obstinate race.

Such is the soil upon which our missionaries have to labour; and who can wonder that the result is not one to be triumphantly spoken of?

I have before observed that Moslem converts are unknown; with one exception, at least, a convert at Beyrout, who, being mad, can scarcely be considered in that light. The missionaries have great hopes of being useful among the Jews at Saphet, and the Samaritans at Nablous, who display a great desire for infor-

mation on matters connected with the Scriptures, and thus afford an easy opportunity of discussing their contents and promises.

The American missionaries have an establishment at Jerusalem, and also at Beyrout, and the Lebanon; two of their clergymen and a physician reside among their mountains, and board, lodge, and educate about fifty pupils there. These are the children of Druses, Maronite, and Greeks, no Moslem ever entering a Christian school. The Americans have a printing-press, from which they issue a considerable number of Arabic tracts, and copies of the Scriptures for distribution among the people; but, on the whole, their labours have not been rewarded by any considerable success.

One of the most efficient means by which prejudices against the missionaries of our own and other churches are removed, and a sense of obligation is inspired and constantly renewed, is that of the medical establishments connected with the missions. Dr. McGowan,* an able and intelligent physician, presides over that at Jerusalem, and distributes advice and medicine gratuitously to the crowds who seek for his assistance. He had just completed a hospital when I visited him, in

* Dr. McGowan was lately assaulted by some Turkish soldiers; the indignation of the Jews, and their warm solicitude about him on the occasion, afforded a gratifying proof of how deeply they appreciated his kindness and services to their people.

which were wards for poor natives of both sexes, and a couple of apartments for persons of a higher class.*

At Beyrout, there is an establishment maintained by "the Syrian Medical Aid Society," which appeared to me particularly judicious, and likely to be of great benefit, beyond even that highest of all human charities—relief from suffering. This society is most fortunate in its officer, Dr. Kearns, who unites to talents and acquirements of the highest order an unostentatious but steady zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people who daily throng his door for medical relief.

The service of our church is performed twice every Sunday at Jerusalem by the bishop and one of the clergy attached to the mission. In the morning, the service is read in English, in the afternoon, in German, for the sake of the Jewish converts. There is a neat little chapel in the enclosure, purchased by the mission, which, however, is only intended for temporary occupation while the church is being built. The congregation consisted of about thirty persons when I was there, among whom were the bishop's and the missionaries'

* It may be taken either as a proof of the danger that the Rabbis anticipated from this exhibition of practical Christian charity towards the Jews, or at least as a proof of its efficacy, that Sir Moses Montefiore has lately sent over a Hebrew physician to Jerusalem. I heard from Dr. McGowan, however, that his practice was not in the least diminished by the arrival of this rival in his charitable labours, whom he spoke of as a gentleman of learning and liberality.

families, the Prussian consul, one or two strangers, and eight converted Jews.

I have before alluded to the fact of permission having been granted by Mehemet Ali for the building of our church. Under his government, the walls were raised to the height of about two feet. England expelled the Egyptian from Syria, and gave Jerusalem to the Turks, who, in return, at once put a stop to the English church, alleging a Moslem law, which forbids the construction or even the reparation of any place of Christian worship. Thus, for nearly three years, the Church of England at Jerusalem has been suffered to exist only as a subject for Moslem insult and for Jewish scoff. Vainly appeals have been made to the Porte for permission to proceed with this edifice; no means but bribery can forward applications for justice at Constantinople, and this the mission justly scorns to employ. Had it been a factory that was interfered with, or a commercial right that was invaded, England's sword would long since have severed the Gordian knots into which the Ottoman policy is ever weaving its contemptible cobwebs.*

* It is to be observed, however, and at the same time regretted, that our church was founded only by the mission, and merely patronized, not directly owned, by England. Mr. Nicholayson has been at Constantinople for the last six months, endeavouring to obtain a firman for its completion; and, while these sheets are passing through the press, I have heard he has succeeded in his object, mainly through the interference of Sir Stratford Canning.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PILGRIM.

Yet still 'mid Zion's fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim still his murmuring vespers paid:
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequered twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb;
While forms celestial filled his trancéd eye,
The daylight dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast the tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charmed the mourner's soul.

Palestine.—HEBER.

"The pardons of the Holy Land begin at Jaffa," says one high pilgrim-authority, and another assures us "that he who walks six paces into Palestine shall never lose his soul."

The practice of pilgrimage seems as ancient at least as the days of Jacob; for we find him using the

expression as a metaphor for life:—"Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage" are the words of one to whom the subject was familiar.

No doubt the Church may have seen in it a means of discipline in early ages, and have had recourse to it for the soul's welfare, as physicians prescribe alteratives for the body. Pilgrimages necessarily involved privation, self-denial, and long contemplation of the holy scenes they were about to visit. Time for reflection, and removal from the scenes of temptation, may have frequently proved efficacious to the sinner, while his frame was braced by the toils of travel, and his mind was exercised by spiritual matters.

But pilgrimage soon became a price given for remission of sins; and, as the motive became less rational, larger numbers thronged to act upon its impulse. The greater the difficulty of visiting the Holy Sepulchre, the more meritorious it became. If it was advantageous to do so under Constantine, it was most excellent in the time of the Saracens, and beyond all value under the Carismians. Kings, queens, and nobles; old men and matrons, virgins, and even little children, hastened to secure the safety of their souls by their body's peril.

It was the wrongs done to the pilgrims that provoked the first Crusade; it was the intelligence gleaned by the Palmers that circulated Eastern knowledge and intelligence through the cloisters and the courts of Europe.

After the Christian empire in Palestine was utterly overthrown by the taking of Acre in 1291, pilgrimages to Jerusalem appear to have ceased altogether for some centuries. Compostella and Loretto were substituted; and 500,000 pilgrims are said to have visited the latter in the course of a single year. After the middle of the seventeenth century, the tide of pious wayfaring returned to its ancient channel, and the lay and clerical coffers at Jerusalem have been ever since refreshed by two great inundations annually; once by the Latins, and again by the Greeks, who keep their Easter, and perform their pilgrimages, in consequence, at a different period.

It is supposed, that not less than 20,000* Christian pilgrims visit Jerusalem every spring; and many shiploads of Moslems, transported in steamers at the Sultan's expense, also arrive annually at Jaffa, on their route to Mecca.

The Moslems far exceed in number the Christian pilgrims. Burckhardt says 70,000 assembled at Mecca, and Pitt and the elder Niebuhr mention the same number. They approach their holy city with uncovered heads, bare feet, and only a sheet flung over their shoulders. The eccentric Haroun Alraschid is

* It is with diffidence I venture to give any Oriental statistic. I have heard the number of pilgrims variously estimated at from 5 to 25,000. Mr. Wild gives the population of Jerusalem at 35,000; I do not believe it amounts to above 12,000.

said to have walked all the way from Bagdad to Mecca in these weeds, with his wife, Zobeidé, similarly arrayed. However, they are also reported to have had rich carpets spread the whole distance for them to walk upon; and they had probably also awnings to protect their royal shaven scalps from the burning sun of the desert.

The Jew performs no pilgrimage; if he visit the Holy City, it is in the hope of dying there, and laying his bones in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; so great a privilege is this considered, that Sandys saw shiploads of Jewish skeletons waiting for disembarkation at Jaffa, in order to be carried to Jerusalem for interment.

About a fortnight before their respective Easter days, the pilgrims of the Greek and Latin creeds begin to arrive in Palestine. Jaffa is the principal port, not only on account of its vicinity to Jerusalem, but from its individual sanctity. Hence Jonah set sail to preach repentance to Nineveh; here St. Peter dwelt in the house of his friend, Simon the tanner, which is shown by the friars to this day. Nor are these the only interesting localities of Jaffa. St. Jerome tells us that he saw the remains of the broken chain by which Andromeda was bound to the rock, when delivered by Perseus from the monster of the sea!

Most of the pilgrims belong to the humbler classes, and even those who have the means, abstain from making any shew of luxury during their toilsome progress to Jerusalem. They find shelter and some

slight refreshments in the hospices devoted to the exception of their various sects at Jaffa, Ramlah, and Jerusalem. They hear mass in the Holy Sepulchre, visit the manger at Bethlehem, bathe in the water of the Jordan, and, having visited all the prescribed stations in and around Jerusalem, they return to Europe, respectable for the remainder of this life, and secure of eternal happiness in the next.

As the soldier-spirit seems epidemic wherever armies meet, and the landsman feels something of the sailor within him, as the ship that bears him battles with the waves, so one inevitably experiences something of the pilgrim enthusiasm on approaching Jerusalem, and endeavour to cherish the feeling as if it were a religion in itself.

In such a mood, even the traveller who professes a more spiritual faith might kneel upon Calvary, and prostrate himself at the Holy Sepulchre, as a mere sentiment, if the awe of the sacred places did not dispel every illusion, and sternly call upon the startled soul to put off all masquerading. Not so the professed pilgrim—the very ceremonies and the actor in them, from which we shrink as from a mockery, exercise a power and a spell over his excited heart. The gilding and the ornaments, the painted altar, and the embroidered priest, the pealing organ and the fragrant incense, all are full of mystery and awe to those for whom they are intended. Take, then, one brief glance at that sepulchre; visit the reputed Calvary, for the

sake of the association, which is more important than locality; pause not to scoff at, to condemn, or coldly scrutinize the rapt worshippers around you; but go forth in the humble hope that your faith is right, and that theirs is not altogether wrong.

Not far from the Church of the Sepulchre is the house assigned by tradition, as that wherein Pontius Pilate pronounced judgment upon the King of the Jews, and the window is shown where He was presented to the multitude, in the bitter mockery of royalty.

Familiar as the subject is to every Christian imagination, it never came upon my mind with such force before; and, as I leant against an ancient pillar, the solemn scene came before me as vividly as if this were in truth the Hall of Doom, where God's decree was unconsciously administered by the corrupt Roman judge. There the accused Deity stood before the tribunal of his creature, and suffered the penalty of man to be pronounced and expiated on Himself. He was accused of assuming the title of King, and, lo! in his very punishment his royalty was symbolized! though that purple robe was flung over Him in mockery, it was not less the robe of kings; though that crown was of thorns, it was not less a royal diadem. Gold and silver, and precious stones, are prepared for conquerors' brows by the victims of their tyranny—briars and blood-red drops were the offerings of the redeemed to their Saviour! Those rubies were of such value

as to purchase man's salvation; that rugged crown was one day to be bowed down before by all the kings of earth.

Well might the gallant Godfrey refuse to be crowned with gold in this city, where *his* King was crowned with thorns.

Pensively let the traveller ascend the rugged Road of Sorrow,* along which the Cross was painfully borne; mournfully let him stand on Calvary; then gratefully turn to the Mount of Olives, in pilgrim language called the Mount of Blessing; and breathe a prayer that the experience of that day may not be lost upon his soul.

Let us leave to those who make livelihood by them such scenes as the house where Mary dwelt, where Dives revelled, and where dogs licked the sores of Lazarus; the spot where the cock crew, the cavern where Peter wept. Enough for us that on this soil the Saviour laid down his life, so transcendently heroic, so meekly humble: enough for us that these skies above us received Him, risen, and still bespeak his presence. We envy not the man who can merge the pilgrim in the traveller, and the believer in the antiquary.

Often have I wandered among the desolate enclosures of Jerusalem, by the moon's mournful light, that seemed to harmonize with the ruins round. The

* Via Dolorosa.

streets were silent as the grave; the night-wind, like a wailing spirit, alone wandered through the forsaken shrines; or sighed among the cypresses and the palm-trees that towered against the dark blue sky. Sometimes the howl of the wild dog struck upon the ear; and more than once I was startled by the voice of a poor Scotch maniac, exclaiming, in passionate accents, "Woe! woe! woe to Zion!"

A residence in Jerusalem, for a solitary pilgrim like myself, is one of the strangest experiences of life. Apart from the associations by which it is hallowed, it is unlike every other city of the earth. Its population consists, as it were, not of its own people, but rather resembles the inmates of some great caravanserai, accidentally huddled together, denizens of distant places, professors of various creeds, each hating and fearing the other as an alien, and a stranger.

Here are mean but busy bazaars, crowded with the inhabitants of every Eastern nation, each seeking his peculiar articles of food or dress, and endeavouring, in his own tongue, to obtain it for the smallest possible portion of his own coin. There are silent and lonely streets, paved with huge blocks of marble, and consisting, for the most part, of blank and gloomy walls. At one corner of the city you meet the scowl of some malignant Jew, who considers your presence a profanation to his Holy City, and at another you encounter a fanatical Moslem, cursing the unhallowed foot that

approaches the precincts of Omar's Mosque. Each sectary of the Cross or Crescent, Greek or Latin churchman, Druse or Metouali, regards his heretic neighbour with pious horror, intermingled with contempt. The candjiar and the pistol in every sash; the fierce moustache and fiery eyes on every countenance; the watchful and restless or gloomy look which every one wears; the unaccountable absence of children from the streets; the women gliding about, few, and, as if fearful, in their strange disguises; the monks of the various orders, with aspects as rugged and dismal as their sloven dress; such is the population amongst whom you dwell.

There is no place of relaxation or of public amusement in this mournful city. This is sensibly felt by the traveller; not as requiring such resources for himself, but as imprinting a character of gloom and cheerlessness on the people who pass their lives within these walls, or only venture out to weep over the tombs in the Moslem cemetery, or the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The greater part of the time I passed at Jerusalem I was as solitary as when I was in the desert. In the cool of the morning, I used to ride up the Mount of Olives, or explore the glens and caverns, once the refuge places of the Prophets, now the resort of robbers and outlaws. If I had been reconnoitring for Titus, I could not have made myself more familiar with every feature of the doomed city than solitude and curiosity conspired to make me during these frequent rambles.

Towards noon, I was driven by the heat to take shelter in my apartments, which I shall describe, as affording a specimen of the houses of Jerusalem. I only passed one night in the dreary hospice of the Terra Santa, and the next evening found myself, on my return from a distant ride, the tenant of Abou Habib, in the Via Dolorosa.

He was a portly old Christian, very like Lablache in the garb of Figaro, only that a long robe of brown silk enveloped his person, and a capacious turban his broad brow. He could speak but few words of Italian, and the gesticulations with which he endeavoured to express some difficult emotion in Arabic were irresistibly ludicrous. He piqued himself on his cookery, and was continually inventing some new abomination of grease and rice, to tempt my appetite. There was a hospitality about the old fellow, notwithstanding his reputed avaricious propensities, that prevented me from ever scrutinizing his bills. If he made the most of his guests in one respect, he also did in every other.

My servant was quite superseded in the culinary department. As soon as I rose in the morning, it was Abou Habib who presented my coffee; when I came in from riding, pipe and coffee were handed by Abou Habib; and in a few moments rissoles in vine leaves, or pieces of pilau in cucumbers, with a broiled fowl, and a flask of Vino d'Oro, were presented by Abou Habib. If I clapped my hands throughout the day, the same portly figure presented itself; if I fell asleep

on the divan, I found him fanning away the flies; at dinner, he was at once cook and butler; in the evening, he was killing chickens while he whistled a tune, or plucking them, as he chanted some unintelligible old song; he even climbed the housetop, to offer me my pipe, and at length actually took to grooming my horses.

The entrance to this house of hospitality was by a narrow flight of stone steps, leading out of the Via Dolorosa; a door opened thence into a courtyard, where my horses were stabled in an enclosure, and picketted to the wall by the fetlock; a corridor, in which were doors leading to a kitchen on one side, and sleeping-rooms on the other, connected this outer with an inner court, shaded by a few lemon and cypress trees. In this were my apartments, consisting of a sleeping-room and a large wainscoted chamber, surrounded with a divan, and diversified with a variety of shelves, presses, and cupboards.

Opposite were the sleeping apartments of my host, his buxom wife, and her blooming sister. These women seemed to me to lead a life of perfect idleness, for the indefatigable Abou Habib was all in all, and monopolised all the offices of the establishment, even to dressing, in more senses than one, a young son of his, who was the plague of the household.

My host was civil and humble, even to servility; but the female members of his family appeared to be as free from constraint as they were from forwardness.

During a short but severe illness, they attended me with the greatest kindness, and afterwards gave me lessons in Arabic, in folding turbans, and other Eastern accomplishments. Accustomed for six months to see only grim, bearded men, about me, I felt that life was very much improved by the presence of even this specimen of the softer sex.

It was pleasant to see their graceful figures moving about in the courtyard; it was pleasant, now and then, to look up from one's book, as the window was darkened by a slight turban, from which rich tresses gushed over the shoulder, and dark, but gentle eyes shone beneath it; then came some simple question as to lighting a pipe, or want of coffee, and the Presence passed away. Yet, most of all, it was pleasant, when evening fell, as I lay upon my divan, and looked up to the clear bright sky, against which the cypresses trembled in the night breeze, to hear the low, sweet, plaintive voices in which these Eastern women sang the songs of their historic Land.

These women were Christians, and Hebron was their native place: they had never heard of the Bible, but the name of the Koran was familiar to them. On Sundays and Fridays they went to chapel, gaily dressed, but, according to the Eastern usage among Christians as well as Moslems, they seldom appeared at other times in the street. Their dress in the house consisted of a close-fitting tunic, buttoned from beneath the bosom for some distance down,

thence open to allow free motion to their limbs, that were clothed with very full, loose trousers, tied at the ankle, and falling over the slippered foot. The bosom was generally open, or but partially enclosed by the crape garment within ; a light turban or a handkerchief of Damascus silk covered the head, from which the rich hair flowed free, or was plaited into two long braids.

In the streets, the Christian women wear the "yashmak" or veil across the face, as the Moslems do, applying the term "barefaced" to a fact, and not a principle; but in the house it is entirely laid aside. The women of both religions pass much of their time on the house-tops, peeping through the circular tiles, that are built into a wall, so as to admit the air, but conceal the inhabitants of each roof. But to return to the pilgrim.

At the festival of Easter, the Pilgrims assemble in thousands to visit the Jordan. The Arabs know this season as well as the sportsman does the 1st of September, and assemble in tribes along the road to Jericho in the hope of booty. The Turkish governor always sends a guard with each caravan, knowing the importance of pilgrims to Jerusalem, and willing to afford every facility to this as to any other enterprise conducive to the revenue.

It is an imposing sight to witness that long array of pilgrims winding through the gloomy Passes of the Judean hills, with the bright sunshine flashing on the

bristling spears of the Bedouin, and the gorgeous trappings of the Albanian cavalry; the long necks of camels peering high over the mass, and the eager, huddling movement of the timorous crowd. Woe to the poor pilgrim who lags behind, or is overtaken at nightfall on the outskirt of the camp! They are vigilantly beset by the children of Ishmael, who consider the privilege of robbing as being theirs by Divine right. "God," say they, "gave to Isaac the land of Canaan, but to Ishmael the Desert, and all that is found thereon."

Shortly before my arrival at Jerusalem, a Mr. G., an English traveller, had joined himself to one of these pilgrimages to the Jordan for the sake of security, as well as of curiosity. When about half-way to Jericho, he happened to linger behind the caravan, and was cantering along the lonely road to overtake it. Suddenly his horse was checked by a resistless grasp, and himself thrown to the ground. The moment before, there was no living creature visible in that wild glen; now, on recovering from the shock, he saw an Arab bending over him, with his spear pointed at his bosom; two other Bedouins stood by, and his horse had disappeared. Not understanding the menacing injunction to lie still, he tried to rise, and was instantly pinned to the ground by the Arab's lance. Seeing that resistance was hopeless, he submitted to his fate, and the two Bedouins approached with the request, "Cousin, undress thyself, thy aunt is without

a garment." This is the usual form in the desert, in whose slang the word "aunt" seems to figure in somewhat of the same capacity that "uncle" does in ours; but the "balls" are of lead, not brass.

As Mr. G. displayed considerable reluctance in assisting the wants of his unknown relative, the Bedouin stripped him with wonderful despatch. They soon left him in a state of utter nudity, and in reply to all his remonstrances, only returned him his hat, which they looked upon with contempt, and useless even to his unscrupulous "aunt." They even took away the hatband, and then left him to return as best he might to the crowded metropolis, clothed only in a narrow-brimmed beaver.

Arrived at the Jordan, the pilgrims rush into the deep and rapid river with such enthusiasm that they are not unfrequently drowned, and carried away by the stream. The Greek and Latin church has each its peculiar spot where Christ was baptized, as well as its peculiar Easter, so they never interfere with each other here, as in the Holy Sepulchre. The leader of the troops only allows a certain time for the immersion, and then re-forms his caravan to return to Jerusalem.

In the valley of the Jordan, there is much wood, and there formerly were many palms: here each pilgrim cuts himself a staff, and is thenceforth a "palmer," or one whose pilgrimage is accomplished.

Notwithstanding the number of foreigners thus

annually arriving at Jerusalem, there has been no representative of European powers, established here, until very recently. A Protestant and an Englishman was the first, and a better person for that arduous situation could not have been selected than Mr. Young. Very zealous for his country, and very firm for its privileges, he has yet had sufficient tact and suavity to avoid having ever come into collision with the Turkish authorities. This was a more difficult matter in the first exercise of European interference than may at first appear. Highly educated, moreover, and taking an active interest in matters relating to our Church, he has made his arduous situation a means of interest and improvement to himself, and a real advantage to all his countrymen. If I might introduce a lady's name into these pages, I would fain dwell on the advantage that not only our travellers but our national character derives from the grace and charm that the limited society at Jerusalem owes to the drawing-room of the British Consulate.

The king of Prussia, with his characteristic liberality and right-mindedness, immediately on the appointment of the English bishopric, appointed a Prussian Consul at Jerusalem. I am much indebted to Dr. Schultz, who now holds that office, for his courtesy, hospitality, and information, which last, especially, he possesses in the highest degree.

The king of France has also sent a consul to Jerusalem, who immediately embroiled himself with the

Turkish authorities, and has been in difficulties ever since. To do him justice, however, he vindicated the right of hoisting a Christian flag in the Holy City, and procured the recall of the Pasha of Jerusalem, who had given much dissatisfaction to the Europeans and other Christians.

The Turks have a garrison in Jerusalem of about eight hundred soldiers. The surrounding country, nominally under their authority, is in fact ravaged by the Bedouin up to the very walls of Jerusalem, and the different villages look only to themselves for protection. Jerusalem is ill-adapted at present for a military post: it is commanded by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the Hill of Scopas, within half cannon-shot. Its supply of water is very limited, and depends in summer altogether upon tanks. Kedron has long ceased to flow during the warm months, and wells are unknown. The road from Jaffa is almost impassable for artillery, and affords unequalled facilities for guerilla troops to fight, and cut off supplies.

Jerusalem is about forty miles from the sea, and twenty-four from the Jordan. There is very little wheat grown, and very few cattle fed in its neighbourhood. Its present population, of about 12,000* souls, finds a very scanty subsistence, and have no

* Viz. 4,000 Moslems, 3,500 Christians, 3,500 Jews, and 800 Turkish troops in garrison.

commerce whatever to assist them. Alms and pilgrims are the principal, if not the only, sources of wealth. The Jews, Latins, and Greeks, are entirely dependant on such resources.

CHAPTER XLV.

BETHLEHEM.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

BISHOP HEBER.

I felt little inclination to linger at Jerusalem after I had explored the prescribed localities, and such as I had selected for myself. It was now midsummer; and the sun, reflected from the white walls and marble pavement, seemed to surround me with a fiery glow. The very zephyrs were so languid from the heat, that they refused any longer to wander through the streets, narrow as these were made, in order to stimulate their energies: the scorched leaves had no quiver; the living city was more silent under the oppression of that sunshine than at midnight; and the whole world seemed to be gradually growing red-hot. I felt escape was absolutely necessary, and prepared to avail myself

of an invitation from our bishop to Bethlehem, where he had been staying for some time.

My last hour at Jerusalem was passed in a negotiation with Abdallah, a Sheikh of Bedouin, to escort me to the Dead Sea; and my last moments were devoted to a final visit to the Sepulchre.

The Sheikh assured me that the way was very dangerous, and that not less than a dozen horsemen and twice that number of dismounted men could confer any chance of safety. As he sat upon my divan, perfectly free from embarrassment as from presuming, he looked so like a gentleman that I was almost tempted to believe him. It is true, that his chin had never known a razor, or his foot a boot; that his dress consisted of a sheet, with some cunningly-devised holes and folds to give it the appearance of a Roman toga; but he had a fine bold brow, and fearless eye, and graceful, courteous bearing, whereby gentle blood vindicated itself in this aristocrat of the desert, as clearly as in the Christian noble.

I told him I asked for his escort for the sake of his society and guidance, not for protection; that, as the desert was his property, I was willing to pay for permission to pass through it, but had no idea of taking an army with me. "Well, then," said he, "five horsemen and ten dismounted men shall accompany the Effendi: his life would not be safe with less." I replied that, if a tribe should attack us, fifteen men would avail but little; if only straggling marauders,

that we could defend ourselves. "In short," I added, "it does not become an Englishman to travel like a merchant or an old woman, who requires to be taken care of: if you choose to accompany me with half a dozen of your Bedouin, it is well; if not, I shall go alone, as I have already done through Syria, and, if any accident befalls me, you will fall under suspicion."

It is unnecessary to add that danger never entered into the Sheikh's calculation; if the representation of it had obtained a few hundred piastres more from me, it was *taib*; if it actually presented itself, it came in no new form, and it was *taib* still. He bargained stoutly for an exorbitant price, because his tribe expected him to prove himself a subtle lawyer, as well as a bold leader; but once the price was fixed, he said no more about it, and money was never named again between us.

After finishing his pipe and coffee, he departed to make preparations for the journey, and I soon heard his Arab steed galloping down the steep and stony street.

My own poor horse had never recovered from the effects of his cruise in the Mediterranean; and, although nursed by Abou Habib, Salomé, and Eleesa, assisted by the best medical advice in Jerusalem, he was quite unfit to resume his journey. Leaving him, therefore, in charge of my fair friends, I mounted an Arab mare of the desert breed, and rode forth to take

a last view from the Mount of Olives, and to examine the Tombs of the Kings.

M. Schultze, the Prussian Consul, kindly accompanied me, and proved clearly where the ancient walls had run; they embraced the hill of Bezetha and a much wider extent than the present towards the north, but a less extent towards the north-west, leaving Calvary outside their circuit.

Passing through some thin olive groves, we came to the Tombs of the Kings, which did not appear to advantage after those of Egypt; but are interesting and curious, nevertheless.

A square enclosure is hewn out of the solid rock, like a huge tank; into this we crept, through a small orifice, on our hands and knees, and found the vertical sides of the enclosures hollowed out into small chambers, from which opened cryptæ. Though devoid of ornament, the excavations were admirably done, and the stone doors turned upon stone pivots, that were once let into the rock. The only carving was on the exterior, and seems to be of Herod's time.

After visiting the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, I rode round the walls, and set forth across the Plain of Rephaim to visit Bethlehem.

The distance is about five miles, and the way lies, for the most part, over arid and dreary hills, with here and there a scanty crop of wheat in the intervening valleys, and an occasional herd of goats browsing

invisible herbage, under the guardianship of a herdsman as shaggy as his flock, and as brown and almost as bare as the rocks around him.

Occasionally we catch glimpses of the wild mountain scenery that wraps the Dead Sea in its barren bosom. No other landscape in the world is like this. It resembles rather some visionary sketch of Martin's, roughly done in raw sienna, than anything in Nature; distorted piles of cinderous hills, with the Dead Sea lying among them like melted lead, unlighted by the brilliant sunshine that is pouring so vertically down as to cast no shadow.

We pass the convent of Mar Elyas, on a hill upon the left, and the tomb of Rachel, in a valley on the right. Thence, the scenery becomes more attractive; some olive groves, intermingled with small vineyards, clothe the hills; rich corn-fields are in the valleys; and, lo, as we round a rugged projection in the path, Bethlehem stands before us!

This little city, as it is called by courtesy, has an imposing appearance, walled round, and commanding a fertile valley from a rugged eminence. I rode through steep and rocky streets, that were crowded with veiled and turbaned figures in their gala dresses (for it was a festival), and was much struck by the apparent cleanliness and comfort of this little Christian colony. Ibrahim Pasha, hearing complaints of quarrels between the Christian and Moslem inhabitants, and

finding that the former were more numerous, ordered the latter to emigrate; so that Bethlehem is now almost exclusively Christian.

The beauty of the women of Bethlehem has often been observed upon, but I confess it did not strike me as remarkable; nor did I see a countenance there that betokened Jewish blood.

It is remarkable that the Madonna of Raphael, with which, perhaps, all Christendom associates its conception of a portrait, has nothing of the Jewish character; nor does any other Master appear to have recollected the race she belonged to. Except the Madonna of Murillo, and the celebrated Negro Virgin, all the pictures of value that we possess are exquisitely fair, and rather an abstraction of feminine grace, sweetness, and purity, than a resemblance of a "daughter of the House of David."

We forget that Mary was a Nazarene, and eagerly scrutinize each maiden face in Bethlehem, for a realization of the blessed countenance that has so long haunted our imaginations—in vain: she remains, as it should be, a half-divine abstraction.

The reader may smile, as I do now; but it was with something like grave respect I looked upon each carpenter in Bethlehem; the very donkeys assumed an additional interest, and the cross, with which they are so singularly marked, a meaning; the camels seemed as if they had just come from the East with gifts, and the palm-tree offered its branches to strew the

holy ground; every shepherd appeared to have a mystic character; and, when night came with stars, I looked eagerly for His, and tried to trace it over Bethlehem.

Well, these are dreams that soon dispel themselves, as we alight at the walls within which an Armenian Greek and Latin convent are gathered round the place of the Nativity, under one roof.

Entering by a very low door and long passage, almost upon hands and knees, I stood up under the noble dome of the Church of St. Helena. The roof, constructed of cedar-wood from Lebanon, is supported by forty huge marble pillars, showing dimly the faded images of painted saints. The whole building is silent, dirty, and neglected-looking, but of noble proportions. From its court are parked off the different chapels belonging to the rival sects. The Armenian is the handsomest and wealthiest of these, as its friars are by far the most respectable.

The chapel of the Nativity is a subterranean grotto, into which you descend in darkness, that gives way to the softened light of many silver lamps suspended from the roof. Notwithstanding, the improbability of this being the actual place of the Nativity, one cannot descend with indifference into the enclosure, which has led so many millions of pilgrims in rags or armour during 1800 years from their distant homes. It is, however, impossible to recognise any thing like a reality in the mass of marble, brass, and silken tawdry

ornaments; and one leaves this most celebrated spot in the world with feelings of disappointment.

I then hastened to pay my respects to our bishop, whom I found in the refectory of the Armenian convent, which the monks had surrendered to his use and that of his family. I shall long remember with grateful pleasure the evening I passed in that Armenian Convent, where the kindness and piety of our bishop appeared to have conciliated towards him the affection and respect of all the monks.

I should have mentioned that on his lordship's arrival in Jerusalem, the Armenian patriarch at once recognised his high commission, and waited on him with professions of regard and consideration that were afterwards fully borne out. The Greek patriarch imitated his example; and, as the convents form the only places of hospitality in Palestine, both the Armenians and the Greeks placed theirs at the service of our bishop and his family, and seemed pleased and flattered when they were visited. The Roman patriarch alone stood aloof from his brother in the Church, and no communication has even past between the prelates of the Latin Church and ours.

It was a striking sight, that ancient refectory, gloomy with carved panelling and painted glass, occupied only by the prelate of a different creed, and the fair girl, his daughter, who sat beside him. As the dark-robed monks passed by the grating that separated the refectory from the corridor, each laid his

hand upon his heart, and made a graceful reverence, with his eyes still fixed upon the ground.

After dinner, as there was still half an hour of daylight, and a bright moonlight to fall back upon, I mounted my horse, and, accompanied only by my dragoman, rode forth to the Pools of Solomon, about six miles distant, on the road to Hebron.

This neighbourhood has a bad character, and I was warned more than once of danger from the Arabs, but I had so often received similar intimations that I now heard them as mere common-places. In the hurry of departure, my servant had come away from the convent unarmed, but he cantered along after me as cheerfully as if clad in panoply, and seemed to consider a small bottle that peeped suspiciously from his holsters as a good substitute for more offensive weapons.

As we rode out of the gates, I met a troop of girls carrying water from the well, who presented a most picturesque appearance. With one hand they supported the vase-like vessel on the head, with the other they held up their light drapery, which at every graceful movement revealed their symmetrical proportions. Delicate complexions, although united to the ever-brilliant Eastern eye, distinguished them from all the Arab women I had yet seen; while the finely-cut lip, thin, but vermilion bright, and a Grecian profile, distinguished them from the Jewish race. The instep was finely arched, so that only the heel and fore-

part of the foot left an impression in the sand, and the carriage and attitude of the body were most graceful. Such at least was one whom I stopped upon the steep pathway to ask my way of. I think I see her now, as her round arm detached itself from the folds of her blue mantle, and was raised with pointed finger in the direction of Hebron. Then, looking up, she said something about night and robbers, and, shaking her head as I smiled in reply, she put up her second hand to steady the water-vessel, and resumed her path.

We now pushed forward at a gallop over a wild and rocky tract, where the pathway was scarcely visible among the fragments with which it was thickly strewn; yet this has been a highway from the days of Abraham, and we read of the constant use of chariots along these roads. Now the way lay over a smooth and slippery rocky surface; now, narrowed between blocks of stone, it was covered with tangled roots, or seamed by wide fissures. All the same to my bold Arab courser seemed smooth turf, or rugged rock. Eagerly she swept along over hill and hollow, as if it was a pastime; and bounded from rock to rock with the ease of a gazelle and the mettle of a bloodhound. The evening was sultry warm, but no stain darkened her silken skin, not a pant escaped from her deep chest, not a spot of foam flecked the Mameluke bit.

The sun was just setting in Eastern glory as we reached a vast embattled Saracenic castle, on which ruin has made but slight impression. Beneath it lie

the Pools of Solomon, from which water was once conveyed to Jerusalem. They are in good repair, but quite dry, and indeed it would take all the water I have yet seen in Judea to fill them. They are three in number, at three different levels, and measure respectively about 600, 500, and 300 feet in length.

I returned more slowly and pensively to Bethlehem, by the light of as brilliant a moon as ever shone over this hallowed Land in its proudest hour. On the fields through which I was passing the glory of the Lord once shone around, and the announcement of "Peace on earth, good will toward man," was heard through this calm air from angel voices. In the distance, clear against the sky, stood "the city of David," from out whose gloomy walls arose the Light of the world.

As I rode thoughtfully along, I did not observe that my servant was missing: I had heard a shot, but such sounds are too familiar to excite attention in a country where every man goes armed. I rode back to the valley where I had seen him last, but there was no sign of him; a few minutes afterwards, I met a goatherd with a musket slung upon his shoulder, which I seized hold of, as I demanded intelligence of the dragoman. The man did not appear surprised, said he had heard a shot, and seen a man galloping off towards the mountains. At the same time, he opened the pan of his firelock, to show that *he* had not fired. I offered him a piece of gold if he would

accompany me in my search, but he pointed silently to his flock, and moved on. I then rode along each path, and ascended every eminence, shouting out Nicóla's name, which the echoing hills took up, and carried far away. There was no sign of him, and the rocky pathways afforded no trace. I galloped back to Bethlehem, and the governor not being visible, I enlisted some volunteers in the pursuit; I then went in search of the bishop, to request that his mounted servants might assist me. He was in the convent chapel, and, hurried as I was, I paused for a moment to contemplate the scene that revealed itself as I drew aside the tapestry that hung across the doorway.

The altar blazed with gold, and the light of the consecrated lamps showed richly on its embroidered velvet drapery. The Superior of the Convent, with a reverend grey beard falling over his dark, purple robes, had his right hand raised in the attitude of declamation, while the bishop, in his black dress, would have been scarcely visible in the gloom, but for the white drapery of the lady, his daughter, who leant upon his arm, and followed with her eyes the arguments of each speaker. The sudden change, from excitement, and hard-riding, and crowded streets, and eager voices, to that calm, solemn chapel scene, was so imposing, that I almost forgot my haste in its contemplation; but the clank of sword and spur broke dissonantly into the conversation of the churchmen. They turned to me with anxious and kind attention,

and the bishop immediately placed his groom and janissary at my disposal.

I did not wait while the servants were arming themselves and mounting; but, leaving directions for them to try the Jerusalem road, and directing some armed citizens, who pressed eagerly to be employed, to disperse themselves over the neighbouring hills, I rode away to the ill-favoured village, in the direction of which my servant had last been seen. This place bore an evil character in the country; it sold little but wine and spirits, and bought nothing, yet it was walled round as carefully as if it contained the most respectable and valuable community.

Unwearied as in the morning, my gallant mare dashed away over the rocky valley, exulting in her strength and speed. She pressed against the powerful Mameluke bit, as if its curb were but a challenge, and it was only by slackening the rein that she could be induced to pause over some precipitous descent, or tangled copse; then, tossing her proud head, she would burst away again like a greyhound from the leash.

Her hoofs soon struck fire out of the flinty streets of the unpopular village; few people appeared there, and those few seemed to have just come in from the country, for every man carried a musket, and wore a knife in his sash. They answered sulkily to my inquiries, and said that no horseman had entered their village for many a day.

I now saw that it was useless to seek further until

daylight, and pushed on towards a different gate from that by which I had entered. A steep street, whose only pavement was the living rock, led down to this; as I cantered along, I could see a group of dark figures standing under the archway, and the two nearest of the party had crossed their spears to arrest my passage. I could not have stopped if I would; neither the custom of the country, nor the circumstances of the case, required much ceremony; so, shouting to them to clear the way, I gave spurs to my eager steed, and burst through them as if I was "switching a rasper." The thin spears cracked like twigs; the mob rebounded to the right and left, against the wall; and, though they were all armed, mine was the only steel that gleamed, as a fellow rushed forward to seize my bridle. The next moment my mare chested him, and sent him spinning and tangled in his long, blue gown, while we shot forth into the open moonlight, and, turning round a pile of ruins, were in a moment hidden from their view.

This is a sort of incident that does not happen every night; but, somehow, it appeared quite natural then, and I scarcely alluded to it in relating my adventures that evening. I only mention it here as characteristic of the state of the country. The citizens probably only meant to inquire, perhaps demand, the real reason of my untimely visit; but the result would probably have been an uncomfortable one to a solitary stranger.

I now held on my way for Bethlehem, when, at a turn of the path, I came suddenly upon an armed party. They proved to be only some Bethlehemites, however, who had come out to inform me that my servant was found. They would scarcely believe that I had been in and *out* of that "den of robbers," as they harshly called the village I had just been visiting, and, at the same time, requested a reward for their services. A few minutes afterwards I found my unfortunate dragoman at the convent, pale and trembling, and leaning against his foaming horse, while a crowd of men, women, and children, were listening, with open mouths and eyes, to his adventures.

He had forgotten his rosary at the Pools of Solomon, and rashly turned back to look for it. As he was descending a steep part of the road, an Arab had fired at him from behind a rock, so close that his jacket was singed, while the bullet had torn off part of the embroidery of his collar. I believe the poor fellow would have preferred having his skin scratched; but he was so terrified that, as he galloped off, he mistook the road, and never drew rein until he reached Jerusalem. Here he found the gates closed, and the guard refused to admit him. He had been met at last by the bishop's janizary, making the best of his way back to Bethlehem.

I had enjoyed my moonlight gallop, notwithstanding my anxiety for the cause of it; yet I found a most pleasant change to join the

in the refectory. It was a rare and real pleasure to enjoy such society, under such circumstances; and the evening flew rapidly away, and the convent's chimes announced the hour for prayer. Then, in the midst of that gloomy convent, I heard the noble liturgy of our own creed read by a father of our own Church, whose voice was echoed by the spot from whence that worship sprung.

And afterwards we walked on the convent's terraced roof, and traced by the clear moonlight the various scenes of interest that lay beneath us. In yonder valley Ruth was found gleaning by her gentle kinsman; yonder mountain is Goliah's hill. Among those fields on which a glory seems still to shine, the shepherds received the angel tidings that Christ was come. Beneath us was the manger where he lay; around us the objects on which his infant eyes unclosed: from beyond those distant, pale, blue mountains, came the "kings of Arabia and Saba, bringing gifts;" and over the hill country opposite, in after ages came other pilgrims in warrior guise or humble weed, ready to lay down their lives, their loves—any thing but their sins—upon that hallowed spot.

It was late when we retired for the night; a lay-brother of the convent showed me the way to the [illegible] was to occupy, and, depositing his little cresset [illegible] floor, left me, with a salutation, to my re-

The bed, or rather pallet, lay upon the ground, but it was neat, and the sheets looked clean and fresh. No chair or table graced the apartment, but the white walls had not a speck of dirt upon them; and even the busy spiders of Palestine had not been able to establish a cobweb in the little window.

The following morning at daybreak I was awakened by singing voices, which sounded strangely through those solemn cloisters. On descending into the open space, in front of the convent, I found a bridal party assembled, and, there being some difficulty on the part of the priests, the villagers were amusing themselves with a dance during the delay.

Now, a dance at sunrise is rather a singular occurrence; but it was not less so than the solemn and measured step of the dancers, which David might have imitated without any appearance of levity. Michal would scarcely have smiled at this choral band, that appeared like a procession, swayed about and slowly undulating to a hymn-like music.

All the performers were women; the men, including the bridegroom, decorously sat apart, smoking their pipes with an air of most gentlemanly indifference. The poor little bride (who was only twelve years old) stood all the while enveloped in a sort of tent, that moved with her like a May-bush on a chimney-sweep. This singular envelopment, which exactly resembled a huge kaleidoscope covered with pink silk, permitted

to us no glimpse of its fair occupant, who was surrounded by a group of staid matrons.

The dance went on, meantime, with perseverance, if not with spirit. Wreathing their arms round one another, they advanced and retreated in two parties, keeping time to their own choral voices; then, forming in a circle, they danced round and round without a smile. Their gay and various drapery floated in picturesque masses of purple or crimson folds, as they moved along; their dark tresses fell in showers behind them, or were looped up with golden ornaments or coloured beads; their voices were passing sweet, and the music that they made seemed to me tender, though very wild.

While this was going on, the fathers of the expectant couple were bargaining with the priests about the marriage. The dispute was carried on with the usual violent gesticulations, and arose from the priests having raised their price, as I understood. The villagers had brought one dollar, the usual sum demanded for the business; but the minister required four. The conference at length broke up angrily. I grieve to say its issue was unfavourable, and I saw the bridal procession move off with regret. I would willingly have furnished the necessary expenses, but I confess I grudged them to the ill-favoured, harsh-spoken friar, who, probably after all, acted only from necessity.

As I had had some conversation with the Elders of the party, I made an offering towards the dowry of the

kaleidoscope, and inquired whither they were going with the bride. "To the Santon," * they replied, "who will do the business quite as well, and only charge half-a-dollar."

When I returned to the convent, I found the priest still standing at the door of the Latin convent, and ventured to inquire whether this would not afford a dangerous precedent. "Not so," he said; "before a child is born, they'll come here to be married properly; for they are respectable people, and would not have a *Moslem* child for twice the money."

As soon as matins were ended, I waited on the Superior of the Armenian Convent, to pay my respects, and to thank him for his hospitality. He was a fine-looking old man, with a very gracious, though somewhat patronizing air. "We are always most happy," he said, "to receive any friend of the Bishop of the English, and in future shall be happy to receive you on your own account." After taking my leave, I offered the lay-brother the usual gratuity expected at a convent, but he courteously declined it, even when I put it in the light of a charity for him to distribute among the poor.

After breakfast I took leave of the Bishop, with a lasting sense of gratitude and respect for him, and an increased interest in his mission.

* A Moslem friar or hermit.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MAR SABA, THE DEAD SEA, AND THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

Wild rose those hills by scorching suns embrowned,
And horrid crags by toppling convent crowned.

BYRON.

O'er the dark waters Moab's mount
Frowned with his gloomy forehead;
And sheathed his breast in granite rough,
Rent crag, and splinter horrid.
His helm of rock beat back the breeze,
Without a leaf to wreath it,
The vassal-waves rolled in to kiss
His mailéd foot beneath it.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

And Jordan! those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.

MOORE.

d to return to Jerusalem for my baggage-
I was oblige uin. I found Sheikh Abdallah waiting
horses and Bedo

for me, but he had left his horse and his arms without the walls. We all equipped ourselves as lightly as possible for the expedition, taking nothing but the tent and carpets, some coffee, maccaroni, cold boiled rice, and preserved meats. This is the best supply a hurrying traveller can take with him; his meal is ready almost as soon as the fire is lighted, and it occupies but little space.

Issuing by the Zion gate from the city, we rode down into the Valley of Hinnom, where, under a cave that seemed to suit the character of the group, we found six wild-looking Bedouin awaiting us with Sheikh Abdallah's horse.

Their dress consisted of a light turban, a white frock with cross-belts of thick cord, and a pair of slippers. The Sheikh's dress was nearly the same; but he had a cloak of thick camel's hair-cloth, striped brown and white. The footmen had each a long musquet, and a knife in his belt. The Sheikh carried his musquet slung at his back, a long spear in his hand, and a scimitar by his side.

The Arabs assisted their Chief to mount with considerable ceremony, and then professed themselves, according to Eastern custom, my most obedient slaves.

We mustered ten persons in all, including the seven Bedouin, the two servants, and myself. I rode forward alone, and a lonelier scene never echoed to a traveller's tread. When a turn in the road hid my own cavalcade from view, there was no longer a sign

of life in all the dreary valley. The path lay through defiles of steep and rocky hills, pierced everywhere with caves and fissures that harboured only the jackal and the outlaw. The scenery became grander, gloomier, and sterner as we approached Mar Saba; the dry bed of the brook Kedron ran winding through the most extraordinary fissure, which clove, not a rock, but a mountain, some ten or twelve miles in length. Its precipitous sides, at least 500 feet in height, presented the most curiously contorted strata in their jagged and vertical cliffs; and therein were innumerable caverns, where the Eremites of old lived under Hilarion's rule.

The Carismians slaughtered, it is said, 10,000 of those solitaries, whose bones were afterwards piously collected and buried beneath the convent church of Mar Saba.

At length, after four hours' riding along dry, brown, and barren cliffs, on which no lizard glanced, or herbage grew, I came in sight of the magnificent and romantic monastery, that has stood in these savage solitudes for 1300 years.

It stands on the side of an almost precipitous ravine, and occupies the whole face of the cliff from base to summit; battlemented walls enclose it on every side; and a deep, dark, narrow glen yawns beneath it:—

> It seemed a place where ghouls might come
> With their foul banquets from the tomb,
> And in its caverns feed unseen.

But no words can convey so intelligible an idea of its singular situation and appearance as the sketch below.

MAR SABA.

You have here presented a side view of the Monastery, with its domed roofs and many terraces. Beneath lies the bed of the brook Kedron, which turns away to the left, and runs into the Dead Sea through the mountains of Engedi.

It is to be remembered that this gloomy water is the only representative of that blessed element within many miles around; and even this seems blasted by the same curse that has scorched the country round into one vast cinder. The river-bed was as dry as the mountain-top, and the convent obtains its sole supply of water from the last winter rains preserved in tanks.

The Bedouin unceremoniously led their horses in through a small postern gate off the road, which ran level with the highest part of the monastery, and my servants and I descended by a winding path to the chief gate, where we knocked loud and long for admittance; we saw several monks sitting in a kiosk above us, and we were reconnoitred through a small barred window in the gate. There were also several monks scattered over the cliffs, gazing on the setting sun, whose last beams lighted up even those fearful chasms with something of a cheerful smile.

At length, I was admitted, and somewhat coldly received, by a venerable-looking friar, who told me afterwards he had taken me for a Turk. As soon as it transpired that an Englishman had arrived, several monks came forward, and escorted me with hospitable welcomes through vaulted passages, terraces, and innumerable steps, to a very pretty little garden lying in a nook of the rocks. Off this was the "strangers' room," a spacious and handsome apartment, luxuriously carpeted, and surrounded with a soft divan.

An Albanian took away my boots, and an Athenian hung up my arms. Two Ionians approached hastily with trays of sweetmeats and cool water; and a fine old Russian padre lighted my pipe, and then offered a powerful cordial in a liqueur glass. Nothing could exceed the hospitality in which they seemed to vie with one another.

As yet, they ministered in silence, my languages

being unknown to them ; but, at length, an intelligent monk was produced in triumph who could speak Italian. The convent belonging to the Greek church, the monks understood for the most part nothing but Romaic and Russian ; and an inhabitant of Joannina, who had served under Ali Pacha, was the only man out of forty, with the exception of the Superior, who could speak any but his native tongue.

When I was considered sufficiently rested, the Superior came to visit me, and, after a long conversation, deputed my Epirote friend to shew me over the convent, as I proposed starting before daylight.

It was founded by St. Sabas in the sixth century, and has maintained its ground, they say, ever since. It is true the monks were occasionally massacred by the Saracens, Turks, and Carismians ; but their martyrdom only gave fresh interest to the spot in the eyes of their successors.

The monastery has been lately repaired by the Greek convent at Jerusalem, of which it is a sort of chapel-of-ease. It contains about forty monks, who never taste meat, and have only salt fish three times a week. Their principal diet consists of bread, herbs, eggs, and oil.

They have a beautiful church here, which was dimly lighted by two silver lamps, kept ever burning before two pictures of the Saviour and the Virgin. Round the head of each figure is a glory-circle of gold and precious stones, on which the lamp's light falling

produces a very peculiar effect. As we left the church, a bright moonlight was shining on the cliffs, and long flights of steps, and terraces and gardens, so strangely intermingled in this convent; here and there, dark-robed figures were gliding silently about, or sitting on the cliffs enjoying the cool night-breeze.

The mountains that lay before us were those of Engedi, or Ain Jiddy, as it is pronounced; and it may have been in this convent that Sir Kenneth saw Edith and Berengaria, by the solitary's permission.

About nine o'clock, an old monk, with a large bunch of keys in his cord-girdle, brought in a lamp and supper, which consisted of brown bread, eggs fried in oil, boiled rice, and very sour wine. My Albanian friend stood near me all the time of the repast, and said it was a pleasure to have a stranger to speak to. He had come recently from Mount Athos, the Monte Santo, as he called it, where he had passed twenty years of his life in a Greek convent. He said there were not less than 4000 monks and Eremites on this mount.

After supper, I went out to stroll among the cliffs; and the scenery was certainly the wildest and strangest I had ever seen. The night was very beautiful; and it was past midnight when I flung myself on the soft divans, that so unexpectedly wooed repose in this stern-looking convent.

The next morning, I was in the saddle before dawn, and wandering among the dreary but picturesque mountains towards the Dead Sea. Not a living thing

met my eye for hours, except a few gazelles, after which I had a long but fruitless chase.

While the Bedouin and the baggage-horses wound slowly along the path, I rode through many a wild pass and gloomy volcanic gorge; but, wander where I might, I was ever kept in sight by the watchful Sheikh; his dark figure and his thin grey horse seemed ever before me—he appeared to stand on every hill.

In about three hours, we reached the mountain-brow looking down upon the Valley of the Jordan; and delightfully that beautiful strange scenery burst upon our weary and dazzled eyes.

Far from looking gloomy or curse-stricken, it was the most *riant* scene I had yet beheld in Palestine. The dread Lake itself was as brightly blue as those of Italy; the mountains of Moab and the Ammonites lifted their lofty line against the early sun, and wore a purple hue over their multiplied cliffs and promontories. Here and there, in the valley, were pale strips of desert, it is true; but, generally, the ground was covered with verdure or luxuriant shrubs, and winding groves of tamarisk and acacia shewed where Jordan wandered, and occasionally betrayed his presence by a silvery gleam.

We rode down a steep and rugged path into the plain, and continued for some miles through thick jungle, alternating with deep sand, or rank luxuriant grass. At length we reached the shore of the dark, mysterious sea, and encamped within a few yards of the

water's edge. The Sheikh made many objections to the pitching of the tent, lest it should be seen by the hostile tribes, and rode restlessly from hill to hill while I remained there.

Dr. Robinson, and several other authors, state that there is no island in the whole expanse of the Dead Sea. I do not know how they could receive such an impression, for there, straight before me, at the distance of perhaps a mile, lay an island about three furlongs in length, very low, and apparently covered with ruins, or at least larger masses of stone than were visible any where in the neighbourhood. The shore was strewn with logs of wood and withered branches, that presented something of a petrified appearance, and lighted into a fire with great facility. They had, of course, been carried down the Jordan to the sea, and cast ashore in some storm.

There was no shell, or fly, or any sign of life along the curving strand, which ran steeply to the water's edge, and consisted of very small and angular pebbles. It was bordered by a line of white, thick, creamy foam, though there was scarcely a ripple on the lake, and several streaks of a similar appearance lay upon the green and purple waters far away. The eastern shore, on the left-hand side, was bold and precipitous, and wore a dark blue colour, under the slanting rays of the morning sunshine: to the west, the Judean hills rose almost equally abruptly from the sea, and

appeared of a brown or purple shade: to the south, the far shore was invisible, either from distance or an imperceptible mist brooding over the sea.

This sea is about fifty miles in length, and ten or twelve in breadth: it lies quite unknown, in the centre of the most interesting scenes in the world; and if it were only a tradition that bespoke its origin, every appearance round would vindicate its truth. The only boats that ever floated on its surface were brought thither by a Mr. Costigan and Mr. Moore. Mr. Costigan transported his upon camels from Acre to the Sea of Galilee, and thence floated down the Jordan to the Dead Sea. He was accompanied only by a Maltese servant, who, during his night-watch, let out all the water from the cask, in the hope that he should have wine when it was gone. Mr. Costigan, on the other hand, fearing that his servant would get drunk at such a critical period, had thrown the wine overboard, and, when the sun arose in all his strength, there was not a drop of liquid to cool their burning lips but that of the bitter lake on which they floated. Mr. Costigan was seized with brain-fever; his servant with difficulty pulled the boat to shore, and got assistance from Jericho (five miles off), to carry his master to Jerusalem. Here he died, in the Latin convent, and left no note of his discoveries behind him. Messrs. Moore and Beke brought a boat from Jaffa, which was soon after burned or sunk, I know not why.

It is said that, as in Lough Neagh, in Ireland—

"By the lake's dark edge, as the wanderer strays,
When the bright clear eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;"

and, on the island to which I have alluded, columns and other ruins have been detected by powerful telescopes.

My servant and I endeavoured to swim thither, and found it very fatiguing, as the extreme density of the water threw the feet into the air at every stroke. Its temperature was delightful, and floating required no exertion; we could sit, stand, or even wade, in deep water, with a buoyancy that left no trouble to the bather. Nevertheless, the water was so acrid, that when a drop touched the inside lip, or eye, or nostril, it seemed to burn like vitriol. We swam for about half a mile, when a slight breeze coming on, raised rippling waves, which, as they broke over us, produced excruciating pain. We struggled on for a short time; but, the breeze freshening, we were obliged to return to the shore.

The Sheikh now urged a hasty departure, and we set out for the Jordan, at a brisk pace, over a deep sand, in which the horses sank up to their fetlocks, and which was covered with a salty incrustation, like hoar frost.

We had not proceeded far when the Sheikh halted, and placed his hand so as to shade his eyes; the loitering Bedouin stepped forward, and formed in a

line before the luggage, keeping the step, and having their muskets crossed upon their breasts. I rode up to the Sheikh, and he pointed out to me the crimson and yellow kefiehs * of two Arabs, just over a small sand-hill; then he dashed forwards, and in a few moments we were both by the side of the strangers.

They proved to belong to a friendly tribe, and were only engaged in collecting brimstone. They had been alarmed at our appearance, and were endeavouring to conceal themselves when detected by the keen bright eye of our Sheikh.

Directing our course for the winding line of tamarisk and tall jungle, we came at length suddenly upon the Jordan, a rapid, muddy, treacherous-looking stream. The pilgrims profess to recognise the spot by which the Israelites entered the Land of Promise, and that where John baptized; but I saw no appearance of a ford. It was about sixty yards wide, overhung by thick shrubs and tangling weeds, and any thing but tempting-looking. I sank up to my knees in its tenacious mud, and with great difficulty extricated myself, endeavouring vainly to stem the rapid torrent by swimming.

The Sheikh was now urgent to depart, and we rode away through a small tract of desert, and then entered a wilderness of beautiful shrubs in fruit and flower. The tamarisk, laurustinus, mimosa, and willow, were

* A thick silk handkerchief, tied over the head, like a hood, with a weft of camel's hair, the distinguishing head-dress of the Bedawee.

the only trees I recognised. The underwood was very various, and quite unknown to me: one of the shrubs bore a small golden fruit, about the size of a walnut, that hung very temptingly on its bending branches; but, within, it was full of a black dust and a substance resembling cobweb. The Arabs called it "Bahr Lût limone"—*Lot's sea orange:* but this is not the true apple of Sodom, which I have seen elsewhere in the desert. That is much larger, very fragile, and is full of cindrous-looking grains and a silken fibre.

In the midst of this beautiful wilderness, where flowers in wild luxuriance tangled themselves into a shade for the bright green grass, we came to the fountain of Ain Hajla, which well deserves the name of "the Diamond of the Desert." The costliest wine that ever sparkled over the thrilled palate of the epicure never gave such pleasure to his eager lip as the first draught of that cold, shining water to our parched mouths. Even the Bedouin forgot all fear of the hostile tribes, and we all flung ourselves down by the brink of the fountain, under the shade of the green willows, and drank, and bathed our hands and beards, and drank again, until the Sheikh's entreaties prevailed, and set us once more in motion.

There is a fine ruin of a Greek convent, named Kusr Hajla, about two miles distant from the pathway, which I cantered over to visit, and, as I emerged from its deserted courts, I found the Sheikh, as usual, close by my side. On asking the occasion of this

strict watchfulness, he replied that he was responsible for my safety, that the old ruin was haunted by evil spirits, and sometimes by banditti.

About an hour afterwards, we came in sight of a Saracenic castle partly in ruins, though a tent upon the roof showed it was still inhabited. It was seated on a gentle eminence, planted over with acacia and fig-trees. Close by, was a village of Arab huts, and this was Jericho!

My tent was pitched on a spot of green turf, close to a purling brook, that flowed from Elisha's Well. On my left was the old castle, called by pilgrims (who love to turn everything to good account,) the House of Zaccheus; to the right, under a thick grove, our horses were picketted, and the Bedouin were lying on the ground among them. The village of Riha, (the name of Jericho is here unknown,) lay behind—a collection of miserable mud cabins; and one solitary date-tree alone remained to vindicate the epithet applied in scriptures to the "City of the Palm."*

After several days of incessant and hurried travel, under the Midsummer power of a Syrian sun, it was a pleasant relaxation to lie down at leisure in the shadow of the tent, and gaze out upon the wonderful scenery before me. Thought can always wander free and far, but, most of all, when in the intervals of

* The Palm formerly abounded in Palestine; it is now very scarce. In Vespasian coins, Judea is typified by a disconsolate woman seated under a Palm.

bodily exertion, it goes forth busily, to keep up the excitement which has become essential to the traveller.

The valley I had just traversed from the Jordan was the Vale of Gilgal; to the southward lay the Dead Sea; to the north-east the Mountain of the Temptation.

The first is evidently fertile to exuberance, and, in the absence of more profitable employment, it gives birth to every variety of produce that is contented to grow wild. Were this vast valley inhabited by an industrious people, and the facilities for irrigation made use of, it might be one of the most productive in the world. The Sea of Galilee, about thirty miles distant, is elevated considerably above its level, and yet the abounding waters of the Jordan are at present wasted on the thankless corpse of the Dead Sea.

"This sea has no appearance of volcanic origin. It merely occupies part of the great valley, or *crevasse*, that runs from the Lebanon almost to the Gulf of Akabah."* This absence of volcanic agency renders still more remarkable the appearances of some fierce, fiery ordeal, through which it must have past.

We picked up several pieces of sulphur on the plain: there is a quantity of a dark stone, which, when broken, emits a smell of brimstone: the very core of the apples of Sodom is of so combustible a quality, that the Arabs use it as tinder for their matchlocks; and the Sea itself is a vast cauldron, in

* Von Buch's Letter to Dr. Robinson.

which the damned Cities of the Plain lie ever seething in salt brine, through which masses of bitumen rise bubbling to the simmering surface.

The range of the hills of Moab, that rises suddenly from the eastern edge of the Dead Sea, are about 2,000 feet in height; that of the Judean side opposite, about 1,500. The Sea itself lies 500 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; it has no exit, except by means of evaporation, and varies in its level some ten or twelve feet, according to the nearness or the distance of the rainy season.

One or two spots are inhabited, such as Ain Jiddy, or Engedi, where fresh water flows from fountains; but, generally speaking, it is as lonely as the grave. The remains of the town of Zoar are still visible on the Eastern hills, where the race of Moab sprang from the daughters of Lot.

It seems that there are whole tracts of hills composed of fossil salt, to the south-east of this extraordinary lake; and they say that, when the riven soil gaped into fissures with the heat of the conflagration, a mass of this salt was revealed to Lot, who took it for his missing wife.

The Arabs call the lake the "Bahr el Lût," or *Sea of Lot;* they maintain, and their assertion has been repeated by European observers, that in certain states of the waters of this sea, and of the atmosphere, the Cities of the Plain may be seen just peering over the water's edge.

Messrs. Moore and Beke, who attempted to explore the Dead Sea in 1837, found no bottom with 300 fathom of line, but their investigations were unfortunately soon interrupted; and Mr. Costigan, the only other person, as I have before mentioned, who succeeded in launching a boat upon these waters, has left no trace of his discoveries.

Towards evening, I strolled into the courtyard of the old castle, where a Turkish garrison is quartered, to protect the pilgrims, and to check the inroads of the Bedouin from beyond the Jordan.

There was a marble fountain and reservoir of water here, at which the village girls were filling their jars. A range of stables occupied one side of the courtyard, and a shade of trellised vines hung over another. Beneath this, the Aga was sitting on his carpet with two or three of his officers, whilst others moved about in their wild, martial garb, with pistol in belt, and sword by side, as if expecting momentarily the trumpet's call.

Such a scene unchanged might that old Crusader-castle have witnessed six hundred years ago, when the Crescent had just displaced the Cross; and its fierce soldiery then, as now, were lounging about, or burnishing their arms beneath the shade of the forbidden vine.

I did not visit the Aga, being rather tired of governors, and pipes, and coffee, and common-places about

England, and fine brandy; I presume, he was equally tired of Europeans, for he did not invade my solitude, or vouchsafe me any notice.

At night, the aspect of my bivouac was very picturesque; the watch-fire, blazing among the dark, green shrubs, gleamed now upon the water, now upon the gay caparisons of the horses that remained standing and saddled all night. The Arabs slept round my tent, wrapped in their striped bernouses; nightingales were thrilling the dark groves with their song; and from the top of the tower came sounds of music and laughter, where the ladies of the Aga's hareem were enjoying the moonshine and the cool air of night. The ladies of Jericho are said to be very fond of strangers' society, but St. Senanus might have been contented with the distant carriage they assumed in our case.

About three o'clock in the morning I roused my sleeping people, who sprung to their feet with alacrity. In a few minutes, a little fire was made with dried leaves and twigs, ignited by tinder and a pistol-flash. Then the coffee steamed and bubbled; and this, with a roll of bread, constituted our morning's repast. We seldom tasted any other till sunset, but a cup of coffee always presented itself when we halted for half an hour throughout the day.

The good-humoured Bedouin vied with each other in loading the horses, and gratefully received a thimbleful of coffee as reward. We were in motion while the moon still threw our shadows Eastward.

I passed through some glades and groves of great beauty on my way to the adjoining mountains, but could detect no traces of where Jericho once stood, with her temples, palaces, and theatres. A curious mound, and a large tank-like excavation, were the only disturbance of Nature's order of things that I observed.

At the approach of morning, the stir of life that seemed, like leaven, to ferment the surface of the world round, was very striking; first, the partridge's call joined chorus with the nightingale, and soon after their dusky forms were seen darting through the bushes, and then bird after bird joined the chorus; the lizards began to glance upon the rocks, the insects on the ground and in the air; the jerboa* peeping from its burrow, fish glancing in the stream, hares bounding over the dewy grass, and, as more light came, the airy form of the gazelle could be seen on almost every neighbouring hill.

Then came sunrise, first flushing the light clouds above, then flashing over the Arabian mountains, and pouring down into the rich valley of the Jordan. The Dead Sea itself seemed to come to life under that blessed spell, and shone like molten gold among its purpled hills.

I lingered long upon that mountain's brow, and thought that, so far from deserving all the dismal epithets that have been bestowed upon it, I had not

* A pretty little animal, something between a rat and a rabbit, in appearance and habits.

seen so cheerful or attractive a scene in Palestine. That luxuriant valley was beautiful as one great pleasure-ground; with bosks and groves of aromatic shrubs, intermingled with sloping glades and verdant valleys. The City of Palms might still be hidden under that forest whence the old castle just shows its battlements. The plains of Gilgal might still be full of prosperous people, with cottages concealed under that abundant shade; and the dread sea itself shines and sparkles as if its waters rolled in pure and refreshing waves "o'er coral rocks and amber beds" alone.

The road from hence to Jerusalem is drear and barren, and nothing but Bethany occurred to divert my thoughts from dwelling on the beautiful Dead Sea.

THE DEAD SEA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

And he will be a wild man; his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.—*Gen.* xvi. 12.

Gli Arabi avari,
Ladroni in ogni tempo, e mercenari.
TASSO.

"With a champing bit, and an arching crest,
And an eye like a listening deer,
And a spirit of fire that pines at rest,
And limbs that mock at fear:
Fit slave for a lord whom all else refuse
To serve at his desperate need;
By my troth, I think one whom the world pursues
Has a right to a gallant steed."
BULWER LYTTON.

The Arab is the hero of romantic history; little is known of him but by glimpses; he sets statistics at defiance, and the political economist has no share in him.

Since Abraham drove forth Hagar to the desert, he has clung to the barren inheritance of his forefathers with a fierce fidelity. While his brother, the Jew, has tasted the luxury and the bitterness of all nations, and triumphed, and been trampled on in turn, the Ishmaelite has gone down to his desert grave, generation after generation, unchanging and unsubdued.

It is of the Bedawee Arab, or of the Bedouin, as they are called in the plural, that I speak more especially. The dwellers in cities soon become corrupt, and lose the characteristics of their race.

Who knows where the Arab dwells, or who has marked out the boundaries of his people? We are told that Arabia is enclosed by the Euphrates, Ormuz, and the Persian gulf; by Diarbekir, Irak, and Khuzestan; but that renders it scarcely less vague.

The Bedawee roams as freely over his boundless deserts as the winds that sweep them; the only barriers he knows are civilization, and its settled habitations. Tribes sunder and join, as pastures become scarce or abundant; an oasis is to-day peopled with thousands, and covered with flocks and herds; to-morrow it is as lonely as the sea.

And thus it has been with the Arab for three thousand years.

The Arab is so reverential towards antiquity of descent, that he sacrifices his own pride of birth to the abstract principle. He admits that he is but a parvenu, as only claiming origin from Ishmael, and

calls himself "El Arab el Mostareba"—*the naturalized Arab*. The genuine ancient tribes are characterized as "El Arab"—*par excellence*, and were denominated *Ad*, *Thamud*, *Tasm*, and *Amalek*.

Zarab, the grandson of Eber, the great grandson of Shem, gave his name to Yemen, over which country he was king; and his posterity continued to rule there until conquered and expelled by Ishmael. He married the daughter of Modad, one of the native princes; and his son Kedar obtained peaceable possession of the throne.

After the expulsion, however, of the ancient dynasty, the kingly spirit seems gradually to have given way to the patriarchal rule which the invaders had introduced; and the system of independent tribes soon universally prevailed. At Mecca, the management of affairs appears to have been vested in an aristocracy of the tribe of Koreish, who strengthened their authority by the prestige attendant on their being "the Guardians of the Caaba."

Lady H. Stanhope gives the following account of the early Arabs in a letter to Sir Gore Ouseley, dated from Djouni, in 1837. "The Bedouin Arabs may be divided into two distinct classes, original Arabs, and the descendants of Ishmael, whose daughter married the ninth descendant of the great Katān, out of which germ sprang the famous tribe of the Koreish, which are a mixture of Jewish blood. One of the most famous tribes was that of the Beni Hasheniz, from

which sprung the Boshnāk, and the Beni Omeyn, the ancestors of the Irish, always famous for the beauty of their women."*

Under the name of Saracens, their history becomes too voluminous to follow. This name has been absurdly derived from their implacable step-mother Sarah, and also from the great desert, the Sahara; it was an epithet of one of their most distinguished tribes, and adopted by the rest.

During the stirring times of the Crusades, the name of Saracen was almost exclusively applied to the Arab; and with that name are connected some of the brightest associations that shine over war's dark annals in elder times.

Chivalry was an earnest, solemn, absorbing feeling —almost a religion in itself. Its kindred spirit influ-

* I subjoin the following passage from the same letter as curious. "Gibraltar probably took its name from the great chief Gibailer Alta, and the monkeys remaining on the mountain seem to indicate that they are confined to certain districts by talismanic art, well known among the Koreish, but ill understood in these days. . . . . All the ancient Irish and Scotch families still retain proofs of Arab descent in name as well as in personal characteristics. The Duke of Leinster's motto "Croom Aboo" — *his father's vineyards* — has a grand signification, alluding to the most learned of works, of which only two copies exist . . . . . The name of O'Brien is, in Arabic, Obeyan or Abeyan, which famous race may perhaps take its name from its master."—*New Monthly Magazine, April*, 1844.

enced the hostile armaments of mail-clad Europe, and of the turbaned East; those who held a different faith, different prejudices, principles, and hopes, held nevertheless the same chivalric faith in common.

It is a curious subject of contemplation to glance at Europe, when first the universal heart of her people took up that great enthusiasm of the crusades: grey-haired warrior, youth, and maiden, were alike possessed by its spirit: and she who kept a patient widowhood and truehearted constancy in her lonely castle, laid as rich an offering on the sacred shrine, as those who freely gave their heart's blood for the cause of Palestine.

The Saracen was as deeply possessed by this spirit as he who bore the red cross on his shoulder, except in the reverence, or rather idolatry, of woman, that was professed by the latter. It was an exaggerative age, and every one seemed to think with spectacles, as it were; hence perhaps it came that such great results and sustained energies were produced by, and exercised upon, such comparatively trifling objects.

Far beyond life was the value of conquest to him who led the battle of these romantic times; but far more precious than even this was the individual knightly character. Who has not heard of Saladin, when he saw the lion-hearted king dismounted, sending his own horse to carry him? "for," said he, "it is not meet that such a *knight* should fight on foot."

And when the same Saracen chieftain* heard that the climate of his country was about to accomplish what all her chivalry had failed to do, and that the British monarch lay at the point of death, he sent his own physician to restore health to his terrible opponent. Fearlessly, too, and undoubtingly, did Richard drink the potion administered by his enemy's emissary.

These traits show as plainly as a thousand the single-minded honour of the age. No doubt the Saracen abhorred the Christian's cause, but at the same time he reverenced his high devoted daring, and his indomitable battling for his faith. The heroism of these times has been sung by the troubadour, and its spirit even caught by the cold historian, yet we only know of the Saracen chivalry through its enemies and its results. The Arabic authors seem to feel shame for their heroes when they showed mercy towards the foes of El Islam: and the songs of Antar, though love and valour is their theme, show little chivalry. Among the Rajpoots we may perhaps still find the light of Oriental chivalry, while some sparkles of it glimmer occasionally, even through the character of the wandering Arab, to whom we now return.

The real Bedawee has little of historical interest: it is only when he has gone forth as a conqueror, that his annals assume a consistent or interesting form.

* He never allowed himself to be called "Sultan," not being of the blood of the Prophet.

His whole history when at home may be comprised in the fact, that he is to-day as he was in the days of Ishmael, unconquered, and indomitable.

Those of his race who approach the settled habitations endeavour to preserve as much as possible the character of their desert brethren ; and though means of subsistence may compel them occasionally to enter a town, they always do so with reluctance, and leave it like men escaping from captivity.

The Fellaheen of Egypt are degenerate Arabs, who have lost almost all the characteristics of their race, except its vices ; but along the bordering deserts the Bedawee is still found genuine even there.

At the time of the contest between the Mameluke Beys, the temptation of war gathered several of the tribes to the standard of each of the contending parties, and they encamped in the neighbourhood of Cairo.

I give the following anecdote as illustrative of the principles that regulate the conduct of these wild people. It was related to me by an Englishman of high character, who was in Egypt at the time that the circumstances occurred.

In 1804, Osman Bardissy was the most influential of the Mameluke Beys, and virtually governed Egypt. Mehemet Ali, then rising into power, succeeded in embroiling this powerful old chief with Elfy Bey, another of the Mamelukes. The latter escaped to England, where he was favourably received, and pro-

mised assistance by our government against Osman, who was in the French interests.

At this time, a Sheikh of Bedouin stood high in Osman's confidence, and brought him intelligence that Elfy had landed at Alexandria. "Go, then," said the old Bey, "surprise his boat, and slay him on his way up the river; his spoil shall be your reward." The Sheikh lay in wait upon the banks of the Delta, and slew all the companions of the rival Bey: Elfy himself escaped in the darkness, and made his way to an Arab encampment before sunrise. Going straight to the Sheikh's tent, which is known by a spear standing in front of it, he entered, and hastily devoured some bread that he found there.

The Sheikh was absent, but his wife exclaimed on seeing the fugitive, "I know you, Elfy Bey, and my husband's life, perhaps at this moment, depends upon his taking yours. Rest now and refresh yourself, then take the best horse you can find, and fly. The moment you are out of our horizon, the tribe will be in pursuit of you." The Bey escaped to the Thebaid, and the disappointed Sheikh presented himself to his employer. Osman passionately demanded of him if it was true that his wife had saved the life of his deadliest enemy, when in her power. "Most true, praised be Allah!" replied the Sheikh, drawing himself proudly up, and presenting a jewel-hilted dagger to the old Bey; "this weapon," he continued, "was your gift to me in the hour of your favour; had I

met Elfy Bey, it should have freed you from your enemy. Had my wife betrayed the hospitality of the tent, it should have drank her blood; and now, you may use it against myself," he added, as he flung it at the Mameluke's feet.

This reverence for hospitality is one of the wild virtues that has survived from the days of the patriarchs, and it is singularly contrasted, yet interwoven with other and apparently opposite tendencies. The Arab will rob you, if he is able; he will even murder you, if it suits his purpose; but, once under the shelter of his tribe's black tents, or having eaten of his salt by the way-side, you have as much safety in his company as his heart's blood can purchase for you.

The Bedouin are extortionate to strangers, dishonest to each other, and reckless of human life. On the other hand, they are faithful to their trust, brave after their fashion, temperate, and patient of hardship and privation beyond belief.

Their sense of right and wrong is not founded on the Decalogue, as may be well imagined, yet from such principles as they profess they rarely swerve. Though they will freely risk their lives to steal, they will not contravene the wild rule of the desert. If a wayfarer's camel sinks and dies beneath its burden, the owner draws a circle round the animal in the sand, and follows the caravan. No Arab will presume to touch that lading, however tempting. Dr. Robinson mentions that he saw a tent hanging from a tree near

Mount Sinai, which his Arabs said had then been there a twelvemonth, and never would be touched until its owner returned in search of it.

The Bedawee woman is far more free than her Egyptian relative, and far more virtuous. They do not cover their faces, and are not ashamed to receive a stranger with courtesy and kindness. They live much in the open air, manufacturing cloth from camel's hair, milking their flocks, attending to the slight agriculture that their mode of life requires, and carefully tending their children. Their husbands seek a livelihood by attending or supplying caravans with camels, or by other less conventional dealings with travellers.

There is something very romantic in their mode of life, which never seems to lose its zest. Their love of the desert amounts to a passion, and every one who has wandered with these wild sons of freedom, where all else are slaves, can understand the feeling. It is not to be imagined that in this desert there is nought but barren sand and naked rock; far different is the aspect that the places of the picturesque encampments present. Small flowering shrubs and fragrant thickets diversify wide savannahs, on which dry, sunburnt grass only serves as shelter for soft and tender herbage. Here the wild boar and the gazelle abound, and the partridge makes merry in his security. Wide tracts of desert intervene, it is true, between these isles of verdure; and, when they are to be crossed, preparations, like those for the sailing of a fleet, are made for

these "ships of the desert." Fearlessly they steer their way over these trackless wilds, by the stars at night, and the sun by day. And when they have reached the spot for which they have traversed the desert, in the faith perhaps of some tradition that spoke of verdure there, the Sheikh strikes his ostrich-tufted spear in the ground. Down kneel the camels; women, children, and luggage tumble off; soon the tents of the tribe start up in a circle, or in the form of a crescent round the Sheikh's; fires are lighted; bread is baking; and the Arab is as much at home in an hour as if he had been there for a generation.

The Sheikh's tent is larger than the rest, and is always pitched with the door in the direction whence strangers are likely to arrive.

For a few days or weeks, perhaps even for a season, they remain in such encampment, driving their flocks each night into the enclosure, and perhaps foraging among the neighbouring tribes. Sometimes a caravan is to be attacked, and then the men assemble in many thousands.

When the pasture or the spring is exhausted, or when danger threatens, they are in motion at an hour's notice from their Sheikh. His spear is the last thing taken from the ground; the horsemen and armed warriors, on dromedaries, march in front; then come the flocks and herds; the she-camels carrying the women and children succeed in order, while their young gambol and browse by their sides as they

proceed: finally, come the strong camels, laden with the tents and other baggage of the tribe.

Lady H. Stanhope gives the following interesting account of her experience of Bedouin life:—"I went with the great chief, Mahanna el Fadel (who commands 40,000 men), into the desert for a week, and marched with their encampment. I was treated with the greatest respect and hospitality, and it was altogether the most curious sight I ever witnessed. Horses and mares fed upon camel's milk, Arabs living upon little else, except rice and a sort of bread; the space around me covered with living things; 12,000 camels coming to water from one tribe only: the old poets from the banks of the Euphrates singing the praises and the feats of ancient heroes; children quite naked; women with lips dyed light blue, and their nails red, and their hands all over flowers and designs of different kinds. A chief who is obeyed like a great king—starvation and pride most strangely mixed."*

Some of these tribes contain 100,000 people; but these are only concentrated from the various regions over which they wander, in cases of great emergency. They are divided into numerous smaller sections, each of which has its Sheikh, who owns no obedience to any living man but the Sheikh of the whole tribe.

His rule is strictly patriarchal; he has no power even to decide disputes, for which purpose a Cadi is

* New Monthly Magazine, February, 1843.

appointed. On occasions of emergency, he may indeed put a man to death, but this power is shared almost in an equal degree by the person who is injured. The Sheikh chooses the place of encampment; but this may be objected to, and instances are not rare of the Sheikh being deposed, and another elected in his place. The Sheikhdom is, however, hereditary in most cases, and some are of very ancient descent. Abdallah was Sheikh of a detachment from the great tribe of the Tammirah, of which the Khatib who accompanied Dr. Robinson is supreme Sheikh. It is impossible to make even an approximation to the number of the Bedouin; between their ignorance and their love of exaggeration, truth has no chance of fair play among themselves, and they are obliged to render an account to none. The great tribe of the Ænese, inhabiting the desert east of Damascus, are said to amount to 170,000 souls, and there are about fifty tribes whose names are known, of those who border upon Syria.

Notwithstanding their boasted independence, Mehemet Ali's vigilant and stern power made itself felt wherever his name was known in Syria. Under the contemptible government of the Porte, however, the tribes have shaken off all the salutary awe which the Pasha had inspired; and, as I learn from a recent letter from Jerusalem, they now approach the very walls of the Holy City with impunity.

Literature they have none, but they nourish their romantic imaginations by oral tales, and poems running

down from very ancient times. The desert is full of superstitions, many of which are very poetical; and those help to keep alive the Moslem faith, with which they are ingeniously interwoven.

At daybreak, the Sheikh shouts the muezzin call to prayer from the door of his tent; and it is a striking and solemn sight to witness that devout congregation; every man kneeling at the door of his tent, and prostrating himself in the dust with his face towards Mecca.

The wealth of the Arab consists in flocks and herds; but his pride and power lies in his HORSE.

These are noble animals, and are no less remarkable for their chivalrous dispositions than for their strength and endurance: gallant, yet docile; fiery, yet gentle; full of mettle, yet patient as a camel. They are very ferocious to each other, but suffer little children to pull about and play with them.

Their beauty is not remarkable, at least to an English eye. They seldom exceed fourteen and a half, or at most fifteen, hands in height; they have not good barrels, their chest is narrow, the pastern too much bent, and their quarters are seldom well turned. I only speak of these as defects in what would be considered symmetry in Europe; experience has proved to me that they argue no defect in Asia. The head is beautiful; the expansive forehead, the brilliant, prominent eye, and the delicately-shaped ear, would testify to nobleness in any animal; the high withers, and the shoulder well thrown back, the fine, clean limbs, with

their bunches of starting muscle, and the silken skin, beneath which all the veins are visible, shew proofs of blood that never can deceive.

The choicest horses come from the remoter parts of the desert, and cannot be said to have a price, as nothing but the direst necessity will induce their owners to part with them. There are three great classes recognised: the Kochlani, the Kadischi, and the Atteschi. The first are said to derive their blood from Solomon's stables, the second are of a mixed race, and the third have no claim to gentle breeding.

The Kochlani are, as may be supposed, extremely scarce, but a great deal of their blood is distributed among the nameless breeds; and I never saw an exception to docility, high spirit, and endurance even among the hacks of Beyrout and Jerusalem. A friend of mine rode his horse from Cairo to Suez, eighty-five miles, in twelve hours, and, resting for twelve more, returned within the following twelve; during these journeys, the horse had no refreshment, except a gulp of water once to cool the bit. I have been on the same horse for twenty-four hours on one occasion, and for upwards of thirty on another, without any rest or refreshment, except once, for half an hour, when a few handfuls of barley were the only food. In both these instances, the horses never tasted water throughout their journeys.

Some of my young naval friends used to ride the same horses at a gallop almost the whole distance to

Djoun and back, about sixty miles, over roads that would appear impossible to an English horse to climb. I only mention these instances as of daily occurrence. The horse of the true Nedjed breed will gallop, they say, one hundred and twenty miles without a thick breath.

Nedjed is a mountainous country in the Hedjaz, not far from Mecca, which possesses the horse in the most perfect form known. The pedigrees of these animals are sometimes worn round their necks, but on such I should be inclined to look with suspicion. In the more remote regions of the desert, where alone the pure blood is to be found, writing is unknown. Oral pedigrees, well borne out by the hieroglyphics of noble blood that may be read in the outward structure, so eloquent of the power within—these are the pedigrees most to be relied on.

The mare is far more valued than the horse, as the Bedouin believe that the mother gives character to the race, and deduce the descent of the horse through the female line. The mare is also supposed capable of enduring greater fatigue, and requiring less sustenance.

In all the Arab tales, the horse figures largely in connexion with the human heroes. Thus, Achmed was accounted the most generous man of his time, and it was said that he could refuse nothing to the veriest stranger, except a celebrated horse, which shared his tent and his bread. The Sultan, hearing such report

of this generosity, sent one of his officers in disguise to test its truth.

Arrived at Achmed's encampment, the stranger was received with all hospitality; and though it was said that the Arab chieftain had become impoverished, a splendid banquet of horse-flesh was served up. The next morning, as the guest was departing, his host inquired if there were any means by which he could compensate him for the honour he had conferred upon his tent by accepting its hospitality. "Alas!" said the stranger, "I have but one request, and that I shrink from asking: my wife is ill; she sickens with desire to possess that noble horse of which all Damascus has heard so much." "Wretched man that I am!" exclaimed the Arab, "I had nothing else to regale you with last night, and I slew him for your repast."

A French officer, who was ambassador to a Syrian Pasha, observed a very beautiful horse, ridden by a Bedouin, and offered a large sum of money to its poor proprietor: his offer was refused, and the Pasha sent to the Arab to say the horse must be given to the Frank, his friend. With tears in his eyes, the poor man dismounted from his loved companion, and kissed him on the forehead: then, suddenly exclaiming; "Thou hast been the friend of the free, thou shalt never be the servant of the slave!" he shot him dead.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE JEW.

The Hebrew nation is one great prophecy.
ST. AUGUSTINE.

But we must wander witheringly
In other lands to die,
And where our father's ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left one stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.
BYRON.

"Wherever we have a Jew on the surface of the earth, there we have a man whose testimony and whose conduct connect the present with the beginning of all time."* In whatever point of view this chosen race is considered, it is by far the most remarkable of all those that inhabit earth. Their *completeness*, and wonder-

* Bishop Watson.

fully preserved individuality; their unequalled persecutions; their undying hope, and their proud confidence that they shall be yet a great people—all these are characteristics peculiar to themselves.

They are scattered over every region of earth's wide surface, yet not only their physical, but their moral traits are unchanged from the days in which their nation gathered round the Temple.* Living illustrations of prophecy as they are, they refuse to believe in those which are fulfilled, even in themselves, while they cling eagerly to those that yet continue in suspense. They have had their temple twice, their city six times, destroyed, yet are they as confident in their restoration as that the morrow's sun will rise.

Prophecy speaks boldly and unambiguously upon this theme: "for the Lord will yet have mercy upon Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land." In the tenth chapter of Ezekiel, God declares plainly that he will take the Ten tribes, and the Two tribes, and unite them in his hand: that he will gather together the children of Israel from among the heathen on every side, and bring them into their land, and will make them a nation on the mountains of Israel.

* "'I am the Lord, I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.' — *Mal.* iii., 6. If this was a marvel when Malachi prophecied, how much more is it a wonder now!"— *Alexander.*

The place where the ten tribes have lain concealed for 2,500 years is still a mere matter of conjecture. Now we hear of them along the shores of the Caspian Sea; then among the American Indians; now among the warriors of Cochin,* and the fierce tribes of Affghanistān.

It has been affirmed that numbers of these lost tribes appeared in Jerusalem in the days of Augustus Cæsar, and thus incurred the responsibility of hearing the Messiah's voice, and of rejecting him as their Saviour and their King.†

Wherever the lost tribes may dwell, or whenever they may return to Jerusalem, they are to be preceded

* There are two races of Jews settled along the coast of Malabar: the *black*, and the *white*, as they are called. The former is the oldest, and is supposed to have wandered thus far East long before the destruction of Jerusalem: the latter, according to their own tradition, settled there soon after that catastrophe, and obtained various privileges from the native princes. They never were an independent nation: like the Christians of the neighbouring mountains, (said to be converts of St. Thomas,) they had their own rulers, although they were tributary to the protecting states. Benjamin, of Tudela, speaks of a powerful tribe of Jews in the twelfth century, as living in the "Mountains of Nisbor, whence flows the river Gozen. They make warre upon the children of Chus, and travell in warfare through the desarts;" *Lord Lindsay. Buchanan's Christian Researches and Travels in Hindostan; Purchas's Pilgrims*, ii., 2, 1457.

† Jahn.

by the tribes of Judah.* And surely when their summons is heard and answered by this widely scattered people, it will resemble that great and varied picture of the resurrection: with turbaned brow and floating robe; with lofty cap and arctic furs, with forehead pale as the Siberian snows, or dark as the Egyptian soil, from whence they come.

There are perhaps fewer Jews in Palestine than in most countries of Europe. There is no rural Hebrew population there, though they have acquired both wealth and influence in Acre and Damascus. Their number in the whole of Syria does not probably exceed 30,000 souls: and they say their number on the whole earth is not above 6,000,000.

They are very zealous students of the Prophecies, and ingeniously distribute, between Solomon and other heroes of their race, the promises with regard to Shiloh that are absolutely fulfilled. Their hope of the Messiah is as strong as ever, and, in their prayers for the day of atonement, they have the exclamation, "Woe unto us, for we have no mediator!"

The Moslem hates the Jew above all other nations, following up Mahomet's quarrel with them when they refused to hearken to his voice, or accept his flattering invitation. There are *only* seven degrees of eternal punishment in the Moslem's future world, and the sixth is appropriated exclusively to the reception

* Zechariah, xii., 7.

of the Hebrew race: the hypocrite occupies the seventh, the opprobrium of which is not complete in that it is the lowest, but in that it is below the Jew.

Nevertheless, the universal tolerance that is gaining ground in the East has enfranchised the Jew from all the legal, and from many of the social, disqualifications to which he has so long been subjected. It is true, that in the recent accusations at Damascus, public resentment ran high against this people, but appearances were strongly against them; even civilized Europe, so lately as 1820, heard the old cry Hep. Hep. * raised in Wartzburgh and Copenhagen, to which many perished.

Hamburgh contains so many of this people that it has been called the lesser Jerusalem, but Poland is the country wherein they mostly abound. Here they have stately synagogues, richly endowed colleges, and courts of Judicature even for criminal cases.

In Hungary, the revenues were farmed by them, until Ferdinand the Second published an edict forbidding their employment. In this country took place, in the year 1650, a most extraordinary assembly, convened to decide whether the Messiah was come or not. Three hundred Rabbis and an immense multitude of Jews assembled in the Plain of Ageda. Some of the Rabbis expressed a wish to hear the Protestant divines upon the subject, and two Roman Catholic

* H ierosolyma E st P erdita—a persecution anagram.

priests proposed to preach on their own account. Then rose a stormy cry as of old in Jerusalem, "We will have no Christ, no man-God, no virgin," and they tore their hair and rent their garments. A majority of voices decided that the Messiah was not yet come, and that his advent was delayed by the sins and impenitence of the people.

Not only in civilized Europe, but even in their own promised land, the Jews can now find rest. It appears strange that not more "of the wandering foot and weary breast" seek refuge here, where all seems free to them. Once under the protection of a European power, property is here secure, and no where in the world perhaps would capital meet with a richer return than in Palestine. But all its prospects are agricultural; and the Jew has so long been accustomed to wander about the streets of the cities of the Gentiles, that he no longer desires "to sit under the shade of his own fig-tree, or to eat of his own vine."

Notwithstanding that the Jew is at once the object and the guardian of prophecy; the recipient, and the illustration of Scripture's promises and threats; there is perhaps no religious body that is so little spiritual in its worship. Their pride, their trust, their hope, linger about the Land of Promise, above which it never seems to soar; or to rise, even now, beyond the temporalities for which they abandoned Him who declared that his kingdom was not of this world.

It seems little probable that the Israelites in the wilderness held the hope of immortality, that is now almost disrespectfully familiar to our minds: it is true, that in Job, the Prophets, and the Psalms, we have occasional intimations of such a hope, but the emigrants from Egypt had none of these.* The joys of Heaven never appeared as a Mosaic doctrine, or even as a reward for righteousness; the Pentateuch does not refer to it, and it seems improbable that a leading article of belief would have been only darkly shadowed out in a Scripture intended as a rule of faith.

Moreover, long afterwards we find the Sadducees only considered as Dissenters, not as unbelievers in the Scriptures. When Zaduch, with his colleague Bythos, introduced a schism among the adherents of the Oral Law, Maimonides only speaks of them as having put a new construction on some of the articles of Hebrew faith.

Perhaps some explanation of this may be found in the probability that, until Christ's coming, Salvation was too deep a mystery for the people: instead of that faith which is required of us, they had only to believe in God, and the fulfilment of his promise in giving them the Land of his Promise. As in Paradise, an apple was the test of faithfulness, may not

* Unless indeed Moses composed the Book of Job, as an allegory, among the scenes that it describes.

Canaan have been that apple to the Hebrews, and the city of Zion an unrevealed type of the New Jerusalem.*

These matters are far too deep for me, and for this book; I only allude to them here as mere questions of literature. Certain it is, however, that the Jew's worship, with all its abhorrence of idolatry, seems to be of a rather material nature.

The Caraites are said to be a pure remnant of the Hebrews, and to be set apart as a specimen of what the Israelite was, and may become again. They abide scrupulously by the written law, rejecting the Talmud and Rabbinical explanations. There are many of this sect in Lithuania, and Wolff found 5,000 of them at Bagdad distinguished for their veracity, and called the children of The Book: they are also found in the Crimea, where their character stands very high; they all understand Hebrew, and even speak it as a household language.

In Jerusalem the Hebrews are divided into two great sects, which are as much at rivalry with each other, as are the Greek and the Latin Churches. These follow generally the national distinctions of the Polish and the German Jew. The same zeal for their ancient worship seems to actuate both, and their common talk is of their faith, while they cultivate anxiously the language of their forefathers. Frequently

* Heb. iv. 8-23.

you meet small parties of Jews in the environs of the Holy City, and almost always, I am told, their conversation is about prophecy.

Two Rabbis, approaching Jerusalem, observed a fox running upon the Hill of Zion, and Rabbi Joshua wept, but Rabbi Eliezer laughed: "Wherefore dost thou laugh?" said he who wept. "Nay, wherefore dost thou weep?" demanded Eliezer. "I weep," replied the Rabbi Joshua, "because I see what is written in the Lamentations fulfilled; because on the Mount of Zion, which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it." "And, therefore," said Rabbi Eliezer, "do I laugh; for when I see with mine own eyes that God has fulfilled his threatenings to the very letter, I have thereby a pledge that not one of His *promises* shall fail, for He is ever more ready to show mercy than judgment."

In speaking of Abyssinia, I have mentioned that its people are very much possessed in favour of the Jews; and, in speaking of the Arabs, I should perhaps have mentioned the Rechabites, or Midianites, supposed to be descendants of Jethro. This people, if they cannot be called Jews themselves, are very zealous for them, and profess their faith; they understand Hebrew, though their common language is the same as that of the other Arabs, by whom they are surrounded; they possess the Pentateuch, Isaiah, Kings, Samuel, and the lesser prophets; they amount to about 60,000 in number, dwell in tents, and neither sow nor plant

vineyards. They inhabit the fertile oases, whence they issue forth to levy contributions on Moslem travellers. Should a caravan approach their haunts, a horseman of their tribe suddenly presents himself, and demands tribute. Whether refused or not, he disappears as suddenly as he came; but, in the former case, he returns with a storm of cavalry; in the latter, with a scribe, who writes a passport, and gives a receipt for the tribute-money. Mahomet defeated this tribe in several engagements, but made no converts among them. One of his Rechabite captives was so beautiful a girl, that he proposed to marry her; but it is said that, dreading a worse fate, or emulous of the fame of Jael, who was of this heroic tribe, the captive girl poisoned her inspired lover.

The Jews are spoken of in Revelations* as the "Kings of the East:" if, indeed, the Affghans be of the Ten Tribes, this title may not be deemed too lofty for a nation which has held the thrones of Persia and Hindostan. Seldom, however, any well authenticated Jews are found in the countries eastward of Palestine, though Morison speaks of having found some ancient families of them in China.

The Jews seem to take no root in Palestine; their children are very few and unhealthy; they themselves follow no business, and seem to consider Jerusalem merely as an inn. They are altogether unconnected

* xvi. 21.

with the agriculture of the country, and there is no business or commerce in the city with which they could involve themselves.

Although Jews are continually arriving to lay their bones in the ancestral sepulchres, their number is not at present on the increase. Riding one day in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, the progress of the party was arrested by a Jewish caravan, weary, wasted, and overpowered with fatigue and poverty. They had no eyes but for the City, whose towers rose before them in the distance; while their hearts wandered over it, their feet stood still; the fathers held up their little children to gaze upon that shrine of Israel's faith, and tears flowed down their rugged cheeks and reverend beards. "Now," Bishop Alexander observed, "had an English traveller met this party, he would have taken with him the impression that the gathering together of the Children of Israel was already begun; and it was not until I had met several such, and made particular inquiries, that I found these arrivals only replaced those who are gone to rest in the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

It is a curious but well-ascertained fact, that the Jews do not multiply at present in the native city of their race; few children attain to puberty, and the mortality altogether is so great, that the constant reinforcements from Europe scarcely maintain the average population. They inhabit a quarter of the city between the Hill of Zion and the Temple, now

the Mosque of Omar; most of their houses are mean in their external appearance, but, if I may judge from the only specimen of an interior that I saw, this outward shew is very deceitful.

The Jews are very fond of news, and very partial to foreigners, particularly to the English. I introduced myself to a venerable and noble-looking Hebrew in the street one day, by asking my way to the Pool of Hezekiah, whither he courteously accompanied me, and afterwards invited me to his house. We entered by a very humble doorway from the silent street, and, passing through a dark gallery of some length, entered a large apartment, which equalled in oriental luxury any that I had yet seen. The ceiling was slightly arched, and crusted with stalactites of purple and gold, that appeared to have oozed out from some rich treasury above. The walls were of panelled cedar, or some such dark and fragrant wood, exquisitely carved; and curtains of Damascus silk were gathered into thick folds between pilasters of cedar, polished, yet rugged with rich carving. The windows were without glass, but the foliage of some orange-trees softened the sunshine into a delicious gloom, lending all the effect of painted glass, with the addition of a quiver, which added coolness to its shade. The furniture was simple, as is customary in the East, and consisted only of divans, or wide silken cushions, ranged round the walls, but little elevated above the floor. This was of marble mosaic, wrought into floral emblems, such as

bells, pomegranates, &c., with a white marble basin of clear water in the midst. A rich, tufted carpet, in which the foot sank as in a meadow, was spread in each corner of the upper end; and, leaving our slippers on the marble floor, we took our seat on the divan. When seated, my host laid his hand upon his breast, and repeated his welcomes. He then clapped his hands; and pipes—an unusual luxury among the Jews — were brought by two little black slaves, with white tunics and scarlet caps. They retired, and we smoked the pipe of repose in such luxury and calm, as my troubled pilgrimage had seldom known till then. I should have supposed myself in some Pasha's seraglio, but for the gabardine and dark turban of my host, and that firm look of lofty determination that is to be seen on every Hebrew brow, undimmed by the disasters and degradations of two thousand years.

My entertainer spoke with respect of Bishop Alexander, and of the other missionaries: he said he gave them credit for the best motives, but that it was all in vain to hope to proselytize his people. "The Romans," he added with enthusiasm, "could not condemn Manlius in sight of the Capitol, and the Hill of Zion is not a likely spot for a Jew to forsake the faith of his forefathers." "The Christians do not honour Zion less," I observed, "because they also point to Calvary. They go with you hand in hand as far as regards this world's sacred history, and far beyond you then, into a heaven which you have hoped

for from the days of Abraham, and which you will not receive, because different from that which you expected."

The dark eyes of the Hebrew literally glowed beneath his grey and shaggy eyebrows, as he raised his arm in vehement gesticulation, that contrasted strangely with the repose of the rest of his draperied figure. "Englishman!" he exclaimed, in a voice that seemed to gurgle from his heart, "you know not what you say." Suddenly the door opened, the tapestry that hung over it was moved aside by a beautifully rounded arm on which jewels gleamed, and there stepped forth a female form which fascinated my attention as if it had been a vision. Imagine a Rebecca, in all the chastened pomp of dress and beauty, that Sir Walter Scott has painted with such vivid words — even such she stood before me, a glorious embodiment of all the best attributes of her pure and noble race. Such might Eve herself have been, so might her daughters have looked when angels sought their mortal love. Miriam, Jael, Judith, and the gentle Ruth, all the heroic spirits of Judah's line, might have been represented under that form, (but not the Maid Mother.) I know not how she was dressed, I scarce know how she looked; but I have a memory before my eyes that seems still to confuse, as it dazzled then.

I only remember a light gauzy turban, with a glittering fringe falling gracefully over the shoulder;

masses of black and shining hair that made the forehead and delicately browned cheek look as fair as a Circassian's; if a thought of luxury hovered upon the richly rosy mouth, it was awed into admiration by the large dark eyes, so fearless, yet so modest, glancing round as if they read a meaning in every thing, and every where, yet calm and self-possessed in their consciousness of power.

She carried a little tray, on which I believe were sweetmeats and sherbets, and bent gracefully forward to offer her refreshments. I started to my feet, and addressed to her some words in Italian, to which she only replied with a shake of her head, and a faint smile: she then drew back, while her sister, whom I had not noticed until now, came forward with another tray containing I know not what. I was rather bewildered by the whole scene, and felt that I was embarrassing, by not accepting the hospitalities of my fair hostesses, while a quiet smile played over the features of my venerable host. I need not say I was very anxious to make the most of this rare opportunity of seeing the daughters of Israel in their own home; yet I confess I experienced a sensation of relief when the Jewish maidens retired, and I was left again alone with my entertainer. Controversy was now out of the question. We avoided the subject by mutual consent; and, feeling the Eastern restraint which prevented me from alluding to the subject then uppermost in my mind, I only asked whether he considered

that there was a perceptible increase in the number of his people at present in Jerusalem. He replied, "that the time was not yet arrived." "Many have their eyes now fixed upon Zion," he continued, "and a very slight matter that we know not of might direct multitudes to this spot: at present we are not more than 4,000 in Jerusalem; but if our Rabbis were to speak, ten times that number would arrive here before the next Passover. There is barely means of subsistence at present for the numbers within the city, and our poverty and Turkish oppression prevent the country round from being brought into cultivation." As he spoke of poverty, I glanced round the splendid apartment, and he added, "It is the mass of our brethren who are poor, even to extremity, and supported entirely by alms from us, and from the Jews of Europe; any of us who are possessed of any wealth take some pride, perhaps, in the exhibition of it in our houses; which ought not to be. But I must ask you to excuse my taking leave of you, unless you would wish to accompany me to our synagogue, whither I am now obliged to go."

We passed out through the dark passage and the mean gate, into the dirty street, and afterwards, when I sought that house again, I could not even identify it among the squalid dwellings with which it was surrounded. Nor did I ever see my host after I parted from him at the door of the synagogue. The next morning I left Jerusalem for Bethlehem and the

Jordan, and only returned thither for half an hour to change horses.

The synagogue was a new building, which Mehemet Ali had permitted to be erected during his possession of Jerusalem. It was very plain in its decorations, except the altar, which was ornamented by floral emblems, harps, sackbuts, and other ancient devices. A railing on the left marked out the place appropriated to females, and a number of old men were reading in silence at little tables in the unenclosed space, with little square black envelopes fastened on their foreheads. These are the frontlets spoken of in Scripture, and enjoined to be worn between the eyes.

I will not dwell longer on this subject; the Jew has no relation with either the Crescent or the Cross, and would scarcely belong to my subject, but for his enmity against both. The quarter of the city that his people occupies lies between our church on Zion and the mosque of Omar, on Mount Moriah, typical of his own position. It is something vindicatory of his character that the same obstinacy with which he rejected the Cross has been extended to the Crescent, which glitters over his humble dwelling, unattractive to him, except perhaps from the gilding that adorns it.

The Jew should be seen at Jerusalem. There, if the missionary or the political economist can make little out of him, he is at least a striking specimen of man.

In the dark-robed form that lingers thoughtfully

among the tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or bends with black turban to the ground at the "Place of Wailing," you seem to behold a Destiny incarnate. That fierce, dark eye, and noble brow; that medallic profile, that has been transmitted unimpaired through a thousand generations and a thousand climates; these are Nature's own illustrations, and vindicate old history.

Thou son of a perverse, but mighty generation; thou chosen, yet accursed of Heaven; homeless throughout the world, yet a dweller in all its cities; treasurer of the dross man worships, yet despised by its bigots; thou inhabitest the proudest palaces, and the most sordid huts; thou art welcomed in the cabinets of kings, and hooted in the haunts of the destitute.

Thy destiny, that has been so far fulfilled, must yet be gloriously completed. Thy wanderings over the world shall have an end, like the wandering in the desert by which thou wert first disciplined and made fit for freedom:

> And we shall see ye go—hear ye return
> Repeopling the old solitudes.*

Here I take leave of Palestine, the general appearance of which I may sum up in the words of the noble authoress of "Gideon." "A country, naturally luxurious, was become barren as the desert, for the labours of the husbandman were vain: fear reigned in

* R. Browning.

every heart; the lands either remained uncultivated, or the rich produce was ravished by the merciless hands of its conquerors. A melancholy spectacle presents itself to the traveller's eye; vineyards trampled by unhallowed feet; corn-fields destroyed or plundered by those who had not sown them, while their owners, in the slothfulness of despair, looked on in passive silence: here and there, one bolder than the rest ventures to till the round for the relief of a starving family, but he reaps not the fruit of his labours. The heathen, hovering like vultures over their prey, destroy the increase of the earth, and leave no sustenance for man or beast."

The dominion of the Porte is the form which the Curse denounced against Israel and his Land assumes at present. It involves all others.

After Jerusalem, the pilgrimage of the Holy Land has lost its zest: I will not task the reader's patience further on this theme.

HASBEYA—THE PALACE OF EMIR SADADEEN.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LEBANON.

On to the Mountain! To the Mountain, Druses!
R. BROWNING.

Beautiful Beyrout! It is not only now, when seen through the Claude Lorraine glass of Memory, that I yield to thee the palm over all the cities of the earth. Exacting, indeed, must the spirit be that does not rest contented with thy beauty, even while, lover-like, gazing on thee!

It is not only the magnificent scenery; the mountain, with its velvet-like folds, enclosing cascades like silver threads; its snowy peaks, its golden shore: nor the rich gardens that lie around the towered walls; the airy villages, with their silkworm sheds; the purple sea, and the rose-coloured sky, that invest the old Berytus with such a glory.

But the kindling associations that start up at every view; the old Phenician fame; the Greek, the Roman, the Christian, the Crusader's memory; every wave that foams along the shore once heaved beneath the ancient Argosies; every breeze that murmurs through the myrtle whispers of the banners that it once spread out over conquering armies, and the rich tresses that it toyed with in the Paphian bowers.

For Cyprus is almost in sight; yon distant promontory shelters Tripoli; those waters have weltered among the prostrate towers of Tyre and Sidon.

You command in an hour every spot within your view. You clap your hands, and an eager Arabian champs his bit: you loose the rein, and, swift as thought, you are careering through the Pine Forest, or scaling the mountain's side, or traversing the borderland of Palestine: but with that we have done for ever, and now we mount for Lebanon. Before we revisit Beyrout, we shall have bivouacked on the plains of Baalbec, trodden the snows of Mount Hermon, quaffed the waters of Abana and Pharphar, and shared the hospitalities of the Princes of the Mountain.

I was awakened, one morning, by the sounds of sword and spur upon my staircase, and two young officers of the Vernon burst into my room, equipped for the mountains.

The bustle of preparation is always an amusing excitement to witness, but it is more especially so previous to a Syrian journey. A number and variety of necessaries is required for the journey: tents, carpets, arms, and cooking materials lie strewn about beneath the mulberry-trees; turbaned and scimitared servants are hurrying to and fro, pouring forth torrents of imprecations and directions on the Arab guides and muleteers: the garden is full of horses and mules, neighing, snorting, and ringing their bells. Here a bottle of brandy is being carefully filled, there pistols are being loaded. Now an Arab gallops off on some errand to the city, and now a band of men and boys endeavours to load a kicking mule, with a chorus of execrations.

At length we are all mounted; the mules and guides move off, escorted by our three servants; and we only linger to finish our pipes and take our coffee. Now the portly and long-bearded Antonio holds the stirrup, while Yussef hangs upon the Mameluke bit that scarcely controls the eager horse whose expanded nostrils seem to snuff the desert air. The beautiful little Salomé hovers round the impatient brute, with pistols that have just received their last polish from her delicate fingers. And now we are off! Beware, ye grave

citizens and ye sedate travellers, of those wild sailors! —a cloud of sand rises up among the cactus that overhang the narrow lane; it runs like the roll of musquetry along the beach; now, it subsides at the city-gates, and three young cavaliers emerge from it at a gentler pace as their cavalcade is overtaken.

That cavalcade presented rather an imposing appearance, as we issued from the city towards the Pine Forest. The baggage, horses, and muleteers went first; then our servants, all armed to the teeth; and lastly, ourselves, whose moistened horses and bloody spurs showed we had lingered long behind.

After passing through the Pine Forest, we turned off to the left, and were soon climbing what resembled rather the dry bed of a mountain torrent than the high road to the capital of Syria. As we advanced, the variety and extent of the view rapidly increased; each hill that we crowned revealed a noble panorama of the tract that lay between the mountains and the sea. On we went merrily, now among wild groves of myrtle or laurustinus; now emerging upon craggy cliffs, or descending into a green wilderness. Sometimes a forest of pines lent us a friendly shade; sometimes we passed through some flat-roofed village, receiving and returning the salutations of the Druse or Maronite maid or matron. The men were all out at labour on the mountain's side, which is admirably cultivated.

The change from the lowland vassal to the mountain

freeman is very striking. This fearless look, the bold bearing of the former, and the respectfulness which always accompanies self-respect, showed in strong contrast to the slave-peasantry of Palestine. There would almost seem to be something geographical in courage: the Tyrol, the Alps and Pyrenees, the Circassian, the Affghan and the Atlas mountains, not to speak of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, have in all ages produced a hero-peasantry; the low countries of the world, with the exception perhaps of Holland and poor Poland, have never similarly distinguished themselves.

We rode, as it seemed, over the roofs of the picturesque village of Ananook, renowned for the beauty of its women. On the left hand, the cottages stood up against the precipice; on the right, their tops were level with the path, and looked out upon the valley far below. Occasionally, a fortress or a convent crowned a hill, or a hamlet peeped from beneath the foliage; but generally the way was wild and lonely.

As soon as we crowned the summit of the Lebanon, the great valley of Cælesyria opened on our view; a magnificent sweep of wide plains, watered by the Liettani, and richly varied by glade and forest, and piled-up cliffs.

The descent was long, and difficult, and dangerous; but at length we came to the picturesque stream of the Damour, and halted at a Khan by an old bridge. We bathed luxuriously in the bright mountain stream; and delightful it was to change the hot saddle and the

labouring horse for that clear sparkling water, flowing capriciously among shadowy rocks and flowering oleanders.

About sunset we arrived at the antique, crag-perched town of Derr el Kamar, and pitched our tent in an open space without the walls. The name of this stronghold of the Druses implies the "Monastery of the Moon," derived from a convent here dedicated to the Virgin, who is represented as trampling on the Crescent.

There were 1,200 Turkish troops quartered here, to keep the Druses in check; and as we lay upon our carpets, looking down upon the glancing lights that vaguely sketched out the town at our feet, the wild music of the Turkish drum and cymbals came pleasantly to our ears, and was re-echoed by the towering cliffs and rocky valleys round. A brilliant moon silvered the towers of Beteddeen, upon an opposite mountain peak, and the stars seemed reflected by the lights that gleamed confusedly among the precipices on which the Druses sought freedom and security, where the eagle and gazelle before had found them.

When daylight came, the town revealed itself, scattered, as if it had been dispersed, and was striving to rally round the gloomy convent that gave it name. A deep ravine separated the rocky summit on which it stands from a similar one opposite, upon which stands Beteddeen,* the palace of the Emir Bescheer, the

* I know not how this palace has obtained this name in English; in the country, it is always called *Ipteddeen*.

Prince of the Mountains. Both the steep sides of the hills were covered with terraces supporting soil, on which a well-earned harvest was waving among olive-plantations, and watch-towers, and winepresses.

A sparkling stream ran below, and the beautiful palace crowned the view. Imagine the Isola Bella, with all its gardens, terraces, and pavilions, upheaved from the Lago Maggiore, and placed like a crown on a majestic mountain—and you have Beteddeen.

The path between the palace and the town is so steep and rugged that no English horse, with the most cautious guidance, could safely travel it in an hour, yet the bold cavaliers of the mountain traverse it at speed.

Industry has here triumphed over apparent disadvantage: in Palestine, we had just left vast tracts of country teeming with richness unemployed, and fertility left to waste. Here was the mountain's rugged side clothed with soil not its own; and watered by a thousand rills, led captive through rocky channels from the cataracts afar off. Every spot on which soil could rest, or vine could cling, was in cultivation.

As we rode up to the palace, olive plantations and fig-trees gave us shade, lines of corn waved along hewn terraces, streams gushed from gardens, and then leaped foaming over the rocky road to water others far beneath: all spoke of energy, industry, and activity. And then the villages we passed through had each of them a marble fountain, with its sculptured reservoir,

round which were grouped the turbaned traveller, with his camels, or his gaily-caparisoned mules; girls with their water-jars; old gossips with their pipes and their garrulity, and children with their laughter and their sports, that are the same over all the world.

After a steep ascent, we passed into the palace between Turkish sentries, and made fast our horses in one of the vast, vaulted stables, that once held the Emir's stud of five hundred horses. These lined one side of a spacious courtyard, whose battlemented walls looked out upon Derr el Kama, the richly varied mountain land below, and the sea afar off. Thence we ascended a flight of broad, marble steps to another courtyard, where big-breeched soldier-grooms were leading horses to and fro, and a parade of Turkish troops was going on. On the left of this enclosure was a very picturesque portal of light Saracenic architecture, leading to the Hall of Audience and the private apartments of the Emir. This was finely carved, and painted in the Eastern style; a fantastic-looking gilded crown, something between a tiara and a diadem, was suspended from the roof.

The commanding officer was still in bed, and the others whom we met walking about showed little inclination towards civility. Producing the Sultan's firman, I informed the officer on guard that our business—that of amusing ourselves—was urgent, and that we had no time to lose. Straightway the commander was roused up, and came out, half awake and

half dressed, to the cloisters where we stood; then, making us some civil speeches, he sent a ghastly-looking lieutenant to show us over the palace.

Although this has been turned into a barrack for 1000 Turkish troops, who have kept garrison here for two years, it is in perfect preservation; and we could not help thinking, as we wandered through marble halls on which the shaggy soldiers lay thickly strewn in their capotes, what a different appearance it would have presented after even a week's occupation by European troops.

There was an extensive labyrinth of halls and chambers, richly gilded and arabesqued: the floors were for the most part paved with mosaic marble, and every apartment was divided into two platforms of different height: the lowest is called the *Leewān*, where the servants stand and wait; the upper has a divan, or wide, low, cushioned benches, running round the walls: there is no other approach to furniture, and in winter, among these snowy mountains, all this magnificence must look rather more than cool.

Some of the marbled apartments lead out upon pretty gardens, shaded with cypresses, myrtles, and lemon-trees: in one stands a handsome but simple monument to the Emir's wife. She was very fond of these gardens, and while war raged in the valleys round, she passed the greater part of her life among the flowers that now bloom over her quiet grave.

The Emir Bescheer, as a christian, had only this

one wife, who died at the age of sixty-eight. Being inconsolable for her loss, he sent to Constantinople for the three fairest Circassians that could be found, and, selecting one from the number, he remained faithful to her, as to his former wife. He has three sons, two of whom share his exile at Constantinople; the third, who is of weak mind, is permitted to reside near here.

W. and I went to visit him, and found him in a prison-looking residence, that contrasted sadly with the palace of his father. He appeared gratified by our visit, and received us with as much distinction, and grace even, as if he was doing the hospitalities of the mountain. He seemed to have a very modest establishment, one servant, and but one handsome pipe. This he smoked himself; but another, the tube of which was a rose-branch so fresh that it had buds and leaves upon it, was brought in for the visitors. He first took a whiff from it, then passed on to me, laying his hands on his heart—the gesticulation of courtesy. Coffee and sherbet were then served by a melancholy-looking servant. Every thing about this state-fallen prince wore an appearance of poverty and sadness: he is evidently under surveillance, and even we should not have been allowed to see him but for the Sultan's firman, a talisman which all are bound to obey. He took a very cordial leave of us, and we returned to the palace that once was his, to be entertained by his tyrants.

We had ordered baths to be prepared there, and

we now found the magnificent suite of rooms appropriated to that purpose ready to receive us.

We were first conducted into a beautiful pavilion of pale-coloured marble, in the centre of which crystal streams leaped into an alabaster basin from four fountains. Vases of fresh flowers were tastefully arranged round the carved edges of the basin; a roof of soft green and purple porcelain reflected the only light that fell upon this pleasant place.

A Turkish bath is a very complicated business, but, as it is one of the greatest luxuries of the East, and indeed almost a necessary of life, it is fit to give some description of it, which will apply equally to all, from Cairo to Constantinople.

As soon as we laid aside our clothes, attendants brought long napkins, of the softest and whitest linen, which were wreathed into turbans and togas round us; then, placing our feet in wooden pattens, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, we walked on marble floors through several chambers and passages of gradually increasing heat, until we reached a vaulted apartment, from whose marble sides gushed four fountains of hot water. Here cushions were laid for us, and we were served with pipes, and nargilehs, and iced sherbets: thence we were conducted into the innermost and warmest apartment, where we sat down on marble stools, close to fountains of almost boiling water. This was poured over us from silver cups; we were then covered with a rich foam of scented soap, applied with the silken fibres of

the palm, then bathed again with the warm water and shampooed, in which process the whole skin seemed to peel off, and every joint was made to crack. Then we were again lathered, and again soused, and found our skins as flower-soft as that of a little child. We now left the warmest room, and were met at the door by slaves with bundles of exquisitely soft, warm linen, in which we were again shawled, turbaned, and kilted; and so we passed out into the cool fountain chamber, where another change of linen awaited us.

It was a sudden change from burning suns, and craggy roads, and sweltering horses, to find ourselves reclining on silken cushions, in the shaded niche of an arched window, through which cool breezes, filled with orange perfumes, breathed over us. The sensation of repose after a Turkish bath is at all times delicious; but here it was heightened by every appliance that could win the tranced senses to enjoyment without disturbing their repose. The bubbling of fountains, the singing of birds, the whispering of trees, were the only sounds that reached the ear. The slaves glided about silently and somnambulistically, or stood with folded arms watching for a sign. If the languid eye was lifted to the window, it found a prospect of unequalled splendour over the mountains to the sea; and nearer, were rich gardens, and basins full of gold fishes, swimming about with such a luxurious motion, that it rested the sight to follow them. There were amber-mouthed pipes of delicious Latakeea,

and fragrant coffee, and sherbet cooled in the fountain; and black slaves, with gold-embroidered napkins to wipe our hands.

This was too pleasant to last long; the soft slippers gave way to the heavy boot, the light turban of the Serai to that of the mountain. The last process was a shower of rose-water sprinkled over us; and then we took a last view of the spacious courts, with their long array of cloisters, built lightly and gracefully, as if in bowers; the princely pile of Saracenic elegance that surmounted these, and the vaulted stables that supported them; and then we dashed away at a gallop, with more of enmity than of gratitude towards our usurping entertainers.

The ancient hospitality of Beteddin was very magnificent, but the aged Emir who exercised it is now a prisoner at Constantinople.

We hastily visited two smaller palaces in the neighbourhood, with pretty courtyards, and shadowy arcades, and marble fountains. These were intended by the old Emir for his mother and his eldest son; they are now filled with Turkish soldiers.

We broke away over the mountains at a gallop where it seemed too steep to walk. We had sent on our servants early, and now lost our way, but still pushed on, though it was a wild country to ride a steeple-chase in. We came at last upon a beautiful little village, clinging to the side of a precipice, with cascades gushing through its streets, and overarching some of them. Here we found ourselves in the

right way; and S—— and Demitri separated from us to visit Damascus, while we proceeded to visit the Emir Sadadeen.

Our way henceforth for some hours lay through scenery without a parallel, perhaps, in Europe. All the picturesque and imposing, all the awful, yet winning effect, that hill, and vale, and water can produce, are here. Torn mountains, black precipices, thundering torrents, yawning rifts, soft, sunny glades, pale, green vineyards, wide-spreading forests, flat-roofed cottages, sparkling rills, terraced cultivation, and a brilliant sky over all, make up a picture that is, I believe, unequalled.

We climbed and scrambled up many a weary mountain on which the sun shone fiercely and shadowless, and on through many a gloomy gorge and deep valley of richest verdure, until sunset found us at the most beautiful spot in Syria, the little village of Gezeen. We had long seen it nestling in its rich plantations from the mountain path along which we rode, but the descent was so winding and precipitous, that it required hours to reach it. As we began to descend from the heights, a large eagle floated majestically past us; another and another succeeded, until we counted twenty-three. "Some man or beast has turned into a carcase," I observed, as we saw this formidable procession. "Depend on it," said my companion, "S.'s or Demitri's horse has died." We found out afterwards that such was the case; and it is a

curious fact that, however lonely or lifeless the most secluded valley among these mountains may appear, the moment an animal falls dead, specks begin to appear over the horizon, which soon swell into eagles or vultures, that have received summons, by some sense we know nothing of, to attend the banquet.

As we rode through the village of Gezeen, the people ran to their doors and the roofs of their houses, and gave us kindly salutation. When we passed through, we came to a little grassy dell, watered by a sparkling stream, that flowed beneath the shade of spreading trees.

Our tent was pitched under a majestic sycamore: no sight could be more picturesque, or more welcome to weary travellers. A blazing fire, under a neighbouring cliff, shot up sparks through the myrtles, and round it sat a number of villagers in their vivid and varied attire, contrasted with the dark robes of two Maronite priests belonging to the adjacent convent.

They all rose as we approached, and greeted us with a cordiality that showed they were Christians. As we sat at the door of our tent after dinner, they placed themselves round us in a ring, asking questions, and listening with avidity to all they heard.

The next morning, we were wakened by the pleasant tones of the church-bell ringing to matins, and soon afterwards the valley was full of men, women, and children, passing to prayer.

We started soon after sunrise; and, after travelling

some hours, arrived at the river Liettani, winding slowly among green banks, sheltered by poplars and sycamores, in a deep dell, surrounded by steep cliffs and towering mountains. Thence emerging over another chain of hills, we saw a wide, peaceful-looking valley, through which the young Jordan was flowing between ranks of poplars. Fording this stream, we ascended by a steep and rugged path to the village of Hasbeya, in front of whose precipitous site stands the Palace of the Emir Sadadeen. The sources of the Jordan are here, and we found groups of village girls filling their water-jars at its sacred fountain.

We rode up a flight of stone steps under an archway, into a large quadrangular court with a cistern in the midst. On one side was a range of stables, open as are all the stables in this country, to the air; opposite was a high wall, loopholed, and looking down into a steep valley; within rose an incongruous and picturesque pile of halls and towers, almost equalling Kenilworth in extent.

No part of this palace has any pretensions to either strength or beauty, and I was not a little disappointed at the air of poverty, discomfort, and decay, that pervaded this princely residence. On the south side, the village of Hasbeya, bosomed in trees, ran down the hill-side to the very walls; on the north, a deep ravine yawned between them and the opposing mountain. We were told that the Emir was out upon the hills, but on learning that we had a letter of introduction to him,

we were requested to put up our horses, and make ourselves at home.

We ascended several flights of stairs, and, passing through some dirty, ruinous passages, came to a flat roof, over which a mat was suspended as an awning, upon poles. This was the Emir's drawing-room: we sat down upon the ground, and were soon engaged in familiar conversation with a merchant from Bagdad, and some of the village authorities, who were waiting for the prince.

Refreshments were brought in on a pewter tray, and placed upon a little stool; they consisted of sour milk, with celery and cucumbers chopped therein; curds and whey, with mint strewn over it; bread and cheese. Hunger made us swallow this uninviting fare with avidity, and just then the servant shouted "Look, look!" and pointed to the brow of the opposite hill. There was the Emir on horseback, surrounded by a well-armed and goodly company of sons and followers, in blue and crimson jackets, riding in files along the narrow path.

W. and I now hastened to dress, and were shewn into a large gloomy apartment, which we fancied was the harness-room, or the servants' hall. Just as we were undressed, in walked the Emir himself—we were in his hall of audience! He was accompanied by an imposing-looking train of village elders, who took their seats, according to their respective ranks, round the room upon the floor; they had all long beards and

flowing robes, and formed a very reverend-looking senate.

The Emir Sadadeen is a handsome man of about sixty years of age; his countenance shewed a want of energy or talent, but was gentle, yet commanding-looking. After some conversation with us, he proceeded to business, and heard and settled disputes until dinner was announced. Then we all rose, and returned to the terraced roof, on which we again took our places under the mat canopy. A little stool was again placed in our circle, and on it a large pewter tray, in the centre of which was an immense wooden bowl of rice stewed in grease; round this were six or seven little earthernware dishes, containing stewed liver, sausages, a sort of rissole wrapped in vine-leaves, and some other abominations; we had no plates or knives and forks, but each guest was supplied with a large flat cake of barley-bread and a wooden spoon.

To this moment, I scarcely know how those people got their greasy food into their mouths. All ate rapidly and in silence, and, the moment dinner, and grace, and ablutions were over, all dispersed without further ceremony. The tray and its contents were transferred to our dragomans and the upper servants; and, when they had finished, the small remnant was handed over to the lower servants and our muleteers. When we called for water, an attendant served us in a large delf-bowl; the Emir alone drank from a glass goblet. Dinner over, water and soap were brought

in a perforated basin and ewer. Slaves poured the former over our hands, and each used the soap in turn.

W. and I took a stroll after dinner to the fountains of the Jordan, to see the women drawing water, and were then shewn to our sleeping-room, the eternal divan. Here my servant got us some tea and toast of our own, and we lay down upon the marble floor to take such sleep as swarms of fleas would permit.

The next morning, before sunrise, we were told that the Emir was coming; so we were obliged to make a hasty breakfast and toilette, while he was waiting in the cloister. Again he took his seat on the divan. All the village elders were again assembled round him; and, after the compliments of the morning, he proceeded to transact business. Soon afterwards, we took our leave, and departed.

This Emir exercises feudal hospitality, after the fashion of our olden times, and we probably saw in this comfortless castle scenes similar to what England witnessed five hundred years ago. We traversed a wide, mountainous district for some hours; and, leaving Mount Hermon on our right, we came to the palace of Emir Afendi, in the midst of the precipitous village of Rascheia. Several horses were picketted in the courtyard below, whence we ascended by about twenty steps to another court, which was flagged and shaded by a noble sycamore: along the left ran a lofty gallery, open in front, in a corner of which sat the venerable Emir, with a snow-white beard, and a spotless

turban of embroidered muslin. On presenting our letters, we were received with great civility, and assured that the palace, with all that it contained, was at our disposal. This expression of politeness was, at the same time, enhanced and neutralized by a constellation of bright eyes, that twinkled from the latticed hareem.

We were allowed to dine by ourselves in a small and dark apartment; but the Emir's physician, followed by a crowd of servants and mountain warriors, soon invaded our privacy, and they squatted round us on the dirty floor, eagerly asking for and examining everything that we possessed. The physician sold us some antique arms, and the Emir himself afterwards disposed of some old coins to us for a "consideration."

The two eldest sons of the Emir were out on an expedition in search of some criminals who had murdered a Christian woman with her Turkish paramour. One only of the Emir's family was at home, a fat, jolly-looking young Arab, with a very knowing eye. He shewed us a couple of fine falcons, but we could not prevail upon him to take them to the field: he said they never hawked until September, in consideration of the young partridge and gazelles. Imagine game-laws on Mount Hermon!

We took a stroll about the village in the evening with the young Emir, who was respectfully but affectionately saluted by all the people whom we met. On our return to the castle, our host kept us for some

time standing in front of the hareem, evidently in compliance with a request from its fair inmates.

The next morning, before daylight, W. and I set off for the summit of Djebel Sheikh, the "Chief of the Mountains." This is the highest point of Syria, the last of the Anti-Lebanon range, and is better known as the ancient Hill of Hermon. We rode through some rugged valleys and tracts of vineyards, and, leaving our horses at one of the sheds in the latter, began the steep and laborious ascent. I have climbed Snowdon, Vesuvius, Hungry Hill, Mount Epomeo, and many others, but this was the heaviest work of all.* We found, moreover, to our great disappointment, that there was not a drop of water to be had upon our route. The snow is perpetual on the summit of the mountain, but only lies in streaks in summer. When we arrived at the first tract, it only mocked our thirst, yielding just as much moisture as our lips could melt. Our guide broke off large masses, and, placing them in the sun, a precious little rivulet trickled down into our parched mouths.

After six hours' toilsome journey, we stood upon the summit, and perhaps the world does not possess a more magnificent view than that which we then beheld.

* Our guide had been directed by his chief to take us to the top of the mountain, and, with single-minded fidelity, was determined to fulfil his hest. If he thought we lingered or hesitated, he threw himself into an attitude that made one great finger-post of him, and shouted "Foke! Foke!" *(To the top! to the top!)* We often after used this as a "cri de guerre."

We looked down from the Hill of Hermon over the land of Israel. The mountain fell away in many a hill and valley to what seemed a perfect plain below. There gleamed the bright blue sea of Galilee, and nearer, bosomed by the last of the mountain undulations, was Lake Hooly, with Banias, the ancient Dan, upon its banks. This vast and varied plain, on which lay mapped a thousand places familiar to the memory, was bounded on the right by the Mediterranean, whose purple waters whitened round Sidon, Tyre, and the distant Promontorium Album, over which just appeared the summit of Mount Carmel: on the left of the plain a range of hills divided the Haouran (the country of Bozrah and Djerash) from Samaria. Further on, towards the Eastern horizon, spread the plain of Damascus, and the desert towards Palmyra.

To the North, the wide and fertile valley of Bekaa lay between the two great chains of the Lebanon and Antilebanon; the latter of whose varied hills and glens, specked with forests and villages, lay beneath my feet. Nothing but lakes were wanting to the valleys, nothing but heather to the mountains. All was naked on the latter, except where the snow mantled upon the heights; but below there was not even a patch of moss or lichen to clothe the rugged rock.

We caught some goats after a hard chase, and, milking them on the snow, drank eagerly from this novel dairy. Soon afterwards, we found a little fountain

gushing from a snowy hill, and only those who have climbed a mountain 9,000 feet high, under a Syrian sun, can appreciate the luxury of such a draught as that cool, bubbling rill afforded.

As we descended, the views seemed to multiply, and the clearness of the atmosphere enabled us to see as far as the diminution of objects would allow. Rascheya lay far beneath us, like scattered dominoes, and the cultivated valleys looked like strips of the Cameronian plaid.

W. and I parted company during a chase after some gazelles; and as his ship sailed just as I reached Beyroot, the only information I obtained of his further proceedings was in the following letter. I subjoin it, as combining with the characteristic style of his profession a lively humour and energy of expression, that does no discredit to his classic name. He is at this moment on his way to the far West; and a finer or more chivalrous fellow does not belong to the proud flag he sails under.

"You remember I left you on the Djebel Shieckh, where you had lost every thing, even yourself; I believe, first the gazelles, next your horse, and lastly me. I left Rasheia before you arrived, having first rather astonished our fat friend by my powers of destroying eggs and coffee. The road across the plain, that from the mountain appeared so level, was a mere deception, and it required constant use of my spurs and pipe-stick* to keep

* The duties of this pipe-stick were very various, now a cudgel, now a calumet, and now a missile.

the gallant grey and my rascally servant Michael up to the mark.

"We soon crossed the plain that separates the Lebanon and Antilebanon, and began to ascend the mountain. About sunset we reached a pretty village, where I would willingly have rested, but, as Mr. Michael said we must, I of course said no. He maintained the roads were unsafe at night, and that he did not know them; however, after a due proportion of pipe-stick, we continued our route, and wandered over stones and miseries till midnight; I driving him on, and consoling him with the assurance that my pistol should be fired at him if we were attacked.

"Talking of comparisons, how brave one becomes when one is with a greater coward than oneself! now it is surely no vanity to boast more than he possessed. You remember the day he led us a round of two hours to escape those robbers we were so anxious to encounter, and the pleasant way he had of firing off his pistols, which made me gallop forward and nearly lose the grey in fear for my property. Well, to return: at midnight the barking of dogs informed us we were near a village, and I accordingly ordered him to find the Mutsellim,* which he, more afraid of him than even of me, would not do, till I kicked at a door, when, to escape the wrath of the sleepers, he went about and brought him to me. I dismounted, and requested the Mutsellim to give me food and fire, a resting-place, and a guide. Civilly requesting me to follow, he led the way out of the village, and my Hermon-worn-out boot soon told me we had left the road, and were getting into a swamp: turning to me, he then informed me of his gracious pleasure that I might rest there. 'Bless my soul and body!' exclaimed I, 'I have not come all this way to ask your leave to sleep in a field. I might have done that long ago upon the mountains: however, I will soon find lodgings for myself.' Then, turning round, I walked

* The village mayor.

back to the village, and, thundering at a door, demanded admittance. I soon obtained it, led both horses in, and asked for food. I really think it was that same cursed tailor's house who would taste and drink every thing the time we were at Gezeen together. Well, a Maronite priest soon procured me coffee, milk, and bread; this, with your macaroni, made a worthy feast; and, over our pipes, the Padre, who belonged to the convent hard by, seemed a rakish fellow, and let me into all the scandal of the place. He said the Druse superiority consisted only in their arms, for the Maronites had been induced by their priests to yield all theirs up to Ibrahim Pasha; it was his conviction that if their friends, the English, knew this, they would assist them; more especially as they were of the same religion. This I readily acceded to, as I wanted breakfast on the morrow, and I promised, moreover, to send him as many musquets as he wished, as soon as I reached Portsmouth.

"Our harmony was now complete; an admiring throng surrounded us, and applauded all I did. One of the fellows brought a bit of an old French newspaper carefully wrapped up in cloths, which I of course told him was very valuable, and worthy of keeping. Well! the Padre and I drank brandy and water, and then, worse luck, began arguing upon theology: he waxed warm, and had I not put the brandy by, the applauders might have finished my career for me. The brandy being secreted, the priest lay down to rest, and I, poking my head out of the only window in the hovel, soon dozed off. Hardly was I quiet, ere I felt myself gradually pulled out of my snug billet, and another fellow poking himself into my place. Rising up, I soon laid hold of his legs, and hauled him out again, transferring myself to the window: again I dozed, and again was pulled out, but not with the same gentleness as before. Groping about for some instrument of torture, at last I found the string at the top of a loaf of sugar,

with which, after quietly pulling my unknown enemy out of the window, I gave him a dab over the nose that astonished him. He jumped up, I lay down in his place: the sounds of scuffling and then a woman's cries met my ear: I suppose he pitched into her in the dark, in mistake for me.

"Taking all my evening's adventures into consideration, and the amusement that various insects seemed to derive from my company during the night, I judged it desirable to start at daylight: therefore, leaving the priest in the corner to sleep off the brandy, I roused Michael, by heaving my saddle at his head; kicked the tailor up, drank a lot of water, our usual breakfast, and galloped off. For several hours we descended among the fir groves to the north of Djouni, and, bathing in the river, I sent Michael on to prepare breakfast.

"You may remember, my dear friend, how delightful the plunges in the river seemed after the heat and dust of our day's travel, and the miseries of the night; though those passed in your tent were glorious exceptions. Do you remember, too, how dear our passion for ablutions once nearly cost us, when our audience to the Emir was given at Hasbeia, by you dressed only in a couple of towels, and me in a sort of Highland costume of boots and shooting jacket?

"At last, Djouni rose before me; visions of coffee and eatables were realized, and I made a charming acquaintance in my host's most lovely daughter. I sent that rascal Michael on, and told him to await me at the Nahr el Damour, and to feed his horse, while I rested myself; meantime, I wandered, smoked, and made love amidst the lovely groves and bowers of Miladi's deserted palace. Willingly I thought would I then have given up my bright hopes, my thirst of better deeds, and my profession itself, for a life like this; but evening soon warned me to go, and, taking my spleen out on the side of my poor grey, I never pulled rein till Michael's form appeared

waiting, mounted ready to join me. He had taken the precaution, however, of getting on the Beyrout side of the river, so as to have a fair start in the event of a row or a run, on which latter he calculated with certainty. To eject him from his seat, by taking one leg and throwing him off on the other side, to heave the saddle off his horse and put mine on, and to mount, did not take long.

"'What for you do that, sir? — what for you do so?' was all he could say, as I ordered him to come on as fast as possible, while he stood in hopeless misery, looking at my late charger; who, head down, tail out, and quivering in every limb, stood the model of inutility as to going a-head. On I went though, and, pulling up at a khan, asked for a fresh horse; for over work, short rest, hard riding, and original badness, all conspired against my miserable animal carrying me much further. However, my appearance I suppose would not warrant them letting me have one, so, after a long contest between self and going on, for my last swig of brandy, I compromised the matter by giving my horse first drink, and finished it myself. He was a lion again immediately he swallowed it; and, taking him while he was in the humour, away I went: but, alas! those cursed sands! I never yet went the proper road over them, though I tried it often, and somehow one gets an unlucky knack of going round and round under certain circumstances.

"My horse waxed drunken, and I more ill-tempered, till at last 'the drunk' forsook him, and spur, pipe-stick, and conversation were equally thrown away upon him: even walking behind and pricking him on with my sword were useless.

"However, at last we reached the beach; and, consigning him to Assaid's man to take home carefully, and not let him run away, I went on board, and so to sup and bed. On inquiry the next day, I found he could not be induced to walk

even home; however, very often afterwards, he pranced spicily by, regarding me with looks of love.

"And now farewell: my travelling with you, worse luck! is over for a time, but the remembrance of our journeys together will blasé me, I fear, for all future ones.

"F. W——E."

When I reached Rascheya, I found my gallant friend, whose leave was expired, had departed. Even among these mountaineers he had ingratiated himself, and I found the Emir full of anxieties about the danger of his going alone, and regrets for his departure.

It was now growing late, and the Emir advised me to wait until the next morning to pursue my journey, as the roads were unsafe. My apprehensions of danger, however, whatever they might have been, were by this time considerably blunted; and, as I feared the Emir's fleas more than his freebooters, I prepared to depart.

He then offered me an escort, which I also declined, and set out alone on my road to Damascus. The way was very solitary, lying for the most part between barren mountains, broken by frequent precipices, amongst which we soon lost our way. Whilst hesitating what direction to move in next, the moon suddenly disappeared, and it became so dark that we were obliged to lie down for the night where we were, tying our horses to our feet. The muleteer removed the bells from their necks, lest their sound should attract the robbers of whom we had been warned.

CHAPTER L.

DAMASCUS.

From the land where our masters no longer can task us,
I shall see the rich forest that waves o'er Damascus;
From the peaks of high Lebanon, sacred and hoary,
I shall look o'er that country, and think of its glory.

SIR J. HANMER.

Day dawned upon our rocky couch in a couple of hours. We had been sleeping under our horses, and they had never stirred a limb for fear of hurting us.* The evening before, our path had lain among bosomy hills, and quiet-looking, drab-coloured valleys. This scenery, if not attractive, was at least inoffensive; and when daylight came, and found where we had wandered to, the change was great indeed. It seemed as if some great battle of the elements had taken place during the night; the rocks been rent asunder

* The "dew of Hermon" fell so heavily during the night, that it ran off our capotes in rivulets, when we shook them;—one of the thousand instances of the faithful reflection of the past in the present.

in the struggle, and Nature ghastlily wounded in the fray. Wildly distorted as the scenery seemed when the sun shone over it, there was a fearful silence and want of stir that enhanced its effect. Cliffs nodded over us as if they had been awake all night and could stand it no longer; precipices and dark ravines yawned beneath us, fixed, as it were, in some spasm of the nightmare. Not a living thing was to be seen around, no drop of water, no leaf of tree—nothing but a calm, terrible sunshine above, and blackened rocks and burnt soil below.

We emerged from these savage gorges into a wide, disheartening plain, bounded by an amphitheatre of dreary mountains. Our horses had had no water for twenty-four hours, and we had had no refreshment of any kind for twenty. Finding there was still a gallop in my steed's elastic limbs, I pushed on for Damascus, leaving my people to follow as they might. After a couple of hours' hard riding, I came to another range of mountains, from beyond which opened the view of Damascus, from which the Prophet abstained as too delicious for a believer's gaze.

It is said that after many days of toilsome travel, when he beheld this city thus lying at his feet, he exclaimed, "But one Paradise is allowed to man; I will not take mine in this world;" and so he turned away his horse's head from Damascus, and pitched his tent in the desert.

I reined up my steed with difficulty on the side of the

mountain; he had already, perhaps, heard the murmur of the distant waters, or instinct told him that Nature's life-streams flowed beneath that bright green foliage. For miles around us lay the dead desert, whose sands appeared to quiver under the shower of sunbeams; * far away to the south and east it spread like a boundless ocean; but there, beneath our feet, lay such an island of verdure as no where else perhaps exists. Mass upon mass of dark, delicious foliage rolled like waves among garden tracts of brilliant emerald green. Here and there, the clustering blossoms of the orange, or the nectarine, lay like foam upon that verdant sea. Minarets, white as ivory, shot up their fairy towers among the groves; and purple mosque-domes, tipped with the golden crescent, gave the only sign that a city lay bowered beneath those rich plantations.

One hour's gallop brought me to the suburban gates of Mezzé, and thenceforth I rode on through streets, or rather lanes, of pleasant shadow. For many an hour we had seen no water: now it gushed, and gleamed, and sparkled all around us; from aqueduct above, and rivulet below, and marble fountain in the walls—everywhere it poured forth its rich abundance; and my horse and I soon quenched our burning thirst in Abana and Pharphar.

* I do not know whether this is the effect of any possible evaporation, or of the refraction of the rays of light; but all within the horizon seemed sometimes of a stir, which was very trying to the sight.

On we went, among gardens, and fountains, and odours, and cool shade, absorbed in sensations of delight, like the knights of old who had just past from some ordeal to its reward. Fruits of every delicate shape and hue bended the boughs hospitably over our heads; flowers hung in canopy upon the trees, and lay in variegated carpet on the ground; the lanes through which we went were long arcades of arching boughs; the walls were composed of large square blocks of dried mud, which in that bright, dazzling light somewhat resembled Cyclopean architecture, and gave, I know not what, of simplicity and primitiveness to the scene.

At length I entered the city, and thenceforth lost the sun while I remained there. The luxurious people of Damascus exclude all sunshine from their bazaars by awnings of thick mat, wherever vine-trellises or vaulted roofs do not render this precaution unnecessary.

The effect of this pleasant gloom, the cool currents of air created by the narrow streets, the vividness of the bazaars, the variety and beauty of the Oriental dress, the fragrant smell of the spice-shops, the tinkle of the brass cups of the seller of sherbets,—all this affords a pleasant but bewildering change from the silent desert and the glare of sunshine.

And then the glimpses of places strange to your eye, yet familiar to your imagination, that you catch as you pass along. Here is the portal of a large khan, with a fountain and cistern in the midst. Camels and

bales of merchandize and turbaned negroes are scattered over its wide quadrangle, and an arcade of shops or offices surrounds it, above and below, like the streets of Chester. Another portal opens into a public bath, with its fountains, its reservoirs, its gay carpets, and its luxurious inmates clothed in white linen, and reclining upon cushions as they smoke their chibouques.

There is but one wretched little hotel in this city of 120,000 inhabitants. The Orientals always occupy the khans, and there are but few Europeans who visit the remote metropolis of Syria.

In the luxury of a Turkish bath, I soon forgot the fatigue of a thirty hours' journey; and even my horse, (who, however, had been resting while I was climbing Mount Hermon,) soon recovered his spirits and condition. After breakfast, the first food or drink I had tasted for twenty-four hours, I went to visit Mr. Wood, the British Consul. His hospitable house is one of the handsomest in Syria, though you enter it from a dull street, by a low and unpretending portal.

A group of Janizaries and other servants were lounging about the small outer court, whence I passed into a garden, round three sides of which the apartments ranged. A little lake of crystal water lay enclosed by marble banks, and overshadowed by beautiful weeping-willows; little fountains leaped and sparkled in all directions, "and shook their loosened silver in the sun." Arcades of orange, and lemon,

and mimosa-trees afforded a quivering shade to the marble mosaic paths and the parterres of flowers. At one end of this court, or garden, was a lofty alcove, with a ceiling richly carved in gold and crimson fret-work; the walls are ornamented with arabesques, and a wide divan runs round the three sides of the apartment, which opens on the garden and its fountains.

Next to this alcove is a beautiful drawing-room, with marble floor, and arabesque roof, and carved niches, and softened light falling on delicately-painted walls; in the midst is an alabaster basin, into which water falls from four fantastic little fountains.

Mr. Wood appears to have extensive influence among the Arabs, and much consideration among the Turks. He has travelled very widely in the East, and seems to understand its various people well. I would gladly enliven these pages with some of his amusing Eastern anecdotes and information, but for the character of confidence that every private conversation possesses, or should possess.

After one night's trial of the hotel, the traveller will be glad to remove to the Franciscan convent, which, though squalid enough, is comparatively free from vermin. The terrace, too, upon this convent, commands the best view perhaps of the city, and, on a moonlight night, is the most pleasant place imaginable to smoke "the pipe of repose." The fathers, moreover, are jovial fellows, and possess a capital cellar of the "Vino d'oro," for which the Lebanon is famous.

Then the young Christian women of the city come hither in numbers to confession, which, if their tongue be as candid as their eloquent eyes, must be rather a protracted business. Although, like the Moslemin, these fair penitents wear the yashmak, or veil, in the streets, they afford ample opportunity to the stranger to judge of their far-famed beauty, while wandering about these cloisters, waiting till the little confessional is vacant, or, perchance, until they have more to say to its cowled occupant. And they *are* passing fair, these Damascus, or (as it is called in Arabic) these Shām Christians: but the Jewess, with her aristocratic mien, her proud, yet airy step, and her eagle eye, throws all others into the shade, and vindicates her lineal descent from Eve, on this, Eve's native land.

I thought Damascus was a great improvement upon Cairo, in every respect. It is much more thoroughly Oriental in its appearance, in its mysteries, in the look and character of its inhabitants. The spirit of the Arabian Nights is still quite alive in these, its native streets; and not only do you hear their fantastic tales repeated to rapt audiences in the coffee-houses, but you see them hourly exemplified in living scenes.

In most countries, it is undignified and dangerous to speak a language imperfectly, but, in the East, where everything goes by contraries, it is one of the marks of high breeding and superiority. The lordly

Turk never condescends to give himself any trouble about the Arab's language, and therefore his words, and those of other fashionables, are few, and eagerly listened to. This peculiarity not only assists one in society, but also enables the traveller to wear the Turkish dress undiscovered. This is by far the handsomest, most comfortable, and best adapted to the climate and the habits of life; besides which it enables the wearer to mingle unobserved and unavoided in the places whence he can derive most amusement.

Damascus life begins very early in the morning, and the shops are almost all closed by one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Thenceforth, the cafés and the gardens become filled, and, after sunset, you seldom meet any one in the streets; the few who appear there are obliged to carry lanterns, and the different quarters of the town are enclosed by guarded gates.

The rides about Damascus are very striking and pleasant. You wander through a labyrinth of sycamore, or walnut-shaded lanes, with bright Abana and Pharphar gleaming through the foliage, or sparkling in stream or fountain. Sometimes you find a picturesque mill terminating the path that has led you wandering, and sometimes you come upon a group of Syrians smoking indolently in an arbour, or rushing about like maniacs on active horses, that seem to enjoy their wild game of the Jereed as much as their riders.

There is little to be seen in Damascus, except the city's self. No vestige remains of the palaces of the

Sultans, and, indeed, few of any other antiquity, though this is probably the most ancient city in the world. Eleazer, the trusty steward of Abraham, was a citizen of it nearly 4,000 years ago, and the Arabs maintain that Adam was created here out of the red clay that is now fashioned by the hand of the potter into other forms.

Damascus is all of a bubble with nargilehs and fountains; the former are in every mouth, and the latter gush from every corner of the street. These fountains are in themselves very characteristic, beautifully carved with fanciful designs, that seem ever striving to evade the Moslem's law against imitating anything in creation.

The heat of the climate is turned into a source of pleasure, by the cool currents of air that are ingeniously cultivated, and the profusion of ices, creams, and juicy fruits, that everywhere present themselves. Many of the shopkeepers have large feather fans, which are in constant flutter; and even the jewellers, as they work in public, turn aside from the little crucibles, in which ingots of gold or silver are learning ductility, and obedience to art, to fan their pallid cheeks, and agitate their perfumed beards with these wide-spread fans.

I was never tired of roaming through the bazaars of Damascus; I strolled about them by the hour, watching the life and little interests of the pale people, who live and die in their shadowy arcades.

The merchants sit on their counters ; you stand in the street ; there is no house to enter, but the whole bazaar is like one great shop, with a number of shelves ranged along its sides in little niches. On each shelf is a man or a boy, whose long draperies are arranged gracefully round them ; immense turbans, of some costly material and very vivid colours, on their heads. Here is a pale boy, with a brilliantly gay shawl folded round his brow, working lace in a hand-loom, and watching the shop at the same time ; there is a man of seventy, with snowy beard and cashmere shawl, and pale pink gaberdine, and mulberry-coloured mantle. Here a handsome young Turk is measuring English chintz to a woman veiled from head to foot in a white, shroud-like sheet, with a dark-coloured handkerchief over her face ; there a water-carrier walks swiftly by, jingling his bright brazen cups together ; he has an immense glass jar, full of iced sherbet, slung under his arm ; its long neck is tipped with a lump of snow and a bunch of flowers : you drink a deep draught of the nectar, your servant pays four paras (about half a farthing), and he moves on. Here a speculator in smoke is walking about with a sheaf of nargilehs, which he puts unasked into his customers' mouths. They smoke, apparently unconsciously : and, when the proprietor returns, he receives about a farthing as his fee. There is a man selling coloured ices at a halfpenny a saucerful. There trays of fruit attract your eye—plums, apricots, and enormous water-melons

that melt in the mouth like snow; here comes a donkey laden with cucumbers, apparently the favourite refreshment, for almost every one stops him; here a string of tall, awkward camels fills the narrow street; there, seated on his shopboard, is an old man drowsily nodding among the silks of India and Syria; and there are two pale boys playing dominoes in an armourer's shop, from the roof of which daggers hang like the sword of Damocles, and quantities of ivory-handled knives, that make the niche look like a cave of stalactites.

On the whole, the bazaars are much better and more striking than those of Cairo, though still rather mean and contemptible when you come to examine or to value them. Many of the shopkeepers are mere amateurs—men who have land or houses, but who amuse themselves by sitting crosslegged from morning to night, and selling their quaint commodities in the cool shade.

The women of Damascus are said to be very handsome, and I think deserve this, as well as other less complimentary reputations. They affect a deep seclusion, like the Cairenes, and are rather more ingenious perhaps in evading its restrictions.

The Turks here are more fanatical than in any part of the East, except Mecca; and it is nearly impossible to visit the mosques. The risk incurred in doing so is of that unpleasant kind that has nothing redeeming or tempting in its exploit. These mosques are inha-

bited by a set of filthy dervishes, who assail a Christian with every sort of insult and outrage, even if protected by the Sultan's firman and the Pasha's officers.

The Christians, for the most part, belong to the Latin Church; there are some Greeks, and a few Armenians; they amount in all to about 5000, out of a population of 110,000. They are as fanatical and grossly ignorant as the Moslems; at least, those few, even of the wealthier class, with whom I had an opportunity of conversing. Mr. Graham, a missionary of the Church of England, is about to establish himself here, where he will apparently find as little opposition as encouragement. The Jews amount in numbers to six or seven thousand, and have the reputation of great wealth.

The street which is called "straight," extends from the gate named Babel Hadji* to the great bazaar. St. Paul's window is still shown in the walls, and these two localities are almost the only remains, except the base of some of the old walls, that connect the city with its past. In general, where there are no bazaars, the streets are blank, dull, and windowless; but the low and narrow doorways that open from these unpromising exteriors lead to houses of great beauty, richness, and picturesqueness. There is always a courtyard, with a high alcove on one side, where the divan is spread. Staircases, overarched by trelliced vines, and open to the air, lead, under broad eaves, to the upper stories and the housetop. A fountain plays in a little garden

* "The Pilgrim's Porch."

in the centre of the court, and its basin is surrounded with gardens, and sheltered by palm or orange-trees. If a stranger enters, the Moslem women retire to the hareem above, and peep from its latticed windows; but I was acquainted with some Christian families, in which the women remained undisturbed by visitors, and continued their embroidery or other work without interruption, though they seldom joined in conversation.

I made the acquaintance of an Arab physician, who was possessed of considerable wealth, and was moreover a person of literary attainments, and apparently free from the prejudices, if not from the belief, of the Koran. I accepted an invitation to visit him one evening; and, after traversing many silent streets with guarded gates at either end, I arrived at one of the low and unpretending doorways I have mentioned.

I was admitted by a tall, black slave, and ushered through a long, dark passage into a courtyard, which presented a very striking appearance. In the midst, the usual fountain leaped and sparkled in the rays that, falling from a painted lantern, converted each drop of spray into rubies or emeralds. Mimosas, hanging their flowery wreaths, and orange-trees bending with their golden fruit, stood round; themselves shadowed by some tall, luxuriant palms. On one side, many lights twinkled in the lattices of the hareem; on the other, rose a wide alcove, with fretted roof, and a raised marble floor. The divan was occupied by some gorgeously-clad Turks, some merchants,

and two Armenian priests in violet robes, and high, black turbans. A large, painted lantern threw its coloured light upon this picturesque and imposing group.

The circle, except the priests, rose as I entered, and remained standing until I had taken my seat; then, resuming theirs, each laid his hand upon his heart, and, bowing slowly, muttered something about Allah. A pipe was then presented, and, according to the pleasant Eastern usage, no observation was addressed to me, until I had time to become familiarized with the appearances that surrounded me.

My host was a noble-looking fellow, with a piercing eye and a long black beard; yet his countenance wore an expression of mirth and good-humour that contrasted curiously with that reverend beard and lofty look. A long robe of dark, flame-coloured silk was wrapped round his waist by a voluminous shawl, and a white muslin turban was folded broadly on his forehead.

He led the conversation (through an interpreter) with great animation and interest to European topics, inquiring eagerly about steam, chemistry, and railways. When I observed that almost all our knowledge of chemistry and astronomy came originally from his country, he said that the Arab science was only like *water* when it came to us in Frangistan: "we put fire under it, and turned it into *steam*. Ah, yes!" he continued, "you English know all things, and can do what you please; you know more of us than we do of ourselves."

After some conversation on medical subjects, he

inquired very eagerly about magnetism, and begged that I would show him how it was done. Vainly I disclaimed any knowledge of the art; his enthusiasm on the subject was not to be evaded, and, at last, I consented to explain the simple process.

He beckoned to a black slave, who was standing by with folded arms, to approach; and, as the gaunt negro knelt before me, the whole circle closed round us, and looked on in breathless suspense, while I passed my hands slowly over my patient's eyes. Suddenly, to my surprise and their astonishment, a shudder passed over his gigantic frame, and he sank upon the ground, huddled like a black cloak that has fallen from a peg. A low exclamation of "Wallah!" escaped from all the bystanders, who, one by one, endeavoured to waken him, but in vain. At length, they said, quietly, "He is dead," and resumed their pipes and their placid attitudes on the divans, as if it was all quite regular. My host was quite beside himself with astonishment, and overwhelmed me with eager questions, to which I only replied with that invaluable Burleigh nod that throws all the responsibility of perception on the inquirer, and off of the nodder. The physician then gazed in silence for some time on the apparently breathless black mass of humanity that lay heaped upon the floor; and then, with great diffidence and many apologies, requested I would bring him back to life, as he was worth nearly a hundred pounds. I was far from certain whether, or in what manner, this was to be done,

and postponed the attempt as long as possible. At length, I tried, and succeeded with a vengeance!

It was like a thousand wakenings from a thousand sleeps — long-suppressed consciousness seemed suddenly to flash upon his brain, too powerfully for its patient endurance. With a fearful howl, he started to his feet, flung wide his arms, threw back his head, and, while his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, he burst into a terrible shrieking sort of laughter. He seized a large vase of water, and dashed it into fragments on the marble floor; he tore up the divan, and smashed the lantern into a thousand bits; then, with his arms tossed wildly in the air, he rushed about the courtyard, while the terrified Turks hid themselves, or fled in every direction. As I watched their horror-stricken countenances, hurrying to and fro in the various light of the moon and the remaining lantern, their long draperies tangling in the plants and pillars, their black pursuer stalking along, as if engaged in some grim game of "blindmans'-buff;" together with the howl of the maniac ringing far and wide through the silent night, the shrieks of the women in the hareem above, the rapid tread of the pursued and the tramp of the pursuer among the palms and mimosas in the strange-looking courtyard, the whole seemed to me like some fearful dream, of which I watched the result in painful and constrained suspense.

At length, the slave became exhausted by the violence of his emotions, and, flinging himself on the

ground, sobbed as if his heart would break. Gradually he came to himself, looked puzzledly round on the scene of devastation he had wrought, and then quietly resumed his meek attitude, and stood with folded arms on his naked chest.

Peace being restored, the scattered audience appeared one by one from their hiding-places, the lantern and fresh pipes were lighted, and we all resumed our seats, except the Armenian priests, who had disappeared in the confusion. The negro was then examined, and he described his sensations as those of exquisite delight, but he was quite unconscious of all that he had done.

As I had preserved an air of quiet indifference (which I was far from feeling) through the transaction, the Orientals thought the matter was all quite right, and looked upon me with great respect. My host professed himself as much obliged as astonished by the performance, and begged of me to return the next evening to repeat the experiment. "Heaven forbid!" thought I, as I took leave of my host, as the following day I did of Damascus.*

* The celebrated sword-blades are no longer manufactured here. The trade was transferred to Khorassan by one of the many conquerors that have ravaged this fair city. The steel was "cut as fine as horsehair, and interwoven with gold as finely drawn as woman's tresses," then subjected to fire till each metal became imbued with the virtues of the other, and the blade would cut gossamer as it floated in the air.

CHAPTER LI.

THE MOUNTAIN TRIBES.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained!

MOORE.

And, with an Arab instinct, thwarted ever
By their Frank policy, and, in its turn,
A Frank brain thwarted by the Arab heart,
While these remained in equipoise, they loved
Nothing; had either been predominant,
As the Frank schemer or the Arab mystic,
They had been something: now, each has destroyed
The other, and behold, from out their crash,
A third and better nature rises up.

Return of the Druses.—R. BROWNING.

The people of the Lebanon have been in all times rebels to foreign powers, most loyal to their own.

Divided, and dismembered as they are, there is the material of a great nation among these various tribes: they require only peace to make them powerful—only power to make them free.

Want of union, the sundering of the fabled faggot, is their cause of weakness. To concentrate the energies, and unite the interests of the several tribes, would require a powerful and enlightened intellect, and such has never appeared among them. Two of their Emirs,* Fakreddin, and the Emir Beschir, wanted but honesty and singleness of purpose to enable them to convert the populace of a thousand villages into a people. The former ruled from Tripoli to Mount Carmel, the latter was the sovereign, or at least the universally acknowledged source of rank and power all over the Lebanon.

Fakreddin, however, went to Europe to seek for assistance against his Turkish oppressors; he took advantage of a theory that had just then become popular, that the romantic history of the Druses had begun with the Count de Dreux, at the time of the Crusades. This claim on Christian sympathy, together with the rank, eloquence, and majestic appearance of the claimant procured him immediate popularity, but the Chieftain of the Mountains soon sank into the voluptuary, and forgot the cause he had come to plead, in Capuan luxury. When, at length, he did

* Pronounced "Ameer."

return to the mountain, all his energies and resources were dissipated in selfish schemes of policy, and building fantastic palaces. His family, all of whom were Druses, became extinct about one hundred and fifty years ago.

On the death of the last of his line, the aristocracy of the mountain elected an Emir of Hasbeia as chief governor, and this dignity, under the title of "Hakeem el Djebal," has since lineally descended in the Shehâb family from father to son.

This illustrious family came originally from Shabha, in the Haourân; and are lineally descended from the Standard-bearer of the Prophet Mahomet. I could not learn from any of the Emirs the date of their arrival in Syria; they spoke of it vaguely "as several hundred years ago." It would seem that they came as conquerors, since they obtained large possessions with feudal privileges in the country about Mount Hermon, and the sources of the Jordan. Their castle and villages dependent on them are named Hasbeya and Rascheia, both of which I have described in a former chapter.

The Emir Beschir is now the first man among the tribes. To him belong the beautiful palace of Beteddeen, and the sovereignty of the Lebanon. He was able, it is said, to summon 15,000 armed men to his standard at three hours' notice.

When the Egyptian forces invaded Syria in the late war between Mehemet Ali and the Porte, the

Emir remained neutral for some time, neglecting the orders of the Sultan to attack Ishmael Pasha, and at the same time abstaining from any communication with the latter until he had possessed himself of Acre, and his cause appeared to be triumphant. Then, in an evil hour, he invited him to his palace, and professed himself his faithful ally.

Ishmael accepted the invitation, and so arranged his plans that on the evening of his arrival at Beteddeen, 15,000 Egyptian troops encamped on the hills around. The Pasha then explained to the Emir that he wished the mountaineers to give up their arms, and the poor Chief was obliged to comply. The Egyptian had already obtained by spies and bribery a return of all the arms on the Lebanon, and his troops, surrounding each village, now required the complement assigned, whether truly or otherwise. The Maronite priests, I know not why, exhorted their people to comply: the Druses resisted. This has already changed the character of these sects: the disarmed Maronites have become timid and unwarlike, the Druses proportionably bolder, and more free.

The Egyptians remain long enough in Syria to make a most favourable reform, and from this fact may be estimated the state to which the Turks had reduced it. The name of Mehemet Ali became a terror to the Bedouin in his desert, and to the Druse upon his mountain. Commerce returned to the seaports, security was bestowed on the public ways, mines

were worked, crushing imposts abated. I am no panegyrist of Mehemet Ali's, but I think it is but just to his character to mention these circumstances, which are universally admitted in the East.

It was only this forced disarmament of the mountain tribes, and the dreaded Conscription, that turned Syria against his cause, and enabled the languid and unwholesome sway of the Porte once more to establish itself in this country.

When England dispossessed Mehemet Ali of Syria, in order to restore it to the Turks, the aged Emir Beschir was brought to account for his unprofitable intimacy with the Egyptians. He and his three sons were ordered to proceed to Constantinople, where they have ever since remained under strict surveillance, with the exception of the youngest, whose reception of us at Beteddeen I have related in a former chapter.

The chief authority is now possessed by the Emir Sadadin of Hasbeya; the Emir Afendy of Rascheia is next in consideration. These families are both Moslem, though the Emir Beschir and his ancestry were Christian, which they became in order to conciliate the then powerful sect of the Maronites.

These Maronites derive their origin from Maron, a saint of the fifth century; persecuted as heretics by the Greek empire, they have long survived their oppressors, and preserved their own peculiar faith with little alteration up to this hour. It is true they have occasionally acknowledged obedience to the See of

Rome; but the Legate is subordinate in power to the Patriarch, and their priests marry and celebrate mass in the Syriac instead of Latin. The Pope entered into this compromise with them, they refusing to learn Latin, but deferring so far to the Roman pleasure as to consent to use the old Syriac language in their masses, as equally unintelligible to their hearers as the Latin.

The Patriarch bears himself as despotically in his monastery of Canobin, near Tripoli, as if he still held his ancient rule at Antioch. Nine bishops and one hundred and fifty priests minister to about 150,000 souls. They have numerous monasteries, and are exceedingly ignorant and poor, but very tolerant. The chief Maronite districts are the Kesrouan, Djebail, and Katch Bukfaijet.

The Metoualis, or Moslem sectaries who follow Ali in preference to Omar, are the wildest and least civilized, but also the fewest in number of the tribes. They do not amount to more than 20,000, and inhabit Akaleem, Sidon, Baalbec, and the mountains near Djebail.

The Druses are the most characteristic people, and their worship is wrapped in mystery. To them, the form of religion they outwardly profess appears a matter of indifference. If thrown among Moslems, they follow their usages; if among Christians, they adopt theirs.

The founder of their faith was a lunatic Caliph of

Cairo, called the "Hakeem," who announced himself as the long-promised Messiah of all faiths. He, they say, was taken up into heaven; but his faithful follower, Hamza, was graciously left on earth to enlighten it with his doctrines. Banished from Egypt, he found a refuge among the mountains of Lebanon, where his creed spread rapidly. On his death, Moktana, his disciple, carried on the prophet business, and reduced it into order. He announced seven commandments, inculcating Veracity, Charity, Renunciation of Mahomet, Submission to God's will, Confession, Fidelity to their Faith, and acknowledgment that all other religions are mere types, more or less perfect, of this, the perfect one.

They were divided into two great classes and many sects; the former consisted of the "Initiated" and the "Novices;"* the latter, amongst others, were divided into "Nosairi" and "Quadrimousi." The Nosairi performed daily the most obscene worship; the latter are supposed to adore a golden calf, as the Persians do Ahrimam, the Origin of Evil; this calf, symbolizing Eblis, the spirit at issue with that of the Hakeem.† The principal Druse districts in the Lebanon are called "Thoof," Arkoob," "Shebhâ," "Garb," and "Mattu." They are also found in the

* Called the *Fawil*, or "interior;" and the *Teizil*, or "external."

† And the same that the Israelites worshipped in the wilderness.

Haourân, Antilebanon, and Jebel el Alah, near Aleppo. Their whole number may amount to 120,000.

However differing in creed, these various tribes are all under the same form of government; a sort of feudal aristocracy, consisting of Emirs, Mokaddems, and Sheikhs. These are each independent in his own district. The chief Emir, or "Hakeem el Wâpt," bestows all rank, and entitles a man and all his descendants to be Sheikhs, or even Emirs, by calling him brother. All the Emirs, whether Druse, Metouali, or Maronite, acknowledged the Emir Beschir as supreme, and kissed his hands. In case, however, of making war, the Emir cannot summon the dependents of the inferior Emirs to accompany him to battle; but must apply to the respective Sheikhs, or Mokaddems, who seldom refuse to furnish their contingent.

After the Shehâb family come the Bêt Belâmâ, whose ancestor was only a Mokaddem; but, having acquired a great reputation, he called himself Emir, and was confirmed in that title by the Chief of the Emirs. Next is the Resstan family, who are all Druses.

The Chief Emir alone had the power of life and death, which is now monopolized by the Porte: the inferior Princes and Sheikhs frequently, however, take the law into their own hands, and no mountaineer would be found base enough to appeal from them to a Turkish Pasha even to save his life.

The Emirs are subordinate at present to the Pasha

of Damascus, who has nominally the power, which he dare not test, to remove them.

The Metoualis, and the few orthodox Moslems in the Lebanon, are devoid of all feeling for the Divine right of the Sultan, and have no scruple in carrying arms against the "Vicegerent of the Prophet."

All the chiefs possess property and tenants; but there are many independent freeholders who, together with the tenants, pay all the taxes; the nobility and clergy being exempt. I have spoken of the industry of the people in a former chapter; I must also observe upon their fine, martial bearing, their freedom from many of the vices of the Plains, their tolerance, intelligence, and hospitality.

Some years ago, the Druses sent a deputation to our Consul General, offering to place themselves under the protection of Great Britain, to receive and build houses for our missionaries, and to send all their children to the Christian schools. The proposition was coldly received by Lord Ponsonby, treated with indifference by Lord Melbourne, and the chiefs returned to their mountains, affronted and disheartened.

The people of the Lebanon seem to have no idea of union, or any thoughts of Syria as a whole: their patriotism seems confined to each village or district.

I regretted very much not being able to devote more time to the examination of this magnificent country, and its interesting people. I would beg to direct the attention of travellers to the following subjects:—

1. To geographers, the Lebanon is almost a "terra incognita:" every information as to distances and elevations is of great importance. The source of the river Liettani is unknown, yet must be somewhere in the plain of Baalbec, or on the hills towards the Cedars.

2. There are two MS. histories of the Shehâb families existing, which would throw light upon the obscure history of this people. The Emirs Sadadeen and Afendy told me they knew of these books, but did not know in whose possession they now were.

3. There are two printing-presses on the Mountain: one at Kisbeia, near Eden; the other at Mar Hanna el Shiveir, one day's journey from Beyrout. No copy from the former has ever reached Europe.

4. There are some curious ruins of a Greek temple between Baalbec and Zahle: and the ruins of a Roman city are to be found near Fakra, on the western declivity of Djebel Sûnnin. Neither of these have ever been explored, that I am aware of, by any person able to form an opinion as to their merits.

The traveller will also find a visit to Antoura and the Natural Bridge repay his labour well. They are only one easy day's journey from Beyrout.

These are all points on which I was unable to satisfy myself, owing to my limited time.*

* I am indebted for the principal part of the information contained in this chapter to M. Schultz, H. P. M's. Consul at Jerusalem, Colonel Churchill, and Assaad Yacoob y Kayat.

CHAPTER LII.

BAALBEC.

——He saw the Sun go down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lofty columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his ages by.

MOORE.

I was obliged to wait at Damascus until the English monthly mail arrived; so I sent on my servants early in the morning to wait for me at Zebdani. About three in the afternoon, after a parting cup with the jolly friars, and many warnings of my danger in going alone at such an hour, I started.

I pressed up the steep and burning side of the mountain, along the edge of an extraordinary ravine, through which the Barada, the ancient Pharphar, rushes from the highlands to the plains; thence, across a dreary, blasted-looking, mountainous country, in which not a

blade of grass, of heath, or the vilest weed was to be seen. Naked red or grey rocks appeared everywhere, giving back the burning rays of the sun with interest, and shining upward into the eyes. But, in the narrow glen, through which the river flowed, all was beauty, richness, and verdure; a long waving line of poplars marked the course of the stream, as far as the eye could reach; these minaret-like trees, and the dome-like masses of the sycamore's heavy foliage, relieved against the evening sky, resembled a strip of some Oriental city. Beneath ran the bright river in a channel of emerald green, with here a foam-flecked mill, and there a vine-sheltered khan upon its banks.

Mills and Khans, however, and every other sign of social life, soon ceased, and I found myself traversing alone a wide, desolate waste, on which the sun went down in purple clouds. Here I lost my way, and it was long before I chanced to learn the right road from a goatherd. When I reached the pathway again, the last light of day was vanishing. Every where I met groups returning to their homes, carrying their harvest home, or driving flocks; then the precipitous path became more difficult, the river foamed more wildly, the peasants became fewer, and hurried past me without wishing to exchange salutations with one who was leaving the haunts of men at that late hour.

The few villages that occur in this wild valley, and every trace of cultivation, seemed confined to the river-side. I passed some tombs, curiously cut in the rock,

which are said to have been made by the Jews during the Roman persecution. Thence, after passing over a beautiful bridge, I entered upon the Vale of Baalbec. I rode as fast as my weary horse could travel for some hours; but, at last, the power of the spur failing, I was fain to walk.

A full moon shone upon the wild, wide, lonely scene, and made curious illusions with the rocks and bushes by the wayside, by which every thing imaginable, from crouching demon to crawling Arab, was represented.

My maps were with my luggage, and I had only a slight sketch from Arrowsmith's very inaccurate map to guide me over the waste. In following its guidance, I repeatedly lost my way, until a light on a far mountain side announced a village. Riding up to this, I found most of its inhabitants sleeping in the open air outside their houses. One of the women, waking up, very civilly directed me, and, after another weary hour's ride through fragrant lanes of gum-cistus and wild roses, I reached the pretty little village of Zebdani. This is consecrated by the pleasant association of being the spot wherein Cain murdered Abel, and here I found my tent, in which I was soon soundly asleep.

Zebdani itself is beautifully situated among clustering groves and rapid streams; but, on emerging from its friendly shade, I rode through a perfectly bleak and barren country, until I came in sight of the huge pile

of the temple of Baalbec, with six light columns towering over it; it is situated a little to the right of the centre of the Valley of Bekaa. This vale is about twelve miles wide, and divides Lebanon from Anti-lebanon.

The Vale is extremely rich and naturally fertile, consisting of a thick bed of argillaceous clay on a red sand-stone. It is very partially cultivated, however, under the blighting influence of a Turkish government. I counted a herd of one hundred and thirty camels feeding together on one part of the plain; on others corn was standing, or being threshed in a very primitive manner, by means of small oxen drawing a sledge over it, as it lay strewn in circles round a harvest heap. A little boy stood upon each sledge, and seemed to be practising attitudes as he goaded on his lazy team.

I passed two or three wide and dry water-courses, with lofty cliffs of sandstone, and at length reached the quarries whence Baalbec rose. Numbers of stones, hewn, or partly so, are lying here still; one of them measures 68 feet by 14, and must weigh nearly 100 tons.

Tradition (and we have no other guide) says that Baalbec was built by Solomon in order to please one of his Sidonian wives,* who was a sun-worshipper.

* Or for Belbeis, Queen of Sheba, or for his Pharaonic bride.

In order to raise this amazing pile, he pressed into the service numbers of the Genii, male and female, who were under his command.

The former built the walls, the latter carried the stones from this quarry; the vast block I have mentioned was being borne on the shoulder of a female Ginn, when she heard that her brother had been crushed by the falling in of part of the temple he was building. She flung down her load, which it is unnecessary to add no one has taken up since.

Baalbec forms literally a vast *pile* of buildings. Crushed, broken, and fragmentary as it is, it lies heaped upon its huge platform in magnificent confusion.

The platform itself seems as enduring as the cliffs of Nature that it imitates. The rocks of which it is composed measure from thirty to sixty feet in length. No one knows by whom, or by what race of men this was built, but on it have been successively erected the Corinthian temples of the Romans, and the light, fantastic architecture of the Saracens.

High above this varied mass tower six noble columns, upwards of seventy feet in height, that meet the eye of the farthest wanderer on this great plain. I know nothing equal in effect to their imposing array. Beneath lie strewn around, or ranged along the platform's edge, a vast profusion of broken masses of architecture, and some walls, with niches exquisitively carved. The most striking view perhaps is from the

south-east, where part of the magnificent portico still remains; and an avalanche of splendid ruins seems pouring from the old temple on the plain, as if its courts overflowed with those colossal columns, chapiters, and entablatures.

Beneath the platform run two vast vaulted passages, in comparison of which the Thames Tunnel seemed a mere sewer. And above, as you wander among courts like squares, and aisles like streets, it seems rather to be some great city whose ruins you are traversing, than the boundaries of a temple.

The original foundations seem to have been dedicated to the sun under the name of Baal: when the strength of zeal assumed the form of art, and the Corinthian temples rose, the same dedication still continued under the name of Helios. Then came the Saracens, who preferred the ancient name of Baalbec to that of Heliopolis, and the crescent usurped the place of the god of day. Tradition whispers that Baldach, the friend of Job, inhabited this valley once. History is silent on the subject of its city and its temple, until the biographies of Antoninus Pius and Heliogabalus afford glimpses of its existence.

Baalbec seems to have risen at one time into considerable eminence under the Saracens, and even Burckhardt speaks of two mosques and a handsome palace as standing here in his time. Now, only a miserable village remains, and what is called a palace, belonging to the Emir Handjiar. He was absent at

the period of my visit, enforcing the disarming of the Metoualis, by the order of the Pasha of Damascus.

Baalbec by moonlight is a sight to remember for ever. As I sat at the door of my tent, with my Arabs lying round me, their horse feeding by the side of each, I thought with regret that this was the last evening I should ever pass among such scenes. Henceforth my course was to the westward.

I had begun to love the climate, and the solitude, and the adventure that I found in the far East — the crowded world admits of no real retirement but that which is fenced round by deserts, and difficulty, and danger. The red Indian does not range more freely in his prairie, than does the traveller in the East. No time, circumstance, or responsibility fetters his free will and action. He is despotic over his attendants, whose wild hearts are as reckless of danger and privation as his own.

Swiftly and silently he traverses strange lands; little rest is required for his desert-born cavalcade; little speech is necessary for his few wants. He raises his hand, and his canvas home falls from the sumpter-horse upon the ground; the fire, the spread carpet, the light repast, all follow in their course. He waves his hand, they vanish; he points with his finger to some distant hill, or mountain pass, and his people require no other direction as to their route: now sweeping the plains at a gallop; now loitering among

the mountain glades; now bivouacked in a Moslem village, or mingling unnoticed among the crowds of some city, famous in the Arabian Nights. It is a strangely pleasant life, the interest of which grows on one hourly.

The following picture, which Sir Walter Scott pronounced as perfect, is as faithful as it is eloquent.

——In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams. He was girt
With strange and dusky aspects * * * *
—— And at the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched amid fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them: at his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain, and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while.
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.*

But I cannot hope that the patient reader would wish to linger longer among such scenes; and I must take leave of Baalbec. Now we have but the Cedars to visit, and then this pilgrimage draws rapidly to a close.

In the frontispiece I have given a sketch of my en-

* From Byron's beautiful poem of "The Dream."

campment at Baalbec, into which I have ventured to introduce a lady with whom it was my good fortune to travel for some time, though not here.* Her picturesque costume is faithfully copied, and consisted of a white *bernouse*, or cloak made of camels' hair, worn over a light jacket, and a tunic, confined round the waist by a Damascus scarf. The head-dress is that worn by the Bedouin, and consists of a very thick, rich, silken shawl, striped yellow and crimson, and tied round the head with a weft of camels' hair; it protects the head from the sun, and shades the eyes. In this costume the fair wearer travelled on dromedaries from Cairo to Mount Sinai, Petra, and Jerusalem: thence, on horses, through Palestine and the Lebanon to Beyrout. More fearless and patient travellers never won the title of Palmers than Lady L. T—— and Mrs. C——.

At sunrise I started for the Cedars. Hitherto its shadows had fallen behind me; now henceforth I followed them. Traversing the wide plain that divides the mountain ranges of the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, I turned aside to visit a tall, isolated column that seems perfectly uncalled-for here, and yields no explanation of its present or its past. There is not even a vestige of any other ruin near it.

At the foot of the mountain I came to a pretty

* I feel bound to mention that the drawings in these volumes owe nothing but their origin to me. It was Mr. Marten's pencil that transmuted my rude sketches into specimens of art.

little Maronite village, called Derr el Akmar. My people were some distance in advance, when I halted here to talk to some of the friendly inhabitants, and drink of a bowl of milk that was hospitably tendered by a Christian woman. As I raised it to my lips, an insolent-looking Bedawee, who was standing near, gave it a tip with his spear, which spilt some of its contents.

Now to avenge an insult is, in the East, a matter of duty: forbearance is inevitably attributed to cowardice by a people whose only law is that of force, and to retaliate an injury becomes a moral duty essential to self-defence.

I do not pretend to say that I waited to make these reflections, but I acted instinctively on their result. Emptying the remainder of the bowl upon the Arab's head, I swept my kurbash twice across his face and shoulders, not considering the terrible effects of its elastic stripes: instantly two large red welts started up from the skin where the whip had fallen. The Arab gave a howl of rage and pain, and stepping back blew the fuse of his matchlock in the intervals of his screaming. Some men and women threw themselves upon him, but he shook them fiercely off, and, clinching his fist at me, he darted away among the woods.

The villagers, being Christians, of course took my part, and offered their escort through the forest, where they said that the Bedawee was lying in wait for me.

Declining their civilities, and distributing some little presents, I hastened after my servants as fast as the steep and rugged path would permit. At every interval in the woods I caught sight of that pretty village, several of whose inhabitants stood on the housetops watching me, and held up their hands in friendly telegraph.

I confess I scrutinized closely each cavern and grove that I passed by, and turned round more than once in search of my supposed pursuer, but I never saw him again; indeed, I soon forgot him in the wild beauty of the scenery by which I was surrounded. The pathway as usual took a mountain stream for guide, the simple engineering of the country taking it for granted that this impetuous pioneer would take the shortest course it could find from its fountain to the plain. And, in truth, she was a pleasant guide to follow, that Undine of the mountains; with her merry voice, and light-hearted friskings, as she scattered diamonds from her shining robes upon the emerald-green cloak that Nature, like Sir Walter Raleigh, had strewn upon her path. A rich and varied foliage made a grateful shade, and rustled in pleasant harmony with the bees that hummed among the wild flowers. Then would start up some high projecting cliff, the summit of which, when won, commanded a wide view of the beautiful valley. So we went on, ever diving into shady valleys, or emerging on some rocky platform where the breeze blew free, and the eye could wander far

over Cælesyria. Gradually the flowering shrubs ceased, the forest trees gave way to the pine or the prickly oak, and at last we wound along the side of a naked mountain, where our horses could scarce find footing. Then again descending, we came to a ruined village named Ainété, the cause of whose desolation we vainly inquired from a party of mountaineers, who joined us here. From Ainété the path becomes very difficult and dangerous: our horses even seemed to tread hurriedly and fearfully along a path that none but a lizard or a mountaineer would have considered practicable. Then we passed into a region of snow, and I looked my last upon the valley of Baalbec.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CEDARS.

The trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may count them.

ISAIAH, x. 19.

The Cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone.

BYRON.

On the summit of Lebanon might the first of men have stood, and taken his last farewell of the Eden that still bears the name of his lost inheritance: then, turning Eastward, his foreboding eye might widely range over the dreary world on which he was to wander, far from paradise.

Reversing this order, I took a last lingering view of that great valley, and those distant hills, among whose gorges lay the path to Persia, and the Great Desert: then turned towards Eden, and gazed with insatiable eyes upon the loveliest, yet grandest scene that the world possesses.

Gorgeous it was, and dream-like; so unreal and unearthly was the beauty of the land, and the glory of the sea and sky that lay spread before me. Eden was there, fulfilling every requisition of the imagination, as well as of tradition; and nothing but an Eve was wanting to complete the paradise.

Owing to the height whence I looked down, the sea, one sheet of molten gold, appeared to rise half-way up the sky, on which—so glowing was the whole bright West—the horizon was only marked by the sun's half vanished disc, hovering between the sea and sky that seemed to have caught fire from his beams. The promontory of Tripoli, dark with woods, ran out into the bay; the shore swept thence with many a graceful curve and bold promontory, until it faded into distance on the far South.

Thence, upward, to the base of the mountain on which I stood, succeeded vine-clad hills, and verdant valleys, and rich groves, and groups of cottages, and black precipices, in one richly varied mass. This scene was divided by a deep and dark ravine, through which the Sacred River, the river Kadisha, rushed and foamed. To the right lay a bleak amphitheatre of naked mountains, and in the centre of the platform they surrounded stood a grove of dark trees — these were the Cedars of Lebanon.

I was at first disappointed in the appearance of these forest saints; I had expected to have seen them scattered along the mountain that they consecrated,

each standing apart like a vegetable cathedral: but here was a snug, compact little brotherhood, gathered together in the most social group; no other tree was visible within several miles.

When, however, I reached the forest, after two hours' steep and difficult descent, I found my largest expectations realized, and confessed that it was the most magnificent specimen of forestry I had ever seen. It was delightful to pass out of the glowing, fiery sunshine into the cool, refreshing gloom of those wide flaky branches—that vast cedar shade, whose gnarled old stems stood round like massive pillars supporting those ponderous domes.

One of the greatest charms of this secluded forest must have been its deep solitude, but that, alas! is gone for ever: some monks obtained the ground for building, and an unsightly chapel was just being raised upon this sacred spot. I confess it seemed to me like a desecration; the place already was "holy ground" to all the world, and these ignorant monks had come to monopolize and claim it for the tawdry and tinselled image which they had just "set up."

The churls had even pulled down great part of one of the oldest trees to light their pipes and boil their rice with: I fear, it was with a very bad grace that I gave a few gold pieces to their begging importunities for the erection of this sectarian chapel, and it was with a very bad grace that they received it.

There are twelve old trees, or Saints, as they are called,

being supposed to be coeval with those that furnished timber for Solomon's temple—yes, twelve, I will maintain it, notwithstanding all the different computations on the subject, are there standing now. It is natural that there should be a diversity of opinion, perhaps, as the forest consists of about one thousand trees, among which there is a succession of all ages. Nevertheless, there is the apostolic number, first-rate in size and venerable appearance. The largest of these is forty-five feet in circumference; the second is forty-four. Many of them are scarred with travellers' names, among which are those of Laborde, Irby, Mangles, Lamartine, &c. I should have thought as soon of carving my name on the skin of the venerable village-Sheikh, who soon arrived to pay his respects to the stranger.

That night's encampment was one to be remembered. My tent was pitched on a carpet of soft, green sward, under the wide-spread arms of one of the old saints. At a little distance, the watch-fire blazed up against a pale, grey cliff: its red gleam playing on the branches beneath, and the silvery moon shining on them from above, produced a beautiful effect, as they trembled in the night-breeze, and their dark green leaves seemed shot alternately with crimson and with silver; then the grouping of the servants, and the mountaineers in their vivid dresses, and the sombre priests assembled round the fire, and the horses feeding in the back-ground.

Gradually the chatting ceased; one by one the in-

habitants retired to their distant village; the salaams died away; and I was left alone, but for the sleeping servants. All was in fine harmony to sight and sound around me: all nature seemed in profoundest rest, yet palpitating with a quiet pleasure: the stars thrilled with intense lustre in the azure sky, the watch-fire now and then gleamed through the heavy foliage; its fragrance, for it was of cedar wood, stole gratefully over the tranced senses —

> "And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
> And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

The next morning, before sunrise, I broke up my encampment with regret. These are the most interesting trees in the world, except those, perhaps, of Gethsemane: they were the favourite metaphor of the "sweet singers of Israel," and of the Prophets: and thus it comes that these few trees, standing on this lonely and distant mountain, are known over the wide earth.

Descending from the platform among the mountains where the cedars stand, we pass for some distance through a wild and uninhabited country, then suddenly come upon the beautiful village of Bshirrai, seated on a steep acclivity, where mingled lawn, and vineyard, and cliff diversify the view, and separate the cottages.

These last are built open towards the front, which is supported by wooden pillars that give the edifice a very temple-like appearance: and never did fanes rise in a lovelier spot; terraced gardens, and cascades

gushing through thick tangles of the clematis, honeysuckle, and wild rose. The fig-tree and the sycamore shade the steep pathways, and by the side of these comely women are at work in their open houses; some are making baskets of earth and straw, and drying them in the sun; some are embroidering, or making gay little garments for the laughing children that fearlessly approach, and allow you to lift them on your saddle, and play with their long wavy curls. Round you rise rocks and precipices of fantastic form, and various colouring; and beneath, through a dark and grand ravine, foams and thunders the Kadisha. Little paddocks, with real grass, a rare production in these parts, and white cattle grazing there, repose in the hollow of the vale; and all around the eye wanders in pleased puzzlement through the intricate beauties of as fair a scene, from snowy mountain above to deep blue sea below, as ever mortal gazed on.

But I must not linger here, for my goal is nearly reached, and but few pages remain to me in which I may still wander on in the reader's company. Yet often did I linger along that mountain path, at some fountain, to ask some village girl for a drink, though I had no thirst; or at some orchard, to bargain for some apricots, which a few minutes afterwards I threw away. The people looked healthy, happy, and independent. I passed through some potato fields, and soon afterwards encountered a drove of pigs: pigs and potatoes! need I say this was a Christian land! or how instantly

this combination recalled to my mind a land only less lovely and unfortunate than that which I was traversing!

I passed the convent of Canobin; some limestone hills, extremely rich in fossils; a grand old castle in a picturesque valley; and then emerged upon the shore.

About sunset we reached the river Adonis, on whose banks some merchants had already encamped, and here my muleteer halted, and declared he would proceed no farther that night. The steamer was to sail for Constantinople on the following day, and, as I had some business to transact at Beyrout, I was obliged to push on, leaving my servant to bring on the baggage-horses and the muleteers as soon as it was daylight. The muleteer, seeing me preparing to depart, conjured me to remain, if not for my sake, for his, as he should never see me, or get paid. He said the roads were at all times infested by banditti, but at night that the "bad people" came down from the mountains to meet the French and Italian smugglers from the sea, and that no person ever was allowed to pass their haunts alive. I attributed all this to Oriental exaggeration, and rode away. I soon discovered that my guide had spoken faithfully for once.

About ten o'clock I halted, for the first time since sunrise, at a small khan, to give my horse a handful of barley, and to sup upon some cucumbers and sour milk, the only refreshment the place afforded: then, resuming my way, I rode along a very wild and

lonely shore, by the light of a brilliant moon. The way soon ascended along the brow of a dark and menacing cliff, which impended over the path so as to render it quite dark. Here I met four wild-looking Bedouins, whom, reining up close to the cliff, I allowed to pass on the sea side, where there was barely room for their horses to find footing. I knew that at such close quarters their long spears were of no use; and they passed, without, however, exchanging the usual salutations. The sea roared hungrily many hundred yards below, the path was rugged and slippery, and it was with difficulty my horse could keep his feet.

On descending from these heights, I found myself in a cemetery, whose sculptured turbans showed that the neighbouring village was Moslem. The silence of the night was now broken by fierce yells and howlings, which I discovered proceeded from a naked maniac, who was fighting with some wild dogs for a bone. The moment he perceived me he left his canine comrades, and, bounding along with rapid strides, seized my horse's bridle, and almost forced him backward over the cliff, by the grip he held of the powerful Mameluke bit. A madman is not a pleasant opponent any where; but on a dangerous precipice at midnight, far from all human aid, he becomes the most formidable opponent one can encounter. I felt a scruple about shooting him, so I felled him by a blow of the butt-end of my pistol, and spurred away before he could recover himself.

A widely curved bay now revealed itself, and, at its farther extremity, I could see several low, dark craft moored close in shore, while lights, that seemed intended for signals, gleamed at intervals all along the hills. These were extinguished as I approached each, but were quickly relighted when I passed. I had wrapped my turban round my neck and waist, to protect myself from the cold night; but I now rewound it on my head, as the red tarboosh is the sure sign of a Turkish trooper, and could scarcely escape a rifle bullet in the scenes I was about to enter upon. As I approached a pass in the rocks, four mounted men, videttes I suppose, suddenly dashed out from their concealment, and reined up their horses when close to mine. "Who are you? whither going?" was quickly asked. "An Englishman travelling to Beyrout" was the reply. They held a moment's counsel, and then suffered me to pass, I know not why.

I rode in silence for about a mile, when I came to some tents. Camels were lying about, and bales of silk and other merchandize. A few men in Syrian, and three or four in Frank dresses were passing to and from the boats to the tents. It was about one o'clock, the very noon of night; yet this was the hour of most active business. They had evidently been apprised that a stranger was approaching, and now moved stealthily about among the sleeping camels, and the bales that lay strewn around. There seemed to

be some safety in a multitude ; retreat was impossible, and I rode straight up to the largest tent. Dismounting, I desired one of the Arabs to lead about my horse to cool, and then asked for a light for my pipe, and lay down upon the tent-carpet.

The scene was a very picturesque one ; high mountains frowned over the silvery sands ; the smugglers gathered round the door of the tent, their shawl girdles stuck full of pistols and yataghans, and the dew standing on their shaggy brows and moustaches ; the tents, the boats, the bright blue sea, and a glorious moon shining over all, formed a picture on which I gazed earnestly, as it might be for the last time. I knew if they robbed they would murder me also, in order that I might not 'peach upon their haunts, and yet, under these pleasant impressions, I lay smoking my pipe, as calmly as ever I did under the shelter of the English flag. Three most sinister-looking ruffians, after a long consultation, now approached me. They all squinted violently, so that they might have seemed to have only three eyes among them, only, that each time I looked, I saw the eye in a different ball. These were now all looking in six different ways on the gold tassel of my sword-knot ; at length one of them asked me, "what brought me there at that hour of the night?" and for a moment the reply rose to my lips, that I was come to make arrangements for buying silk, which would have at once secured me safety and popularity.

A moment's reflection saved me from making use of a false plea; those old crusading shores seemed to look reproachfully on the very thought. I said I was an English traveller, and that my servants were following me. The Arab shook his head; but, at that moment, a young Syrian entered the tent, and, to my agreeable surprise, accosted me in French. He said very courteously that I was not aware of the danger I was in, and that he would advise me to remain there till morning; "what guard have you?" he added, "or on what protection do you rely?"—"On the name of Englishman," I replied; "my country is known never to let an injury pass unnoticed; if, as you suggest, I should be murdered, it will be known at Beyrout to-morrow, and a garrison will be placed here, which would spoil your trade." "Do you know," said the Syrian, "that on the road you are about to travel, a young Frenchman was murdered only last week? Be advised by me, and stay here until morning." "I am much obliged for your friendly warning," said I, "but I must proceed; the Frenchman you speak of was unarmed; *I* shan't die alone, you may depend upon it." I now mounted my horse, and, as I gathered up my reins, the three Arabs placed themselves in my path. I knew these people well enough to be convinced that my only chance of escape now lay in resolution. I said to the Syrian, "The first man that puts out his hand dies as surely as I live." The moonlight glimmered on the barrel of my pistol; the Syrian spoke a few hurried words,

whose meaning I could not catch; and, the next moment, I was past the smugglers and out of their sight round a projecting rock.

To this moment I cannot tell why they let me pass without a struggle, and when I told my adventure at Beyrout, it was scarcely believed. I am inclined to think it was owing to my being quite alone; they could not believe that I had not some powerful assistance near at hand, and these people are fortunately as cowardly as unscrupulous.

I had still a weary distance to travel; and the broad stream of the Nahr el Kelb to ford or swim, as my jaded horse happened to choose the way, of which I was profoundly ignorant. The sun rose as I entered Beyrout and dismounted at my cottage, just twenty-five hours after I had mounted the preceding day. The moment the saddle was removed, my horse lay down upon the sand; but, after a few minutes' rest, when barley was offered to him, he stood up again, and ate heartily.

I had just flung myself on my bed, when I saw the foretopsail of the Vernon cast loose, the signal that she was going to sea. I ran to the shore, hailed a fishing-boat, and got on board in time to take leave of my hospitable and gallant friends and their noble ship, which had so long afforded me a home.

CHAPTER LIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Is this the sovereign seat of Constantine?
Is that indeed Sophia's far-famed dome,
Where first the Faith was led in triumph home
Like some high bride, with banner and bright sign,
And melody and flowers? Round yonder shrine
The sons, the rivals, yea the lords of Rome,
Bowed they in reverence, awed by truth divine
Breathed through the golden lips of Chrysostom?
But where that conquering Cross, which, high in heaven,
That dome of old surmounted? angels sweeping
The aërial coasts now hang no more suspended—
With the wild sea-dirge their chants no more are blended—
Onward they speed, by their own sorrows driven;
And the winds waft alone their heavenly weeping.

AUBREY DE VERE.

I found myself on board a Turkish steamer, with 850 troops strewed along the deck so thickly that they could scarcely turn, and walking was quite out of the question. The forecabin was allotted to the hareems of the officers; the ladies' cabin was occupied by a Persian Princess; and two Persian Princes and I had the saloon to ourselves. They were very agreeable, courteous persons, and spoke with delight of

their visit to England some years ago. The Opera and the "fire-carriages" were subjects on which they particularly loved to dwell, but the women of England were the supreme subjects of their admiration. "Persian ladees," said Prince Reza Oglu, "very beautifool; Constantininopoli ladees very beautifool; Engleesh ladees much very better."

We past Cyprus the second day, a mountainous island of great capabilities, but withering under Turkish oppression. Paphos, or *Baffa*, as it is now called, contains only the fragments of one or two broken columns standing upon a promontory, bare, and unmystified by the gloom of surrounding groves. Being in quarantine, we were not permitted to land, and perhaps, judging from the following quotation, it was well for us.

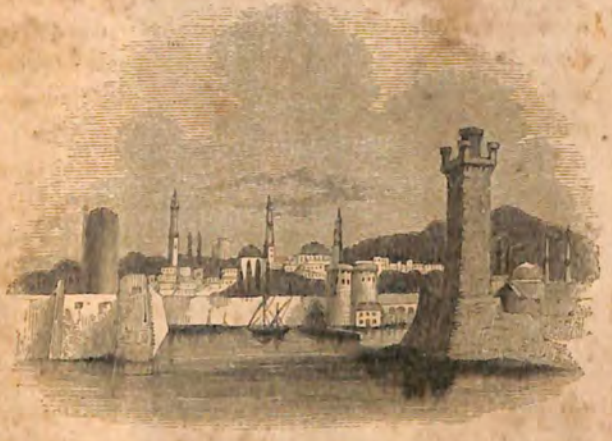
"The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus is curious in the connection with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own. The Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in the face as the Ionian queens of Izmar; but she is tall, and slightly formed: there is a high-souled meaning and expression, a seeming consciousness of gentle empire, that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself, like Cytherea's own cestus, around the slender waist: then the richly-abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids. Of all other women, with

Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol; their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall, like Julia's cachmere, in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that, in face, the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna; and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Ægean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire; but that, so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture, or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which these people call the astonishing 'politics' (πολιτικη) of the women; meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their witching ways. The word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say. I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell, which the Parisians dispose of, in their own smart way, by a summary 'Je ne sçai quoi.'" *

On the third day we made the coast of Caramania; on the fifth we cast anchor in the harbour of the Isle of Rhodes. The city presents very much the appearance one would be led to expect from its situation and its history: a mingling of European with Asiatic dwellings; churches and mosques, spires and minarets,

* Eothen.

intermingled with cypress and sycamore; and, without the town, a pleasant boulevarde affords shade for the varied population to saunter under, *à la Parisienne*, or to sit and smoke under, *à la Turque*. Here, also, we were prevented from landing, on account of quarantine; but I pulled round the harbour in one of the ship's boats, and surveyed the inner harbour, across the mouth of which the Colossus strode. It was only twenty-four feet in breadth, so that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to equal that of the image.



ISLAND OF RHODES.

This island well deserves a visit, and has been hitherto very imperfectly explored. In the interior it is said to be very beautiful, and many remains of antiquity lie strewn about there, unexamined.

In the evening we weighed anchor, and passed along a fine, mountainous coast (Asia Minor) on our right. Patmos, on the left, with many an island of mythologic fame, keeps alive the attention that has henceforth no time to sleep; for every wave of this historic sea is full of memories. Scio and Mitylene now arise; the Gulph of Smyrna opening within this last; and morning's earliest light shows us Ida's Mountain, over the level plain of Troy, with the tombs of Hector and Achilles appearing like Irish raths.

Soon afterwards, we enter the Dardanelles, against a current that continually runs to the southward at the rate of three or four miles an hour. This strait is generally about three miles wide, but sometimes narrows to half that breadth.

There is little that is picturesque in these celebrated Straits: the shores consist of steep and barren hills, with but few trees scattered along their sides. Their most interesting feature to me was the sloping roofs of the villages, which here, for the first time, met my eye, and spoke of Europe.

The fortifications of the Dardanelles are very respectable, and they have some few guns that throw stone balls of two feet and a half in diameter. These guns can only fire in one direction, however, and, should they miss, the object of attack has sailed far away before they can be brought to bear again upon her.

In the evening we entered the little Sea of Mar-

mora, which was throwing up as heavy a swell as if it was an ocean.

The next morning—the seventh after our departure from Beyrout—revealed to us a distant view of magnificent Stamboul, but we were obliged to bear away to the right, to disembark the troops on the "Princes' Islands," where they were to perform quarantine. Their sufferings during the voyage must have been extreme, exposed during the daytime to a burning sun, and at night to the spray that constantly broke over the ship; yet they showed the same profound apathy in recovering their freedom, as they had done during their painful voyage. I never heard a murmur escape from one of them, though some of their officers remonstrated once or twice with the captain about their unavoidable miseries. These officers were, without exception, coarse, mean, dirty, and unsoldierlike: they seemed to belong to the very lowest class of the population.

After a long delay, while the arrival of the Princes was being announced at Constantinople, we were ordered to land at Kartal, a quarantine station on the Asiatic shore. I steered the captain's gig with the royal party in it, while a larger boat took their suite, and a beautiful mare which they had brought from the banks of the Euphrates.

And now I found myself floating on the moonlit Sea of Marmora, in the shadows of the minaretted Asiatic shore, with a fair Persian princess in my charge. I could not see her face; but her voice was as soft and

gentle as the breeze that breathed through the folds of her long white veil. The princes sate one on each side of me, in high conical caps of black Astrakan fur, and a female slave, enveloped in black drapery, sate opposite her young mistress.

We pulled for many a mile along that placid sea, laughing and talking merrily. Prince Timour several times endeavoured to remove his sister's veil, and appealed to me as to whether the most beautiful women in England had any objection to being seen. The khanum,* however, resisted the unveiling, good-humouredly but firmly.

The moon was shining brightly over the Princes' Islands, and mingling her pale beams with the golden haze that still lingered where the sun had sunk behind the European hills. We floated tranquilly along under the shadows of the Asiatic shore, till silence gradually stole upon our senses, or was scarcely broken by the measured stroke of the sailor's oar, and the low, monotonous chant of their Ægean song. The high black caps of the Persians began to glisten with the dew, the veiled figures of the princess and her slave drooped gradually from their unusual attitude, the dolphins played about our prow, and phosphorescent light flashed along the crest of every little wave: the mysterious-looking group, and every thing around, were in harmony with the romantic scene and hour.

At length we landed on a tongue of land, under a

* Khan, *prince;* khanum, *princess*, in Persian.

deserted palace, and spread a carpet for the Khanum, as the princess was called, at the foot of a sycamore. I lighted a fire of dried leaves and twigs, at which Prince Timour blew until his whiskered cheeks seemed about to burst, and the female slave drew forth from some part of her voluminous dress a little silver saucepan, in which we boiled some tea. This was handed in a tiny porcelain cup to the Khanum, and the Princes and I made merry over the fire with the rest.

At length the luggage arrived, and we were admitted into the ruined palace which was to be our quarantine prison, with as many precautions as if we had come to storm it.

Travellers! avoid Kartal as you would the plague that it professes to be a guard against. I was shown into a large, empty room, with discoloured walls, and a floor thickly covered with dirt and gravel, among which ants and fleas were swarming. The "royal family" had similar accommodations, and we had a narrow courtyard, with high brick walls, in common. We could hear the trees rustle in the gardens outside, but we were never allowed to see them; and we could hear the waves laughing along the shore, but never were allowed the luxury of bathing. Here we were detained for a dismal fortnight, half starved and half scorched, without any resource but our pipes and resignation, both of which my companions possessed in a much greater degree of perfection than I did.

At length, our quarantine was ended; but I was in-

formed that the Persian princes were under surveillance, and that I must remain with them until the Sultan's pleasure was known. Vainly I remonstrated —vainly threatened the superintendent with the vengeance of all the European powers: he shook his head, and resumed his pipe. I then told him that, having fulfilled all the quarantine requirements, I should wait for no permission, but walk out, and he might tell his sentry to fire upon a British subject, if he dared.

Suiting the action to the word, I returned to the prison, took leave of the princes, put seals upon my luggage, and started, I knew not whither. The sentry stopped me; I shouted at him the only Turkish word I knew—pushed unceremoniously past him —and found myself upon the sea-shore. I do not believe that twelve months of captivity could have made freedom more delightful than did the twelve dreary days I had passed in that loathsome prison.

My first impulse was to plunge into the sea; and I was scarcely dressed when the superintendent came up, and, to my great surprise, accosting me very civilly, apologized for my detention. At first, I assumed great indignation, but allowed myself to be pacified on a boat being engaged to take me to Constantinople, and all my luggage being carefully deposited therein. A janizary was sent with me, and I gave my parole to present myself at the police-office before I made use of my freedom.

I felt great regret in being obliged to leave the

princes in their dismal prison. They had been very hospitable and kind to me during our imprisonment, and they now displayed a cheerful resignation to their fate that would have become a philosopher: their chief regret seemed to be that their sister was not to see Constantinople, for which she had travelled so far.

I understood afterwards, that the Khan of Persia, (who had murdered their father, by the by,) hearing of their intended visit to Constantinople, had signified his displeasure at it to the Porte. The Sultan, being anxious to conclude a commercial treaty with the Khan, had refused to see the princes; and they now turned to England's representative for assistance and advice. It is unnecessary to say that Sir Stratford Canning afforded both; and I believe that, after some detention at Brusa, in Bithynia, these wronged and amiable men were received at Constantinople as became the descendants of Tamerlane.

After some hours' sailing, I came in sight of the European shore, and gazed eagerly for some object that might assure me of its identity, when, lo! slowly emerging from the bright horizon, minaret after minaret starts into view; mosque domes and masses of dark foliage follow; with every wave we bound over, some new feature is developed, and at length Constantinople stands revealed in all its unrivalled magnificence and beauty.

The Bosphorus shines before us like a lake; its purple waves dance into the sunlight that turns their

crests to gold, and reflect along their margin the mingled foliage and fortresses that shadow their deep waters. Over these rises a richly-mingled mass of palaces, and gardens, and stately towers; and dark groves, with many minarets, and cypress trees, and purple domes, and gleaming crescents. Beyond that gorgeously-crowded hill the peninsula is girded round with the majestic walls and towers that so long defied the Moslem hordes.

The triangular peninsula which Constantinople occupies is bounded on the south by the Sea of Marmora, on the east by the Thracian Bosphorus, and on the north by the Golden Horn, which separates it from Pera. This unique water is only a quarter of a mile wide, and runs, bordered by arsenals, palaces, and storehouses for seven miles, into Roumelia. All the fleets of Europe might here lie at anchor among the very streets, like the gondolas on the canals of Venice.

The town of Pera occupies the whole face of the shore looking down upon the Golden Horn, and out upon the Bosphorus: Tophana and Galata are involved in its general name. Here all the Europeans, with their respective embassies and consulates, have their residence.

I coasted along the Asiatic shore, until I passed the Hill of Scutari, covered with a forest of cypresses that conceal the burial-place of the city, and then steered across, under Leander's tower, for Pera. This tower

is built upon a rock, in the midst of the Bosphorus, whereon rested the central links of a strong chain, with which the simple people of early times checked the course of the ancient navies.

So much has been said and written of Constantinople, that I shall only add that it seems to me impossible to exaggerate its beauty and commanding appearance. There is something so strange in those fairy-like towers and minarets among their rich groves and gardens, contrasted with the imposing situation of the city, and the proud array of castle and fortress that lines the shore, added to the beauty of the bright blue sea in which the city stands reflected, and the clear atmosphere that gives brilliance to the whole, that it is impossible to describe the effect produced by such various causes.

Landed at Pera, I passed a long examination before the civil authorities, and then repaired to Missirie's most comfortable hotel. It was a real pleasure to find myself once more in Europe, and the crowds of people with hats on their heads, and without moustache upon their lips, appeared very strange to me. I can easily understand the Moslem's contempt for and dislike to the shaven face: once accustomed to the majestic beard and the manly moustache, the human countenance certainly assumes a very mean appearance when deprived of these natural adjuncts. The unveiled women, too, seemed very surprising, as they wandered about the streets at their own free will, and

for the first day or two I felt more inclined to ask a question of the courteous orientals than of the smart, foppish-looking Frank. So much for custom.

The streets of Pera are steep and narrow, but otherwise strictly European in their appearance. Missirie's hotel would be considered excellent any where, but to a man who for nearly a twelvemonth had known no shelter but such as boats, khans, or tents could afford, it was absolutely luxurious. I found many friends here, moreover; and it was with some regret I ordered horses and set off for Buyukderé, the summer residence of our ambassador.

A gaunt black slave, mounted on a camel-like horse, preceded me with my saddle-bags, and we passed at a gallop over the wide, bleak downs that surround Pera towards the North. In some of the valleys were tracts of great richness and fertility, and some comfortable farm-houses and homesteads delightfully reminded me that I was in Europe.

After an hour's hard riding we came to Sthené, and thenceforth our path lay along the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus.

This celebrated water somewhat resembles the straits of Menai in its shape and windings, but is on an infinitely larger scale: its steep shores are mostly wooded to the water's edge, and an almost continuous village runs from Pera to Buyukderé. Occasionally this scattered array of cottages and palaces collects into a town, as at Therapia, where the greater num-

ber of the ambassadors have summer residences: sometimes it is broken by terraces shaded with trellised vines, or shady recesses among the cliffs, where the inhabitants sit sipping sherbet, and smoking their chibouques. Most of the women wore the picturesque Greek dress, and there was a sufficient sprinkling of oriental costume among the men to confer a very imposing appearance on these groups. Pleasure seemed to be the only business of their lives, every scene disclosed a garden, every building was a palace, or a fort, or a cottage ornée. On we went at a gallop along the shore, or above the hills, or thundering through the towns, except where some gaily-painted car, full of women, and drawn by two white oxen, blocked up the way. The sun's last light fell upon the Black Sea, as I rode into Buyukderé.

Here I passed two or three most pleasant days, which did not require the contrast of solitude, privation, and hardship to render appreciated the gifted society and the refinements of life which I enjoyed there.

Buyukderé is a very picturesque village, with green verandahs, and red-tiled roofs, and a pretty little quay, and other seaport appendages in miniature. Men-of-war, with flags of the different nations which the ambassadors resident here represent, are moored a short distance from the shore. These contribute to vary the view, which reaches through a vista of high cliffs and fortresses to the Black Sea. Numbers of caïques are

shooting constantly across the bright blue bay to Therapia ; the vine-clad hills and grassy cliffs are mottled with the bright garments of the Greek inhabitants, and the whole scene is full of interest and animation.

One morning, I took a caïque to visit the Symplagades and the Black Sea : these graceful boats are the principal means of transit along the Bosphorus, as gondolas are at Venice ; their bows are very sharp, and rise so far out of the water, that only one half of the caïque rests upon the water. Their sides are formed of a single plank of very thin beech, and are quaintly adorned with gilding and oak-carving ; you recline on silk cushions that supersede all seats, and are thus shot along with incredible rapidity.

Rowed by two athletic Turks, I passed by a succession of bold cliffs and verdant valleys opening from the strait, with numerous forts close to the water's edge, and in less than an hour I was bounding over the waters of the Euxine. The light caïque leapt from wave to wave of this troubled water like a sea-gull, and it was with some difficulty we disembarked on the mass of dark and rugged cliffs that represent the Symplagades, or Cyanean rocks. This singular pile starts up from the sea to a considerable height, surmounted by an altar of pure white Parian marble. The view from thence is very striking, commanding a wide range of the European and Asiatic shores, and of that gloomy and turbulent sea so celebrated in the songs of the

sunny Archipelago. The light houses of Europe and of Asia serve to guard as well as to enlighten the entrance to the Bosphorus, and their strong fortresses add to the effect of the naked and bold cliffs on which they stand. Who raised the lonely altar on this wild island none can tell, but imagination will have it to be a votive monument of some rescued mariner in the times when Argo sailed these seas.

That evening we visited Unkiar Skelessi, a ruined fortress crowning one of the Asiatic hills. The sunset was magnificent, and the Bosphorus beneath us seemed one sheet of burning gold, while far away, over hill, and vale, and ruined tower, and broken aqueduct, the crimson light lent a new charm and marvel to the splendid landscape. Yet when the sun was gone he was scarcely regretted; evening came on with so beautiful and bright an aspect, with such diamond stars, and azure sky, and fragrant flower-smells, and softened sounds.

As we glided away, that grand, old castle of the Genoese seemed restored by the doubtful light to all its strength; the hanging woods and beetling cliffs were reflected in the star-spangled stream; the air seemed exquisitely sensitive to the faint fragrance and the distant song; and it was like the breaking of a spell when the caïque struck lightly against the marble terrace of the Palazzo.

This caïque was beautifully appointed, and might have figured proudly in the wake of the Bucentaur.

It had the same graceful shape and trim as the smaller craft of its kind; but it was richly gilded, and its lofty stern enabled the steersman to look over all the crew. Two janissaries, in the gorgeous Greek dress, sat in the stern-sheets, two servants occupied a space next the numerous rowers, and these last, dressed in light silken jackets, pulled with a swift but easy stroke, to which they scarcely bent. As the barge approached a Russian man-of-war, she beat to quarters, and the men remained with cap in hand, the marines presenting arms, until the ambassador had passed by.

I do not attempt to describe the Bosphorus; Lady Mary Montagu's description of it is as faithful to this day as it is vivid. The stream runs at the rate of about four miles an hour, and is haunted by dolphins below, and "*âmes damnées*" above, its waters. These "lost souls" are dark-coloured birds, about the size of a teal, that keep for ever wandering with rapid wing up and down these straits. Their restlessness, and shrieking cry, and, apparently, homelessness, have obtained for them the above appellation. The Turks are said to believe that they are human souls in a state of probation: it seems strange that such a paradise should be selected for a place of purgatory.

My caïque shot rapidly away along the bright blue stream towards Constantinople; on the eastern shore, the "Sweet Waters of Asia" with the Sultan's palace claimed a visit; and the beautiful village of Candalie may not be neglected, if it were only in memory of

Jupiter's adventure with Europa, and the deep allegory it contains.

Constantinople is a delightful summer residence, but the climate in winter is very disagreeable, and has none of those counteracting comforts that make us warmly welcome winter to our English hearths. The view from the burying-ground at Pera is the finest perhaps in the world: here all the gay people of the Frank city assemble in the evening, and wander among the tombs with merry chat and laughter; or sit beneath the cypress-trees, eating ice and smoking their chibouques. We look down over the roofs of Tophana and Galata upon the Golden Horn, whose appellation the sunset seems to realize:* its waters are specked by many a caïque, and reflect the white sails of a hundred ships; beyond it suddenly rises Stamboul† itself, its richly mingled masses of dark foliage and white palaces enveloping the peninsula, whose point terminates in the Sultan's Seraglio, with its gardens. The undulations of the Seven Hills may be traced through

* This epithet was applied to it in the Greek times, and perhaps had some analogy with the crescent. In the East generally, the epithet "golden" is applied as a term of excellence; thus there is the Golden Gate at Jerusalem, &c.

† The Turkish name of Constantinople. When the city was taken by the Turks, its ancient name was forbidden to be used, and the country-people used to speak of going "εἰς τὴν πολιν," whence *Stamboul*, they say. They *also* say it is called from Islam-bol, "abounding in faith."

the city that encrusts them, and occasionally you catch glimpses of the Seven Towers, the Palace of Belisarius, and the brave old walls. Over all rises Mount Olympus, connecting earth's scenery with the sky.

All these, of course, we visited in detail, but they are too familiar to every reader to claim description. The Mosque of St. Sophia, with all its spoils,* and the remains of such magnificence as led Justinian to exclaim, "Thank God, I have been enabled to outdo Solomon!" scarce repays the trouble of procuring a special firmān, and the troop of guards that must accompany you. A mosque seems to me the most uninviting and prayerless-looking place of worship in the world: it is naked, altarless, tawdry, and dreary-looking. The Sultan's palace contains a bewildering number of apartments of quaint shapes and simple ornament: some are carpeted, some mirrored; there is no furniture, except cushions, and a very few tables, in any of them; but the views from the windows are superb. Those of the Harem† look out upon the Bosphorus,

——— "whose waters roll
"O'er many a once love-beaten breast."

The other sights of Constantinople are so similar, or inferior, to those of more thoroughly Oriental cities,

* Among these are eight porphyry columns from Baalbec, and eight more from Diana's Temple at Ephesus.

† This word is pronounced *har'm* in Turkish — *hareem* in Arabic.

that I shall not run the risk of repeating myself by describing them. The walls of the city, which protect the peninsula on the land side, are by far the most interesting remains of ancient Constantinople. They extend from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn, a distance of about five miles, and connect a chain of towers through their whole extent. They are divided by a deep fosse from another battlemented range of walls, which is surrounded by a moat and a sort of glacis. Mantling as they are with ivy, their war-worn fronts deeply scarred from the crusading and the Turkish battering-engines, they still present a most imposing appearance. Ruin has only made them reverend, and left them all their lofty look. The road along their base was profoundly silent; on the left lay an extensive cemetery, where the cypress shadowed the Moslem's tomb with its sculptured turban, and the terebinth kept watch by the Armenian's grave. They say that this homeless people brought this tree with them from the shores of Lake Van, and now love to see those who are dear to them sheltered in their last sleep by its ancestral shade.

The cicerone affects to show the spot where Paleologus fell as became the Last of the Cæsars: it is unnecessary; for every stone of that well-defended rampart is a monument to his heroic name. His was no mere animal courage — the wild brain-fever of the moment: he saw the hour of destruction approaching from a distance; he withstood the work of treachery

and cowardice within, as bravely as the war of the Infidel without, the city; he had not even one glimmering of earthly hope to light him onward: but honour was its own beacon, and showed him where and how to die. Even in his death he was identified with the people he loved so well, and days elapsed before his body was discovered, so mangled, that the embroidered eagle alone told to whom it had belonged.

We entered the city by a gate through which the Romans were wont to pass, and rode up to the palace of Belisarius, in whose courtyard swarms of women and naked children were harboured. The former tried to conceal their sun-scorched faces with some dirty rag, while they held up the other hand for charity, or strove to seize our bridles. Passing from this screaming mob, whose faces were the only decently covered part of their persons, we ascended by some ruinous stone steps to the palace halls, wherein Desolation dwelt alone:

> "The spider hath woven his web in the palace,
> And the owl hath sung her death-song on the towers of Afrasiab."*

The view from these mouldering walls is the finest in Constantinople, and probably in the world.

There are nine gates or *portes* to the city, the most

* Hafiz.

remarkable of which is the "Bab el Hamajoom," looking out towards Pera. Here sits the supreme council of the empire, and the appellation of government is identified with the Porte, which it occupies. In all oriental countries, the gate was selected as the place for administering justice, as being the most public, and the easiest of access. The Turks retained many of their ancient usages among the Greek customs which, for the most part, they adopted, and this is one of the most remarkable.*

We had a busy time of it at Constantinople. I found a pleasant party assembled at Missirie's hotel, and every hour of the day, and almost of the night, brought its engagement. Caïques and horses were in constant requisition, whether to skim the bright Bosphorus, or to scour the environs of Stamboul.

On Friday, we hurried down to the shore to see the Sultan going to mosque, as a royal salute from the Seraglio announced that his caïque had left the palace.

Our caïques shot along swiftly, but the Sultan's seemed to fly. Twenty-six rowers, in silken jackets, urged each gilded galley over, rather than through, the water. First came a caïque, with a canopy of blue, under which a group of officers, in blue frock coats with diamond stars upon the breasts, sate all facing

* Mr. Thornton, however, ingeniously argues that the palace of the Grand Vizier is always called the Porte, metaphorically, as the door of communication between the Sultan and his people.

the Sultan, who followed at a short distance. He sate under a green canopy, beneath which was spread a wide cloak of dark green cloth, lined with *calico*. Four officers accompanied him, with their yellow faces turned towards his like so many sunflowers. A third galley followed, and this comprised the procession. A regiment of troops, in Turco-European costume, awaited his arrival, and a very respectable band struck up a wild air, which, I suppose, meant, "Allah, save the Sultan!"

He remained about half an hour in the mosque, when he mounted a handsome horse, and, passing with his suite through a dense crowd, of which we formed part, he went his way. He is twenty-one years of age, and rather handsome, with a keen, dark eye, and brown moustache. He wore a plain blue frock coat, with a red cap and purple tassel. He stared at us as he passed, but took no notice of our salute. There seemed a considerable display of taking care of him; but, evidently, the large attendance of guards, and the mystery maintained as to his movements, were measures of etiquette rather than of safety. Grand viziers seem to undertake all the unpopularity of the sovereign, together with their other responsibilities. They are often exposed to popular fury — the Sultan, never. His divine character, as the vicegerent of the Prophet, adds considerably to his temporal authority; and, when the late Sultan Mahmoud found himself in a crisis in which no political expedient could avail him,

he had only to unfurl the Sacred Standard, (consisting of the unmentionables of Mahomet) the people flocked round him with devotion, and the janizaries were extirpated.

Sultan Mahmoud was one of the five great men who have been the instruments of signalizing our age. He ventured on the glorious attempt which few have survived, and none have ever lived to see accomplished, that of regenerating a corrupt people. The attempt failed utterly, as regarded the creation of new powers and capacities: the old were destroyed; but there was no reproductive principle in the Turkish character. At the bidding of his Sultan, the Turk laid aside the external distinctions of his race, and with them he abandoned the sustaining pride, the consciousness of superiority, the elevating fanaticism that fused his patriotism and his creed into one great passion. His contempt for the Frank, whose politics, dress, and mode of warfare he has been compelled to assume, has reacted into respect and fear; such fear, at least, as a Turk can know: for they are a gallant people still, those Osmanlis;* and, though they feel that their empire is drawing to a close, and are resigned to the fulfilment of one of those strange old prophecies, like that which prepared the Yncas for the subjugation of *their* country, they will doubtless die fearlessly in de-

* This is the name by which they choose to be called. Turk is an epithet of contempt, though they call their country and their language *Toorkey*.

fence of those walls so fearlessly won by their fierce ancestors.

* * * * * *

Hurrah for the road! We dine far away, in the Forest of Belgrade, and a score of horses are champing their bits at the door of our hotel. Our fair countrywoman mounts a fiery-eyed Arabian, and starts at a gallop through the astonished town. Cavaliers—English, Irish, and German — away! Janizaries, surrajees, and slaves — Greek, Turk, and African—away! Two and twenty steeds are careering in yon cloud of dust. Master, slave, and freeman, are all jumbled together in the charge. Some can't hold their horses, and others won't. On sweeps the galloping crowd over a fine, wild, picturesque country, now affecting to pause to look at some old ruin or rare view, now dashing forward at speed once more, till we plunge into a deep forest; and at length come to a halt in a beautiful green glade.

Here we found a sumptuous banquet, spread by Missirie's* care, under the shade of some noble trees. A fountain supplied us with clear water, and champagne flowed as freely, while the rich, juicy fruits of Europe and Asia assist to assuage the thirst. Then

* Missirie has been celebrated as a courier by Lord Lindsay and the author of "Eothen," both of whom have spoken to me in the highest terms of him. His hotel is the last comfort one enjoys in going to the East, and the first in returning from it.

we scattered in groups about the forest, and enjoyed our coffee and chibouques, *à l'orientale*, as we reclined upon our carpets and watched the sun go down in glory over that old forest. That spot, that looked so calm, and fresh, and fair, was dangerous to linger in after nightfall: fever and pestilence loved its shades as well as we; and we heard afterwards it had frequently proved fatal to belated revellers. We started about nine for our homeward gallop of nearly twenty miles. It was wild work, bursting through the underwood, in the doubtful moonlight, among those pathless rocks; yet our fair charge was ever first, and never drew her rein until the lances of a patrol, and at the same time the pleasant fire of a khan, induced a halt. As soon as the officer of the patrole understood we were English, he said it was all right. In any other people, such a mode and hour of travelling might excite surprise; but every thing is conceded to, because every thing is claimed by, Englishmen.

The next morning, at breakfast, the only members of the party who made their appearance were the lady and myself; all the rest were more or less affected by the forest fever.

I will not dwell upon the yachtings, pic-nics, and mountain scrambles, by which we became familiar with all the varied and beautiful scenery of either shore. Time sped on, and we all assembled at a farewell breakfast; for S—— and I were to sail that night for the Archipelago. Some complimentary regrets were

expressed, which led to discussion as to why *any* one should remain behind. The conversation terminated in a resolution that the exodus should be universal; and forthwith, to the amazement and confusion of dragomans and lacquais de places, orders were issued for immediate embarkation. Passports were to be procured from the embassy, damp linen from the wash, half-made clothes from the tailors', money from the bankers'. It was all done in time; and at four o'clock I had the satisfaction of seeing the whole party assembled on board the Maria Christina steamer.

We spread cloaks and cushions, and established a divan upon the deck: our pipes and nargilehs fumed and bubbled fragrantly and musically, and we floated as merrily over the Sea of Marmora as the evening before we had glided along the Bosphorus, and made plans for future excursions in the scenes we had now left for ever.

The Hellespont looked much better by moonlight than when I past it last, though a stiff breeze was blowing as we dashed along the rapid current.

> "The winds are high on Helle's wave,
> As on that night of stormy water,
> When Love, who sent, forgot to save
> The young, the beautiful, the brave,
> The only hope of Sestos' daughter."

The Grecian States of old, and the modern Greek empire, were assaulted from these shores; millions

have crossed, and thousands, perhaps, have perished, in this stream; yet Leander's daring and Leander's death monopolize all the interest that the steamer's rapid transit gives one time to bestow upon the Dardanelles.

There are strong forts here that contain guns of enormous calibre: one is said to require upwards of three hundred pounds of powder for each discharge: * the shot consists of enormous stones of basalt, brought from the Black Sea. Certain it is that this artillery is very terrible where it takes effect, but it is not adapted for shooting woodcocks or steamers.

* Baron de Tott.

CHAPTER LV.

GREECE.

What must have been thy nature, oh Greece! when, marvellous-lovely
As it is now, it is only the tomb of an ancient existence?
R. M. MILNES.

On the morning after sailing from Constantinople we found ourselves off the plains of Troy; whence we ran along the coast of Tenedos, and touched at the pretty little town of Mitylene. Thence we coasted by Scio, and, entering the Gulph of Smyrna, cast anchor off the town, forty hours after leaving the Golden Horn.

The beauty of "Infidel Ismir," as Smyrna is called by the Turks, has been much vaunted, yet scarcely realizes one's expectations of old Ionian loveliness. The scenery around the Gulph is wild, and wide, and mountainous; softening a little as it approaches the city, and becomes interspersed with the gardens and villas of the wealthy merchants. Smyrna itself is a common-place, Turkish town, with dirty, narrow streets

and melancholy-looking bazaars. I had little opportunity of judging of the women's celebrated beauty, as we only remained here during the noontide hours, when all the fairer part of the human creation were carefully hiding themselves from the scorching sun.

On a hill commanding the city are some fine ruins, and the remains of an early Christian church. We are sometimes accustomed to think of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor as of so many distinct edifices, visible, and tangible; and many a traveller who would smile at being asked to describe the shape of the Church of England, or Ireland, or Scotland, has gone eagerly in search of each seventh part of Asiatic Christendom. Tradition consecrates Smyrna as the place where Polycarp suffered martyrdom; man and nature have well avenged him ever since upon the Smyrniotes. Earthquakes, plagues, and Turks have done their *worst to this devoted city*, but the elastic energies of commerce have still sustained it in its troubles, and triumphed over pestilence and persecution. The English almost monopolize the fruit trade, the French devote themselves to cotton, and the Dutch, who formerly held the principal commerce in their own hands, have now scarcely a representative.

The heat of the climate here is moderated daily by a fresh sea-breeze, that blows without intermission from noon till sunset, at which time we sailed. The next day found us in the Grecian Archipelago, with Delos, Tenos, and Syra lying round us. We cast

anchor in the harbour of the latter towards evening, and landed on a rocky promontory opposite the town.

Here we were to perform European quarantine, and our prison looked dismal enough as the stormy evening set in, and the wind howled round the naked walls and desolate rocks of our dwelling. But the next morning brought sunshine and cheerfulness; our rooms were furnished, our books, &c. were unpacked, guardianos were assigned us, and the British Consul kindly sent us a file of newspapers.

We had three apartments, each of which had a sort of verandah in front, looking out upon the sea; we called these the "barracks," "the hareem," and "the monastery;" the latter was mine alone, but in consideration of that privilege, it was also the refectory, and we fitted up a sort of divan in the verandah, wherein the lady's nargileh, or the masculine chibouque, were generally sending up their incense. Our guardianos were three hideous, little, old men, with unpronounceable Romaic names, so we named them after the Graces, and they soon answered readily to the appellations of Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne! By many other such devices did we seek to render our lives classical, but they were not very successful; facts were strongly against us, and a fortnight's imprisonment was an unfortunate introduction to the

> "Clime of the unforgotten brave
> Whose land from plain to mountain cave
> Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave."

The climate, however, is delightful, though it never ceased to blow during our stay at Syra. The wind wailed wildly and mournfully round our prison, as in an English November, contrasting curiously with the clear bright sky, and the rich cheerful colouring that invests even the bleak rocky island with a beauty not its own. We look out to the eastward upon the island of Tinos, which assumes every hue in the rainbow in the course of each cameleon day: a deep purple sea, flecked constantly with foam, breaks against our cliffs; and opposite us, divided by a little bay, crowded with shipping, lies the town of Syra, its mass of white houses running in a conical shape to the summit of the convent-crowned hill.

At length our quarantine was finished; I almost regretted our release, for the perfect repose that it necessitated was very grateful after incessant and laborious travel. I had come to love the rocks, and the bright sea, and the changing views around me, and nothing was irksome but the sense of confinement. Syra has since then ceased to be a quarantine station, which is now transferred to Athens, as a more convenient locality.

On the day of our release we rose with light to welcome liberty, and, breakfasting at Syra, were soon riding up to the summit of the lofty hill of which the island is composed. From here we had a magnificent view of the Cyclades, girding round the birthplace of Apollo and Latona, and picturesquely scattered about among those bright blue waters.

The next day we sailed to Delos, a distance of about fifteen miles: favouring breezes soon brought us to the island of Rhenia, and thence up a narrow channel to the marble pier of the Sacred Island, whither the religious processions of ancient Greece came to worship at the shrines of Apollo and Diana. This island, like all the other Cyclades, is destitute of trees, and almost equally so of verdure. Some shrubs grow among the interstices of the rocks, and in a degree relieve the eye, but it is to the brilliant colouring of their delicious climate that they owe all their beauty. It is impossible to describe the delicate and fugitive tints that invest every hill and valley in rapid succession; the sea itself is ever varying, and reflects their picturesque forms in green, or blue, or azure, as the sky's mood changes.

Delos is about three miles in circumference. Mount Cynthus, in whose recesses painters and poets have placed Diana, fatigued with the chase, or bathing her immaculate form, is about half the size of Primrose Hill. There is no spring on the island, and the sacred lake is dry; the soil is everywhere strewed with ruins, but it is difficult to identify the site of the temples. The amphitheatre is a noble monument of Hellenic architecture, and is as perfect as a ruin has a right to be. The island has been very little visited, and there appears to be a wide field for research amongst its varied relics. Our party was a large one, and consisted, moreover, entirely of English, a circumstance

which, I know not why, is always fatal to research, or even to reflection: a scoffing spirit inevitably prevails, and whether on the mountain of Parnassus, or in the valley of Jehoshaphat, our countrymen seem to think that everything is unreal except themselves and their sandwiches: this is the very triumph of objectivity.

The following day we sailed from Syra, over waves that might have seemed a shoal of dying dolphins, such various and beautiful colours played over every undulation, in the exquisite light of a Grecian sunset. Then Dian's own bright orb rose over her native island, followed by Hesperus,

> ———"That planet blest,
> The lover's lamp, the wanderer's pledge of rest."

Brilliantly beautiful as are the days in this delicious climate, the nights have a loveliness that can scarcely be surpassed in that world of delights, which "eye hath not seen, or ear heard." The serene heavens above, the soft music of the rippling waves, with the lustrous foam upon their crest, and the purple shadows of their depths; the balmy airs, the storied islands among which you wander, give to the most blasé existence a poetry that has lingered unconsciously about the heart since youth, and which, when once awakened, cannot be very easily scoffed down.

All night I lay upon the deck watching the dark ship rushing through the waters, and trailing after her a long train of snowy foam, bespangled with phosphoric

stars. Then shone the Dawn over the far distant East, slowly revealing, as if it were a solemn sight, the marvellous beauty of that land, whose poetry first discovered her impersonation and divinity. That glorious mythology rendered Pantheism objective, and, in a moment like this, would have recognised the god of day rushing along the path that Aurora had so brightly spread for his reception. Now Night furls his starry standard, and retreats before the shower of Apollo's golden arrows: and, lo! upon Sunium's marble promontory stands revealed the temple of Minerva, the first fruits of his victory over darkness.

In such "a time, and clime, and spot," long years, with all their burthen, pass away from the tranced spirit; with a boy's glad heart and childhood's enthusiasm, we gaze on the glorious scenery that surrounds us, as Argolis, Ægina, Salamis, and the Immortal Mountain start into view. Now the Acropolis of Athens greets us like some well remembered vision; and, rounding the promontory that supports the tomb of Themistocles, we glide into the harbour of the Piræus.

Down goes the anchor, and with it all sentiment, to the bottom of the sea. This renowned harbour is exceedingly matter-of-fact in its present appearance. Well-slated storehouses, and offices of customs, and ginshops line the quays. Commissioners from various hotels persecute you with most European pertinacity: and—by the shade of Anacreon!—there is an omnibus waiting to whirl you through the dust at sixpence a

head to Athens! The smart phaeton in which we deposited our persons was not much better, but the coachman wore the Greek costume, and greaves embroidered after the most approved Achillean fashion.

The six miles of road that leads to Athens is the most interesting that one travels in the course of a life, notwithstanding the dust, and the ginshops, and the turnpike-gates.

As we drive along we seem to recognise each feature of nature and of art, so long familiar to the imagination, until we rattle through a town which might escape observation at Islington, and finally emerge into a large open space, terminated by the shapeless palace of King Otho. This square is enclosed on either side by large modern houses, one of which, the Hotel d'Orient, is our destination.

Since Athens has been gathered into the European family, and restored to Christendom, it has become as familiar to the public as Edinburgh. It would, however, be too late at this period of my pilgrimage to affect fastidiousness in treading upon beaten ground, and this is the spot above all others on which I should like to linger, and, if it must be so, to take my leave of the gentle reader.

Greece is one of the few countries that I have an earnest desire to revisit, and yet, at every step one takes, there is an annoying—almost a painful—sense of incongruity between its present and its past; and, what is worse, a hopeless attempt to reconcile them.

In Rome, the gradation from the older to the later time is almost imperceptible; the gods, temples, and ceremonies were converted to Christianity, together with the souls of men. The bronze statue of Jupiter became St. Peter, and Juno has transmitted her peacock feathers to the state insignia of the Pope; the Tomb of Adrian has resolved itself into the Castle of St. Angelo; and, more than all else, the vitality of Roman art connects the present with the past. Scarcely had the awakened taste of Europe begun to appreciate the beauty of the Pantheon, when Michael Angelo exclaimed, "Je le placerai dans les airs," and kept his word by crowning St. Peter's church with such another for a dome. Petrarch was crowned with laurel on the capitol without any apparent sense of ridicule; Rienzi ably acted the character of the Last of the Tribunes; Painting caught the mantle which Sculpture had let fall; and Raphael's pencil realized conceptions as glorious as the chisel of Phidias had ever wrought.

But in the fate of Greece seemed verified the pagan aphorism, "Whom the gods love die young." She passed away in the season of her triumphant youth; she perished in her pride, and, through the night of ages that followed, her imperishable name only was remembered. Even in Cæsar's triumph, he "spared the contemptible living only for the sake of their glorious dead."

And now, a Bavarian king and an alien people are to restore the glory of ancient Greece! Verily,

they seem like children playing at statesmen and soldiers, and no place will serve for their game but Athena's own sacred precincts. Behold the first ruits of resuscitated Grecian art — the palace of King Otho. Full in the sight of the Acropolis, in the same plain with the Temple Theseus, and in the solemn presence of that of Olympian Jove, there stands a huge, white, cubic edifice that would disgrace Trafalgar Square. Of the Piræus, I have already spoken. On the Hill of the Musæum, within a stone's throw of the Acropolis, there has just been erected an observatory, that stands in as hideous contrast to the Parthenon as Caliban to Ariel. Such are the first and most prominent objects that strike a stranger's eye, and they are characteristic of all modern Greece. No one can blame this people for wishing to become a nation; but their ambition to become *ancient* Greeks, and to make the Athens of Otho identical with that of Pericles, is fraught with embarrassment and difficulty.

Athens is rather a neat, little, modern town, with shops, and market-places, and porters, and hand-barrows, and horse-boys, and all that sort of thing. There are fortunately but few vestiges of antiquity enclosed within these modern walls, and the two most remarkable, the Porch of Adrian and the Temple of the Winds, do not suffer much from their position. The residences of the ministers of foreign courts form a quarter by themselves; and suburban buildings of

the truest cockney fashion are rapidly extending in all directions.

My first impressions of Athens, it is unnecessary to say, were anything but satisfactory; but when I walked a few hundred paces out of the noisy city, and found myself in a solitude as deep as that of the Desert, I was appeased; the "religion of the place" came over me once more as I stood under the magnificent columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, "that plead so haughtily for times gone by." Few of these mighty pillars remain, and these are but partially connected by architrave and entablature, yet they form the most imposing ruin I have ever seen. The vast and massive monuments of Egypt are wanting in the majesty and grace which unite that beauty to sublimity, without which the latter repels, rather than invites or creates, the sympathy of the spectator. Around this ruin there was the profoundest silence, and it stood utterly alone; there was not a fallen column or a marble splinter there: the only living creature was a Turk, whose barbaric garb harmonized, to my mind at least, with the scene in which I found him. It was *his* ruthless race that had made Athens desolate; it was owing to *his* brethren that this Temple stood in its imposing solitude, for their artillery had swept away all the modern buildings that once surrounded and encumbered it. Moreover, he stood there, the representative of those great eastern hordes whom Athens had now, for the third time, expelled

from her sacred precincts. In the days when Xerxes or Mahmoud planted their standards upon Grecian ground, the figure of a Persian or an Osmanli might seem intrusive, but now my turbaned companion stood upon that free soil, like one of the Caryatides of old, a monument of his own defeat.

Athens, the smallest metropolis in Europe, has for its suburbs edifices that have been a marvel and a model to the whole world. From St. Petersburgh to Washington, there is not an attempt at ornamental architecture that does not claim descent from some one or other of these immortal structures. I shall not attempt to describe them, but merely recapitulate a few of the scenes of interest lying within an hour's ride of Athens.

From the Temple of Jupiter we passed under the Arch of Adrian to the Lantern of Demosthenes, which is encumbered by hovels; the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, the Odeum of Pericles, the Theatre of Bacchus, the Odeum of Regilla; thence by a winding path to the Acropolis.

This was the great altar of the country, on which were deposited the most precious offerings of art that human genius ever realized. Its presiding deity was the Goddess of the Mind, in whose Phidian statue her own inspiration was divinely evidenced. This was Minerva Parthenos, and overlooked all Greece and the outer world; while Practical Wisdom, or Common Sense perhaps, had its representative in Minerva

Polias, whose statue "looked at home," and kept watch over the city.

On entering by the propylæa, the first object of interest is the beautiful little temple of Victory, which was built to commemorate the expulsion of the Eastern hordes under Mardonius; strange to say, on the expulsion of their Eastern invaders under Mahmoud, this temple came again appropriately to light; it was rescued from the debris caused by various sieges, and is now restored in all its pristine beauty to its original site.

The first object that strikes one after passing this little fane is the tall Frank tower whose removal has been so much debated. Notwithstanding its heterogeneous appearance, it would be much missed; its effect at a little distance is excellent, and its removal would leave a blank which there is nothing to fill up.

The Parthenon occupies the Southern side of the Acropolis, but seems to pervade it all, as it were, with its own surpassing beauty, and to monopolize that natural altar, so that all its other temples seem subservient to that one. It is admirably chaste, as becomes its virginal dedication, but the friezes that surmount the simplicity of those columns contain the most exquisite sculpture in the world. This temple has been repaired as far as its own ruins afforded materials, but no substitute can supply their place where wanting. What a proud tribute to ancient art is this impossibility to restore what Time or

Lord Elgin has removed: it reminds one of the genii-built palace of Aladdin, wherein one window was left unfinished, which all the wealth and art of the East was unable to make equal to the others.

The work of renovation still goes on, but scantily through want of funds; meanwhile, the scaffoldings, and prepared materials, and assorted fragments, give the Acropolis the appearance of something between a mason's yard and a museum.

The view from hence is magnificent: it is not merely that the features of the scenery around are as beautiful, as they are eloquent with a thousand memories; but the climate invests all nature with such varied and exquisite colouring, as one only sees in the sunset landscapes of "cloudland" in these northern latitudes. The scanty stream of the Cephissus, the heathy mountain of Hymettus, the barren summit of Pentelicus, the olive-groves, the grassy plains, the distant sea, all are invested with a marvellous light, as gorgeous as a painted window, yet as delicate as the complexion of a changing cheek.

We will not linger on the Hill of the Musæum, or even on that of the Nymphs, but let us pause a moment on the Pnyx, whence all oratory derives its models, as architecture does from the Acropolis. The Bema, from which Demosthenes thundered against Macedon, might be taken for an altar, but for its tradition. It is hewn out of the solid rock, and surrounded by steps, on which sate the Prytanes—the

Athenian house of lords. Beneath is a platform capable of containing 5,000 men—the commons of the old Republic. The Bema, whence the orators harangued the people, commanded in very ancient times a wide view of earth and sea; but the thirty tyrants, fearing the powerful appeals to freedom and to Salamis that its position suggested and gave effect to, had it cut down to its present elevation, which looks only upon Athens and the surrounding plain; it was from this last, however, that Demosthenes hurled those "winged words," more terrible to Philip than the swords that they evoked.

What a strange, glorious, contemptible people were those old Athenians!—now like gods arming themselves for Marathon, or abandoning their worshipped Athens for the "wooden walls" that fought round Salamis; now like children, intoxicated with success, or prostrated by defeat, swayed by the meanest passions of jealousy and avarice; banishing an Aristides, robbing friendly colonies, and leaving a Miltiades to die in chains.

Yet, let us not forget all we owe to this wonderful people; "how much more has the little peaceful Athens done for the world than that raging giant Rome."* The earliest and brightest associations of the young heart are connected with the name of Greece. In her sublime story the boy first finds his task become an inspiration; under its spell, heroic

* Jean Paul Richter.

instincts become devoloped, patriotism becomes devotion, and the love of Freedom a quenchless passion.

If Greece accomplished the most heroic deeds, her eloquent language first rendered them immortal; justly the statue of the goddess of the Mind stood supreme among the monuments of Freedom's and of Greece's triumphs; for the orator first inspired, and the historian recorded them—in itself another inspiration. It was Grecian poets who first perceived and translated to the world its own exquisite beauty; and to her sculptors it was first revealed that there slept, enveloped in the Parian marble, those ideal forms of grace, and strength, and loveliness, which it required but their chisel to discover and awaken.

A rugged rocky eminence rises between the Pnyx and the Acropolis; this is the Areopagus, whereon Paul preached with power on the very throne of eloquence, and denounced idolatry in the midst of idols. With a mythology that made deities as numerous as the attributes of the Creator, how mournful and full of meaning was that Athenian altar "to the unknown God!"

We descend to a lower platform, whereon stands the Temple of Theseus, which Time seems to have swept over with his wing, and not with his scythe. Indeed, at a little distance it is scarcely distinguishable from its imitation in Edinburgh, except by the delicate "neutral tint" that has stolen over its once white marble.

The Cephissus, which formerly arrested the march of the Persian army, now trickles languidly along its shrunken course ; the Ilyssus exists no longer, but a torrent-like line of oleanders seems still to fill its course with verdant waves and rosy foam. The olive and the fig-tree have almost disappeared, and the hills are naked, except where the Hymettus heath still blossoms for its bees. These hills were once thickly covered with wild wood, and would soon be so again, but that the peasants burn them down, in order to apply their ashes to their exhausted soil.

Modern Greece appeared to me to be full of promise, notwithstanding her factious people, and her puerile king. Otho was doubtless a most unfortunate choice, as monarch of an infant state ; it is said that King Leopold now deeply repents that he did not accept the offer of the throne of Greece. With his talents, his experience, and his moderation, he might have already found himself the king of a great people, and might perhaps have bequeathed to his successors the empire of the Palæologi.

The present sovereign of Greece does not seem possessed of one kingly quality. Educated with a view to a cardinal's hat, his jesuit tutors are not perhaps responsible for his royal acquirements, but Europe has already had fearful instances of the result of such an education. Until the late revolution, Otho was the most despotic monarch in Christendom ; of the parliament, so long promised and

so solemnly guaranteed, there was no trace; the council was composed of his creatures, whose tenure of office depended on his will; Bavarians monopolized every place of trust, honour, or emolument; all claims of service established in the War of Independence were set at nought; and those who ranked as princes in the tented field found themselves undistinguished and unnoticed at the court of the monarch whom they had placed upon the throne.

The two great national mortgages afford no interest to the bondholders; Rothschild only secures *his* repayment by the guarantee of the three great powers. The civil list amounts to about £36,000 per annum, and the king retains his Bavarian apanage of £7,000 a-year.

The population of Greece does not amount to above 900,000 souls, and this, notwithstanding the fecundity of the people, is daily diminishing owing to emigration. When the independence of Greece was first declared, numbers of Fanariot (or Constantinopolitan) Greeks repaired to their own country, but, finding the despotism and oppression there more galling than in the Turkish provinces, they returned hastily to the Sultan's rule.

There are about 12,000,000 of acres contained within the boundaries as defined by the three great Powers; of these more than half are comprised in the Morea. It is computed that 5,000,000 of people could find ample subsistence in this highly-favoured

country, if its resources were fairly developed. There is not a landed proprietor in Greece worth £500 a-year: the revenues of the church were all confiscated in the revolution, and the clergy are at present poorly paid by the government, or rather by the king. Some Englishmen have settled in the Negropont and other parts of Greece, but, owing to the taxes and other drawbacks, they do not receive above one-and-a-half per cent. on their purchase money.

The people are sober, intelligent, and easily governed: their passion is for constitutional rights and education. It is very interesting to observe their zeal for their native literature, and their anxiety to restore their language to its ancient purity. The schools are eagerly filled by hundreds of little Demostheneses, Miltiadeses, Aspasias, and other immortal names.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, American episcopal missionaries, have perhaps done more for Greece than all the Philhellenes put together; the scriptures, and the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, are taught without reference to any particular creed, and this mode of education is unopposed by any party.*

A handsome university has been erected at Athens, and endowed by public subscription; but the king, as

* The Honourable Mrs. Dawson Damer, in her lively and spirited "Diary," has some interesting notices of these schools, which were closed when I was at Athens.

usual, laid hands upon it, and appropriated all the patronage to himself. It is interesting to observe the endeavours that Greece has always made, through all her disadvantages, to cultivate that literature to which her poverty-stricken people still fondly cling as by an instinct. Joannina was famous for its schools one hundred years ago, under Methodius, and recently, "under Athanasius, Psalida, and Valano."* Daniel of Patmos had a school of repute in that island; and Scio and Athens have preserved their colleges through all the disastrous vicissitudes of Turkish rule and civil war.

A late ingenious and philosophic traveller has observed that regenerated Greece "is but a pensioner of the culture which the rest of Europe has learned by long labour and the friction of ages . . . . . Nothing they have learnt, nothing they have to learn, is their own." Surely, in applying themselves to the oratory, poetry, and philosophy of the West, they but reclaim their own. To them we were indebted for our first, best, intellectual culture; and if we can give it back to them with interest, after the lapse of ages, they may fairly claim it as an honourable debt.

It seems to me that Greece has never received sufficient credit for her gallant and successful struggle against her Turkish oppressors: it was the most heroic strife of modern times, and is only to be compared to

* Quarterly Review, vol. 23, p. 357.

that now carried on by the brave Circassians, to whom may Heaven vouchsafe a like successful issue. Under the Turkish domination, the Greeks consisted of the warrior people of the Hills and the trampled serfs of the Plain. The former never have been conquered, though assailed in turn by the Byzantine, Catalan, Venetian, and Osmanli. If the blood of ancient Greece does not flow in their veins, her spirit is alive in their hearts, and many a battle-scene of the late fight for freedom displayed the classic character, as well as the heroism, of the men of Thermopylæ and Marathon.

When Missolonghi was beleaguered by the Turkish forces, Marco Botzaris commanded a garrison of about twelve hundred men, who had barely fortifications enough to form breastworks. Intelligence reached the Greek leaders that the Egyptian army, under Ismail Pasha, was about to form a junction with the formidable besieging host. A parade was ordered: the garrison, "faint and few, but fearless still," scarcely amounted to one thousand men. Marco Botzaris told them of the destruction that impended over Missolonghi, proposed a sortie, and announced that it should consist only of volunteers, as the expedition was a "forlorn hope." Volunteers!—the whole garrison stepped forward as one man and demanded the post of honour and of death. "I will only take the Thermopylæ number," said their leader, and selected the three hundred who were nearest to him.

In the dead of night this devoted band marched out

in six divisions, and placed themselves, in profound silence, round the Turkish camp. Their orders were simply — "when you hear my bugle blow, seek me in the Pasha's tent."

Marco Botzaris, disguised as an Albanian bearing despatches to the Pasha from the Egyptian army, passed unquestioned through the Turkish camp, and was only arrested by the sentinels round the Pasha's tent, who informed him that he must wait till morning. Then wildly through the stillness of the night that bugle blew: faithfully it was echoed from without; and the war-cry of the avenging Greek broke upon the startled Moslem's ear. From every side that terrible storm seemed to burst at once: shrieks of agony and terror swelled the tumult; the Turks fled in all directions; and the Grecian leader was soon surrounded by his comrades. Struck to the ground by a musket-ball, he had himself raised on the shoulders of two Greeks, and, thus supported, he pressed on the flying enemy. A bullet pierced his brain in the moment of his triumph; but Missolonghi was saved, and the delivery of Greece begun.

* * * * * *

Shortly afterwards, Missolonghi was again beleaguered; all hope of successful resistance had vanished. The small remnant of the garrison, placing their wives and children in their centre, cut their way at midnight through the Turkish army, and escaped to the monutains. The aged, and wounded, and infirm, alone

remained with some women and children. These assembled round the powder-magazine, and calmly waited

> "Till morning's light
> Should rise, and give them light to die."

At the first dawn, the Turks stormed the now almost defenceless fortifications, received one faint volley from the Greeks, and rushed on to the work of slaughter. A wounded veteran smiled grimly as he saw them come; with one hand he beckoned them on, with the other he fired his pistol into the powder-magazine. The explosion annihilated friend and foe: the remains of the heroic garrison perished, but, Samson-like, they involved their enemies in their own destruction. The name of Missolonghi destroyed, but *thus* destroyed, became a tower of strength to the Grecian cause.

* * * * * *

One more anecdote, and I have done. A detachment of one hundred Greeks was hemmed in by a division of the Turkish army in one of the defiles of the Morea. They were summoned to surrender, but they demanded to be allowed to march away with all the honours of war. This was of course refused. Night was drawing on, and the attack was postponed till the following morning. One Greek alone passed over to the Turks; he bore a commission from his comrades to tell their countrymen that they had died in the cause of Greece. When morning rose, the Pasha found that they had thrown up a breastwork, and pre-

sented a very formidable appearance. He then offered them a free passage, if they would lay down their arms. "It is too late," said their leader to the aide-de-camp. "Go tell your general how you found us." They had unwound their silken sashes, and firmly bound themselves to each other, limb to limb, so that their line must remain unbroken even in death. The onslaught took place: seven hundred Turks fell before the last Greek was sabred; and an officer told me that long afterwards he had gone to see the spot, and found the bleached skeletons of that gallant band still bound together by each silken sash.

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I only mention these anecdotes as illustrative of the spirit of that war: similar instances of self-devotion frequently took place; and the daring of the Greek sailor was no less conspicuous than that of the Kleft and Palikar.

Palikar (or hero) was the appellation of the members of the Armatoli. This was a militia of mountaineers, established by the Byzantine emperors, and self-constituted and continued under the Ottoman empire. Greece, exclusive of the Morea, was divided into seventeen Armatoliks: the leaders of each band were called Protopalikari. Kleft (or robber) was considered a proud title: it was assumed by those who preferred open rebellion and a marauding life to a peaceable subjection under their Turkish invaders: they had no home, except some place of rendezvous; they

were active, hardy, enduring, and pious, after their fashion.

It was feared that these wild mountaineers would prove very difficult and dangerous to control, when their lawless habits were forced to give way to civilization and order. They have proved, however, to be far better materials for a people than was expected; and as in war they displayed a firmness, so in peace they display an energy and industry, far superior to that of the people of the plains.

It is to be remembered that Greece, with a male population amounting scarcely to the number of the Sultan's army, disunited, ignorant of the art of war, without money,* resources, or assistance, defeated the forces of the Ottoman and Egyptian army, and wrested freedom from their powerful oppressor. This is all that History will remember: she will cast away the petty details of jealousy, treason, and peculation, that probably darkened the day of Marathon as well as that of Missolonghi, and only tell that Greece, after the lapse of three and twenty centuries, vindicated the glorious fame and freedom of the past.

Until September 23rd, 1843, Greece exhibited a

* It is a melancholy task to study the transactions of the Philhellenes; so proud in professions, so corrupt in pecuniary transactions, so dastardly or imbecile in the field. Greece, throughout her struggle, found in her foreign allies rather an element of weakness than of strength. There were, however, a few noble exceptions.

tyranny as despotic as any in the East: patiently and perseveringly she had striven to obtain from her Bavarian king the freedom so hardly wrung from a Moslem oppressor. Otho turned a deaf ear to such meek remonstrance. The Great Powers declined to interfere between the Grecian people and the Prince who had been their liberal and only contribution to the welfare of this restored member of the European family.

Then the Athenian people rose; not with the fierce, impetuous passion that might have been expected from their excitable and injured race; but calmly, sternly, and irresistibly. Lord Charlemont has observed that a revolution will always be more or less sanguinary, as the people are more slavish or more civilized; and thus it was at Athens. The songs of Harmodias and Aristogeiton had been often chanted in the streets; but no word of vengeance is now spoken, as the Grecians gather at midnight round Otho's palace. Revenge is merged in a far higher purpose: they are met as slaves; before they separate, they will be free. The king sends to inquire the cause of their assembling: his aide-de-camp finds the palace is surrounded by a line of bayonets, beyond which the dark masses of the people gather in silence.

"What do you want?" was the simple question asked.

"A constitution;" was the brief reply, as Calerges placed in the aide-de-camp's hand the following requisition: "That the States-General be summoned; that

the Bavarians be banished the kingdom; that the ministry be dismissed."

The people await their answer in profound silence. At length the aide-de-camp reappears, and informs the assembly "that his majesty requires two months to consider their demands."—"Within two *hours*, sir," replied Calerges, "we must have the king's decision. We have no wish to harm his person, should he refuse: he shall be escorted in all honour to the Piræus, where a ship is prepared for his reception: should he accede to our demands, he is still our sovereign, and we his loyal subjects."

The ordonnance was signed.

It is worthy of remark, that, though Sir Edmund Lyons had been in disfavour at a court in which his manly and straightforward character prevented him from being popular, he was sent for immediately by the king, on the outbreak of the revolution; and I imagine that its final adjustment was not a little owing to the sagacity and firmness of the British minister.

This revolution took place a few days after I left Athens. Whilst I remained there, the king and queen drove or rode out, without any guards, every evening at sunset. The former, though far from handsome, looked well in the beautiful Greek dress, and carefully returned the salute of every citizen. The latter has a fine figure and commanding presence. It is said that, when a child, she used to pore with delight over the romantic history of Greece, and long to

visit a country which had deeply impressed her imagination. Time sped on, and brought Otho and his crown to her feet.*

The chief object of attraction, however, in the royal cavalcade, was Mademoiselle Botzaris, daughter of the hero of Missolonghi. She is maid of honour to the queen, and one of the most beautiful women in Europe. The simplicity of her dress, which consisted of an English riding-dress and the crimson cap of her country, served to set off her classic beauty to advantage.

The Greeks are the handsomest race of men I have ever seen, while their women are very much the reverse. The dress of the former, together with their graceful, manly bearing, contributes much to the imposing effect of their appearance. They wear a crimson cap, with a long blue tassel, a purple or dark green jacket over a richly-embroidered waistcoat, a very voluminous white kilt descending below the knee, and tightly girded round the waist with a Syrian scarf; embroidered greaves complete the costume.

The newspapers, advertisements, public regulations, and all official documents, are written in classic Greek; the language of the people is making vigorous efforts to attain to its pristine purity, and nothing can exceed the desire of the people of all ages for education.

* The King is a Roman Catholic, the Queen a Lutheran, and the children (should they have any) are to be educated in the ritual of the Greek Church.

When the Roman empire was transferred to Byzantium, the emigrants strove to dignify their new localities with old names and associations. Thus the metropolitan province was called Romelia, the language Romaic, and the trifling undulations of the city the Seven Hills. The Greece that is now re-appearing goes at once to the fountain-head of history, and seeks to unite herself to her glorious youth. When I first found myself at Athens, this aspiration appeared to me as hopeless in its end, as ridiculous in its means. The more I saw and heard, however, the less visionary appeared to be that hope; and I left Athens with the belief that the Cross might replace the Crescent on the dome of St. Sophia's before another generation shall have passed away.

My last evening at Athens was come, and I repaired to the ruins of Jupiter's Temple, when the magical glow of a Grecian sunset was bathing those immortal hills in a violet or purple light, that slowly and imperceptibly alternated on height or glen. The majestic columns of the Temple towered into the ambrosial air, pale but flushed with the deep radiance of the sky, that softened down all thought of ruin from the scene, and only left it reverence. Jove's own bright star was visible through the pillared vista of his Temple, and shone upon the ancient sanctuary as if it were its Sheckinah. And even thus, in the Elder World, every star was the type of some deity, who veiled his presence under that

bright sign; as every mountain had its Oread, and every stream its Nymph, and every aspect of the Beautiful its angel.

The sense of omnipresence that this Pantheism superinduced must have exercised an active influence on the imaginative Greek: every spot of his adored country was holy, or haunted ground; every hill an altar, every cave a sanctuary. When he left his country, the traveller or the exile also left his gods behind him, and became excommunicate by expatriation.

It is said that the Grecian mothers, by being constantly in the presence of the perfect forms of painting and sculpture, became possessed by the spirit of the Beautiful, and transmitted to their race that grace and loveliness which seem almost peculiar to the antique. Thus also the Athenian youth, whose infant eyes first opened upon scenes consecrated to heroism, philosophy, and poetry; whose first intelligence was imbued with the sublime teaching of the Porch or Grove; who looked hourly upon the plains of Marathon, or the gulph of Salamis—their minds likewise became naturally imbued with the qualities of such a soil, and reproduced from generation to generation the fruits of the last.

But I must not linger here; I myself obtained but a glimpse at Athens, owing to a severe illness, and carried away with me an earnest desire to revisit it. The manifold associations which its scenery has such power to reawaken, its delicious climate, the interest-

ing study that its young empire presents, serve to render a residence here the most desirable of any continental city that I know.

It has frequently been deplored that Nauplia, or even the Piræus, was not chosen to be the site of the new city instead of Athens. It is well that regenerated Greece should found her hope and string her energies with the lofty Platonic faith of a glorious, though perhaps a visionary, past, that may be realized in her future: but the city of Pericles is dangerous trial-ground for a Bavarian king, and the Phidian temples somewhat discouraging to modern architecture.

Greece may yet attain to wealth, and power, and fame, but never to her ancient fame. At Nauplia, or the Piræus, Greece might become great, and men might wonder at her greatness; but at Athens she is her own most formidable rival. In the shadow of the Acropolis, at the Bema of Demosthenes, among the groves of Academus, what shall modern art, oratory, or philosophy avail?

Nevertheless, it is but the sentiment of the place that is sinned against; modern Athens may soon have a glory of her own — freedom as perfect, and far more catholic * than of yore, may yet flourish on the Cecropian plains; and a prosperous commerce fill the harbour of the Piræus. This is no longer a mere

* Athens of Pericles contained 20,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves!

vision, and its realization will be hailed with pleasure by all those to whom her ancient name and fame are dear.

We sailed at sunrise, and reached the isthmus of Corinth about noon: our course lay through the gulph. The scenery of either shore was beautiful; the mountains of Parnassus and Cithæron were in view; the islands of Ægina and Salamis were before us, and at length the Citadel of Corinth, whereon scarce a ruin remains to tell of earth's most voluptuous city. We crossed the isthmus by a road of six miles in length, and, re-embarking at Lutraki, ran down the Gulph of Lepanto to Patras. The next evening we past Missolonghi, and stood out into the Adriatic sea.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

Hurrah for the Spirit of England!
The bold, the true, the free,
Who stretcheth his hand
With a king's command
All over the circling sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

The same delightful climate, the same serene, unclouded nights, the fresh, breezy, radiant mornings, and soft, sweet, pensive evenings of the land we had left, followed us over the Adriatic Sea.

Long after Missolonghi had past from our view, it haunted our memories as the last scene of interest in glorious Greece. It is now become classic ground, as the death-scene of the Poet who preached, and the Hero who fought for her sacred cause. Byron's remains have been removed to England, but Botzaris sleeps where he fell—

"dying, as hearts like his should die,
In the hot clasp of Victory."

There are no words in poetry more pathetic than those which Byron wrote at Missolonghi, on his last birthday, breathing through their melody a spirit of utter sadness so mournfully contrasted with the brilliant and daring genius that inspired them. Even this last sad hope was defeated:—

"Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave; for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

He lingered unaccountably at Cephalonia, when he might have fought gloriously with Marco Botzaris, and died of quackery at Missolonghi, when he should have been storming the castle of Lepanto with his Suliotes. Nevertheless—

"O'er the grave of Childe Harold Greek maiden shall weep,
In his own native land his loved relics shall sleep
With the bones of the bravest and best:
His name shall go down to the latest of time—
Fame tell how he fought for earth's loveliest clime,
And Mercy shall blot out the rest."

The islands in the Adriatic are of a far fairer aspect than those of the Archipelago. Their forms are as picturesque, and invested with almost as brilliant a colouring, by their glowing atmosphere. Zante is very arcadian-looking in her hills, and her valleys are

richly clothed with vineyards of the delicate, small grape, called "uvæ passolinæ" by botanists, and currants by cockneys. The chief town of the island is very pretty and primitive-looking, owing to the low, cottage-look of its houses. This humility is begotten of fear, for the frequent earthquakes would render a second story a sword of Damocles, and the luxurious Zacynthians love to banquet at their ease. There had been two shocks within the twenty-four hours preceding our arrival, which seemed to be considered quite matters of course upon the island.

Ithaca is the most Homeric spot in Greece, except the Plains of Troy: its identity has been at length satisfactorily proved, after centuries of suspicion. Leucadia's pale * cliff vindicates its own authenticity. When Sappho's wild heart quenched its love in the waves from whence Love's goddess rose, it appears that many forlorn maidens tried the experiment afterwards, and no doubt found it equally successful, for the cliff is two hundred feet high.

Cephalonia is the largest island belonging to the Septinsular republic. It contains 50,000 inhabitants, notwithstanding its mountainous and picturesque appearance. Agostoli, the capital of the island, was scarcely visible in the faint light of a young moon, but is said to be populous and prosperous.

In the morning we passed by Parga, and about noon came to an anchor in the harbour of Corfu.

* From λευκος, white; as Albion, from albus.

Here was a sudden and most pleasant change from nations humbled by slavery and enervated by vices, or restless with revolutionary fever; to the calm, strong, solid power and influences of our own glorious country. England's flag was flying on the citadel; England's martial music filled the air; and English hearts and hands welcomed us to Christendom. Friends whom I had not seen for years met us on the pier, and escorted us to our hotel.

Although this pretty town has been remodelled and almost rebuilt in the course of the thirty years that have elapsed since the Septinsular Republic came under the British protectorate, there still remains enough of the architecture and the habits of its ancient masters to give it interest and novelty. On some of the more ancient buildings the Lion of St. Mark still remains, while the piazzas, narrow streets, and numerous cafés, have all a Venetian character. The Italian language, too, predominates over Greek and English in the Babel of the streets, and the greater number of the shops are lettered in the same tongue.

As England is the greatest commercial country in the world, it follows that her colonies should be the most numerous and flourishing.* Yet wealth and protection are among the least of the advantages that

* England and her colonies occupy about one-sixth of the inhabited world. Queen Victoria rules over about 100,000,000 of people directly, and at least an equal number of subsidiaries.

they derive from the mother country: English character, energy, industry, and tolerance, furnish all the qualifications essential to the increase and stability of a colony. Such has been the case in North America and Australasia; at the Cape, also, and in the East and West Indies, as far as a British population has extended. At Corfu, however, as at Malta and Gibraltar, there is no attempt at colonization: not only is there no agricultural settlement, but there are no great commercial houses to weave the only inseparable links that unite dissimilar nations. If England were to abandon her Mediterranean possessions to-morrow, every one of her people would move to the tap of the drum, or the boatswain's whistle; empty barracks and dockyards would be the only property she would abandon. The Englishman never amalgamates with a foreign people: he can master and make himself familiar with their sea, their soil, their produce; but in their cities he is still a stranger. The English are as much isolated among the Corfuotes at this hour as the French would be among the Fezzians: very few speak Italian, and the islanders show equal inaptitude to learn English: even at the Government House, notwithstanding the kind manner and the tact of Lord S——, I thought that his Ionian guests appeared constrained and uncomfortable, while our contrymen and women appeared only inclined to cultivate the society of each other.

Nevertheless, this military colony of ours does what

it considers to be its business right well and manfully: the free and independent bearing of the people, as they walk the streets, tell at once of even-handed justice and impartial rule; and, from the few intelligent natives whom it was my fortune to converse with, I heard no expression of complaint against England, except on some constitutional points which they thought should be amended.*

* When England accepted the protectorate of the Ionian Republic assigned to her in 1815, she undertook to grant or to continue to them a free constitution. This consists of a House of Assembly, containing forty members, returned by the Seven Islands in a proportion relative to their population. From this House of Assembly a senate, or council, composed of six members, is selected by the Lord High Commissioner. These are, in fact, the ministry of the Republic, each presiding over a particular department, and receiving a salary of £800 per annum, while the President of the Council has an income of £1300. As the members of this council (whatever island they may belong to) are obliged constantly to reside at Corfu during their administration, this allowance is necessary, to induce them to accept office. The House of Assembly only sits for three months in every second year: the power of convening or proroguing is vested in the Lord High Commissioner; that of dissolution, in the Crown alone.

This appears a sufficiently free form of government; and the only complaints I heard against it were, that the system of representation was corrupt; that there was no freedom of the press; and that Corfu was taxed to pay England.

With respect to the former, a list of the persons whom the Lord High Commissioner deems eligible for representatives is

When we arrived, we found numerous reports in circulation respecting the approaching revolution at Athens, as connected with the arrival of Prince George of Cambridge at Corfu. It was insisted that Otho was to be expelled, and a new Grecian kingdom, of

sent to each island previous to an election: the electors may choose from out that list alone: if they don't like A, they must have B. To this objection I heard it replied that the islands, if left to their own selection, would return none but deputies of the Anti-English party, which would involve the government in perpetual difficulty.

With respect to the freedom of the Press, however invaluable that liberty may be in a great country, it appears to be productive of very indifferent results in a small community, where its spirit must be mainly fed upon personalities and imaginary grievances, as is the case at Malta.

The third ground of complaint is the tax of £36,000 per annum claimed by England for purposes said to be unconnected with the interests of the island. It is true that this sum was formerly levied and applied to the repair of the existing fortifications and the creation of new; but it has not been levied for the last five years, and probably never will again. Moreover, the expenditure of English money in the island amounts to at least five times the amount of this tax.

I mention these accusations against the English government as proving how little reason exists for complaint. The benefits conferred upon the Republic, and upon Corfu especially, by English rule, are not so easily enumerated. Sir Thomas Maitland (familiarly known in the island as "King Tom") first reduced the island to order and security: roads were made in every direction; lazarettos built; schools established; the town

which the Ionian Islands were to form part, was to be created, with the British prince for its monarch!

Corfu looks eastward, across a narrow strait, upon Albania. There the Crescent spreads its inevitably disastrous influence: the magnificent mountains are the barren strongholds of outlaws, or rebels; the luxuriant but neglected valleys are thinly inhabited by a people contending for their very existence against pestilence and oppression. A few miles of water divide this stricken land from the prosperous and beautiful island of Corfu—the Corcyra so fatal to Athenian greatness—the site of the Gardens of Alcinous.

This island might seem all garden, in the Eden acceptation of the term, for no where do earth, ocean, and sky, form more rich and varied combinations: the soft and sunny valleys, the wild and shadowy glens, the gleaming rivers, the lofty precipices, the beetling cliffs, and bright blue sea, furnish all that Poussin and Salvator Rosa could desire, if they wished to form a joint picture to illustrate and contrast their style.

and fortifications repaired; commerce encouraged; and a native police created.

The island appeared, to my superficial observation, to be prosperous and thriving, with full employment for its people, and a fair rate of remuneration for labour. Under any circumstances, we may proudly contrast its present state with that which it exhibited under the tyranny of the Venetian "proveditori," the Russian "commandants," and—worse than all—of its own factious authorities.

The roads are excellent, but steep; and, winding (without battlements) round the brow of rocky promontories, or through narrow gorges of deep valleys, they diverted my attention not a little from the scenery to the undisciplined team of Albanian horses with which we perambulated the island.

The town is flanked by the citadel and the strong fortress of Castel' Nuovo. The batteries on the little island of Vido complete a triangle with those of the two former. The citadel is built upon a rock rising so abruptly from the sea, that, during the siege, Nelson had formed the daring plan of running his ship close in shore, giving her a list to port, and *boarding* the batteries from his top-gallant yards, which would have just reached to the level of the lowest parapet.

Immense sums of money have been latterly expended on these fortifications, which it would take ten thousand men to garrison; yet it seems questionable whether Cerigo be not the only island of the Republic that is worth preserving, being not far from the present Indian route, affording the only good anchorage, and a most favourable situation for a coal depôt.

Albania is in quarantine, so that I was obliged to take two officers of the English board of health as guardianos during my excursions there. Notwithstanding this Hygeian guard, I caught a low fever in the marshes of Butrinlo, which terminated my wanderings, and leaves me nothing farther to record.

Reader, you have been my only fellow-traveller through many lands; wherever I have wandered you have been; whatever I have learned you have known; yet I scarcely venture to hope that you will share in the regret with which I say—Farewell!

APPENDIX.

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS IN THE EAST.

The following observations may be of use to those about to visit Egypt and Syria, as the state of affairs in these countries is hourly changing, and the latest intelligence is always of some value.

Most travellers are influenced in the time of their departure from England by other motives than those which the almanac supplies; but, though a man may not be able to choose his own time for starting, he can always select his own route, whereby he may correct the inconvenience of unsuitable seasons.

If you leave England in the spring, you should either go by Vienna and Pesth, down the Danube to Constantinople, or by long sea to Malta, and thence to Greece. Summer weather is essential to the enjoyment of travel in the northern countries: winter is very severe, and takes your constitution by surprise.

If you leave England in the autumn, your best course will be to begin with Egypt, whereby you will avoid winter altogether, and reach Syria in the spring. The best time for ascending the Nile is November or December. By leaving England in the Oriental steamer on the 3rd of October, you arrive in Alexandria about the 21st. A river steamer takes you thence to Cairo in thirty hours. A fortnight may be very profitably spent there in examining the environs,

observing the curious drama of Egyptian life, and making use of the excellent library. Besides, you have your boat to engage, and it is essential to have her sunk in order to banish rats and other vermin, and in most cases to have her newly painted besides.

The first class boats cost from £16 to £35 a month, including the pay of the twelve or fourteen sailors, who find themselves in every article of food, dress, &c. If you take an Arab boat, it is far better to engage her by the job, stipulating to be allowed to remain wherever you please at a certain rate per day extra. This course avoids much delay and annoyance, caused by the devices of the Arabs to prolong the journey when taken by time.

If you purpose going beyond the First Cataract, insist upon having a firman; it is your right, and you may suffer much annoyance owing to the want of it. The different expeditions up the Nile are generally, first, to Thebes, which occupies about three weeks in average weather, including your stay at the various places on your route: second, to the First Cataract, which occupies about five weeks: and thirdly, to the Second Cataract, which requires at least two months' absence from Cairo. From all that I have heard and seen, I believe that none but the enthusiastic antiquary will find any inducement to proceed further than this last place.

Your comfort during your stay in the East will depend mainly on your dragoman. These men offer themselves to you at Malta in swarms, but I am inclined to think that an Egyptian is preferable in his own country. It is well to engage your dragoman only on the recommendation of some European on whom you can rely. A Maltese dragoman charges a dollar a day; an Egyptian half that sum. You require two servants exclusive of the crew, one to cook, the other to attend you on your expeditions.

On returning to Cairo from the upper Nile, the best route to

Syria is through the desert by Suez and Mount Sinai, to Petra and Hebron. Our consul is the only person to be depended upon for making arrangements with the Bedouin to conduct you through the desert. The journey as far as Hebron or Jerusalem is performed on dromedaries; thenceforward on horses. Besides the interest of this route, you avoid a fortnight's quarantine, which you would have to undergo at Beyrout, in sailing thither from an Egyptian port.

The winter climate of Egypt is perhaps the most delightful in the world, and the mode of travelling admirably adapted for invalids. Those to whom health is the chief object, may sail from Southampton on the 3rd of October, and penetrate 1,000 miles into Africa by the 1st of December, without greater exertion than is necessary to step on board a boat. The attention is pleasantly occupied; all the objects of interest are close to the river; and by the 1st of February the invalid may find himself on his way to England, having altogether escaped winter, and found in the course of his 6,000 miles travel such repose as is vainly to be sought for in the tranquillest Western life.

If you purpose only to visit Egypt, books are almost the only necessary you need take from England. Guns and wire partridges for the various wild-fowl; rifles and iron bullets for wild boars and crocodiles will suggest themselves to the sportsman. A camera lucida is of great use in taking a view of the complicated details of Egyptian architecture in a short time. Powder, books, and stationery are the three great essentials for the Egyptian traveller: they are scarcely to be procured after leaving Malta.

The traveller who proposes to visit Syria should in the first place endeavour to procure the Sultan's firman, which will be sent from Constantinople to meet him at Cairo, Jerusalem, or Beyrout. An English saddle and holsters, spurs, and pistols, are indispensable. A small strong canteen is the only other

English article of much importance. I am inclined to think that with regard to dress there is nothing like the turban of the country, a blouse of coloured camlet, (not green, which sometimes provokes indignation, as the sacred colour of the Moslem) a pair of loose doe-skin pantaloons, and half or Hessian boots, of tan leather, (black attracts the sun, and can't well be cleaned) will make perhaps the most convenient and comfortable costume.

The most convenient commissariat consists of maccaroni, rice, and preserved meats, which should be taken from England in small packages. They are to be had, however, at Alexandria and Beyrout. Wine, porter, and liqueurs should be bought at Malta: the latter, particularly maraschino, are greatly prized by the Turkish governors, &c., and is the most popular present, except gunpowder. This, if good, is the most valuable present you can make, either to Oriental or to European.

A small medicine-chest is useful; but, for all practical purposes, some calomel, quinine, ipecacuanha, Seidlitz powders, sticking-plaster, and a lancet, are sufficient. It would be well to have a measurement of the quantities for each dose made by some medical man who has visited the East, as the effect of medicine upon the system varies considerably with the climate. The principal use of remedies is for the people among whom you travel: temperance and your mode of life almost preclude illness, except the fevers of the country, from yourself; common caution will guard against these, and in most cases the severe but delightful action of a Turkish bath will remove any unpleasant sensation caused by suppressed perspiration, which is the chief if not the only danger of the climate.

The following articles are useful in Egypt:—

Levinges' apparatus for keeping off vermin,	from England.
Saddle, holsters, cloak-straps, spurs,	do.
Hammer, gimlets, nails, screws, thermometer, and compass, ...	do.

With respect to money, letters of credit are preferable to any other mode. The bankers at Malta and Alexandria manage so as to lay a heavy deduction on circular notes. You receive for the latter about 96 per cent from the bankers. For bills cashed by *merchants*, you receive from 104 to 105½ per cent. About £50 a month covers all the expenses that the traveller, unless very luxurious, can require in the East; for two or more travelling together, I should think the expense was nearly half the above.

It is well to make your dragoman your purse-bearer; make him strictly accountable to you, but never pay with your own hands. Insist on the most profound respect; preserve your temper and nonchalance as your best title to influence and security. Never join in a row; let your people fight it out: if you must act, do so firmly, boldly, and fearlessly of consequences: there *are* no consequences that can concern a right-minded Frank. It is too frequently the habit among our countrymen to dress ludicrously or meanly. This is a great mistake, and militates much against the wearer. In the East dress is naturally looked upon as a test of the wearer's quality, and he cannot be surprised if he is treated accordingly.

The English traveller should always remember that he is considered by the Orientals as a representative of his country, and that, according to his liberality, courage, and temper, impressions are formed of the nation he belongs to, from which the East is now expecting great things. The people of the West are known to the people of Egypt and Syria only as *Frangee*, or Franks, and *Ingeeleez*, or English, and I think I may venture to say that they make a wide difference in favour of the latter, which it behoves every traveller to maintain.

THE END.

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00086122

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016